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A MEMOIR

OF

JOHN ARMSTRONG, D.D.,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

Yours very faithfully
John Grahamstown

A MEMOIR

OF

JOHN ARMSTRONG, D.D.,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

BY THE

REV. T. T. CARTER, M.A.,

RECTOR OF CLEWER;

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

SAMUEL, LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.

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TO

ROBERT GRAY,

LORD BISHOP OF CAPETOWN,

WHO PLANTED THE ENGLISH EPISCOPATE

IN SOUTH AFRICA,

AND HAS GIVEN AN EXAMPLE OF APOSTOLIC TOIL AND LOVE,

NOT UNWORTHILY FOLLOWED

BY HIM WHO,

THE FIRST OF THE SACRED LINE,

HAS YIELDED UP HIS LIFE

IN THAT LONG-NEGLECTED LAND,

This Volume,

AS AN OFFERING OF REVERENCE,

IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S SERVANT IN CHRIST,

T. T. CARTER.

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PREFACE.

Biography depends for its interest and usefulness upon that answering of heart to heart which makes one man, in so far as he is thoroughly human, an exponent to another of his own inward being. It is not, therefore, in depicting singularity of character, or in relating strange adventures, that the highest merit of Biography consists. Such narratives as these can at best but move the mind to wonder, or excite it to a passing interest. But the revelations of the depths of the heart and spirit of another, even though the outward incidents of his life be in themselves ordinary and commonplace, may be full of the highest dramatic interest for one exercised by the same inward trials, and engaged in a like outward struggle.

The qualities, therefore, which mark a fit subject for Biography, are those thoroughly human

traits of character which, when they are exhibited by another in action or in suffering, lead us naturally so to associate ourselves with him, that for the time we strive with him in his strife, partake with him in his deeds, or suffer with him in his sorrows. The faithful portraiture of such a man must be full of interest: and what is required of his Biographer is the capacity of understanding the character he is to draw, and simple truthfulness in his narrative. Now I may venture to promise the reader of this volume that he will find, in no slight degree, these various materials of interest in the life of Bishop Armstrong.

The late Bishop Armstrong was one of those who had received from God the great gift of a thoroughly genial nature. From early years this made him the favourite of his associates, whilst it exposed him to the temptations which, as a necessary correlative, belong to such a temperament. But for the blessed working of the Holy Spirit of God, he, like so many others, might to his dying day have been nothing more than the ornament of a drawing-room, or the favourite of some social circle. Some of those

many baits by which society ensnares its victims might have led to his permanent entanglement, and he might have lived and died popular and blamelessly respectable, but with no depth of character, and having done no work for God or man. But his was to be a higher and a better course. As his course at college proceeded, his tone of mind became more fixed and earnest. His service as a deacon was careful and conscientious: and it was with him, as indeed it is with all, that to him that hath the more was given. In that momentous season which immediately precedes the receiving of priest's orders, God of His great mercy visited his soul with fresh and yet more quickening influences of His Grace. Deeper views of the reality of life, of the blessedness of serving Him with all his heart, and of true devotion to his Lord, possessed his spirit. From this time he became more and more separate from the world, and kept a strict watch over himself against its power of encroaching on his affections. In other respects, also, his growth in grace was manifest. His doctrinal views became far deeper, as well as more definite, than they

had been; the great and peculiar doctrines of Christianity filled his soul. He was more conscious of living as a redeemed man, in union with the Crucified, and in the midst of those marvellous operations of God the Holy Ghost, wrought through the appointed means whereby He is pleased to effect His unseen work of might and mystery within the Church of Christ. He learned more and more of the marvel of Christ's indwelling in His own. He knew by the secret knowledge of the life of God in his soul the force of the apostle's declaration, "The life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me[a]." And as his soul became more full of light, so did his life become richer in the works of the Spirit. The energy of his own spirit, now that it had been thus purified by God, began at once to display itself in that extraordinarily unselfish activity for which, from this time forth, he was so eminently distinguished. He was, in truth, one who laboured, "in season and out of season," for the souls of men; filling the pauses of a diligent parish ministry

[a] Gal. ii. 20.

with the unwearied service of his pen; writing sermons of no common interest; editing others for the Church's seasons with remarkable success; and, above all, awakening through God's blessing those efforts on behalf of the most miserable class of outcast women, which have led to the exercise of so much of that skilful and affectionate care for such penitents which surely ought especially to mark the followers of Him, who, in spite of the jeers of the Pharisee, suffered the woman "who had been a sinner" to "wash His feet with her tears, and to wipe them with the hair of her head." Truly was he one in whom nature was transfigured by grace. All the old elements of attraction remained in him; there was nothing stiff, formal, or unnatural about him: though now absorbed in the highest spiritual works, he was as genial, as simply amiable, as he had ever been. Nay, all these attractive features marked him even more than they had done of old: for he was now eminently single-minded, and the light of heaven lit up the sparkling flow of his loving and loveable spirit. Such an one these pages will, as far as they can, set again before us.

And the study of such a character, under the aid of God's grace, cannot but be profitable.

To us, especially of the clergy, who more than any others need a full acquaintance with our own hearts, that we may be able to deal with the hearts of others, and who specially require to be guarded against a decent conformity to the temper of this world with the lifelessness of inward spirit which it commonly breeds, these pages will, I believe, be found full of the most profitable instruction. They will shew us one who was drawn gradually and peacefully to give up all for God, who passed within that veil which evermore parts formal respectability from a true loving service of our Lord Jesus Christ; one on whom the Pierced Hands were laid, reproducing in the servant the likeness of his Lord. They will shew him diligent in labours, abundant in service, simple in mind, ardent and yet gentle in temper, loving, watchful, and devout in spirit.

Finally, they will shew him to us leaving home and its comforts at the voice of the Beloved of his soul, for yet severer toils in his South African episcopate, and there "forming

large plans for the evangelization of the heathen within and beyond his diocese, marking out and occupying the ground which was to be the field of the Church's main efforts against the powers of darkness in that land[b]" of his adoption; and at length, with a spirit sometimes worn by opposition, but ever rising above it on the strong wings of faith and love, they will shew him to us at last with a body fairly wearied out by toil, laying himself peacefully down to rest in the everlasting arms, and without a doubt or a fear commending his own departing spirit, and the widow and fatherless children whom he was leaving in the rude world behind him, to the love and faithfulness of the Lord his Redeemer.

Such an example should not be lost upon us. Such tracks of light should draw our eyes upward to the living fountain of light and glory; they should lead us more earnestly to thank God who has cast our lot in a Church which is still the mother of such sons, and which can so train her children for service, for rest, and for glory; they should lead us more earnestly to

[b] Extract from the Bishop of Capetown's Primary Charge.

seek for and to cherish in ourselves the gifts which were vouchsafed to him, and to make, in the strength of Christ, full proof, like him, of our ministry of love.

To my brethren, then, of the clergy I commend especially these pages, earnestly beseeching God of His great mercy to add to this endeavour to promote His glory and His people's good, that heavenly blessing, without which nothing is strong, nothing holy, and nothing effectual for good.

S. OXON.

Cuddesdon Palace,
July, 1857.

MEMOIR

OF THE

LIFE OF BISHOP ARMSTRONG.

THE personal histories of the children of God are among the choicest treasures of a Christian's inheritance. They are manifestations of divine grace; lessons scattered along our wayside path, to be reverently gathered up; lights going before us, pointing out the lines along which the Spirit of God moves, revealing the end of a course of faithfulness, and tending to encourage and gladden a too often failing faith. Especially in days of controversy and strife, like our own, it is restful and refreshing to trace the progress of those who, their struggles over, have passed, as we believe, into the blessedness of the vision of God, and therein rest,—"whose works do follow them." While dwelling on their memories, the stillness and brightness of their blessed state steal through the veil, and fall like the dew on our troubled lives.

Such an influence hangs around the memory of the subject of this Memoir; for all who knew him felt the power of the love which burnt within him, and the peculiar absence of all contentiousness of spirit,—a grace seldom combined with so much earnestness, activity, and conscientious firmness to distinctive principles. This fervent, loving disposition was accompanied with a high intelligence, and a bright, buoyant hopefulness that made his presence ever welcome to those who sought him as their counsellor or leader in carrying out their labours of love. And these graces, which made his friendship so much valued, were felt to be instinct with a single-mindedness, and devotedness of purpose, which could not fail to impress those who were brought near to him with a consciousness, not only of superior qualities of mind and heart, but of a "life hid with Christ in God."

The fact of having been in some measure associated with him, in one of his works of deepest interest, and having thus had the opportunity and the blessing of sharing his ardent sympathies, and watching the grace of God that was in him, led to the expression of a wish, that the task of gathering together these details of his life should be undertaken by the writer. Though acquainted with him but a

short time, his heart was drawn to his friend, as to few others; and to the eventful period of their intercourse he looks back with no ordinary feelings of reverence and affection. A large circle of friends can testify to what is here feebly expressed; for his was a life of active service in the world, and his generous, earnest nature quickly drew hearts towards him. But far wider than the circle of his friends has been the influence of his character and works; for his great aims, unwearied labours, and steady perseverance have made for him a name familiar throughout the Church of England. To him it was given to originate a new line of action in the Church, in one of its deepest and most vital functions; and this he was enabled to effect—a singular felicity in our days—without stirring controversy, or awakening opposition. Ordinarily, they who seek to introduce new principles, or found institutions at variance with popular experience, are doomed to toil through a life of suspicion and painful antagonism, bequeathing to their successors the joy of reaping the fruit of their labours. It was his rare destiny not only to infuse largely into the mind of the Church of England new and great principles, but also, though his life was short, to witness with his own eyes the

rapid progress of the movement which, under God, he had originated.

The last two years of his life were passed in a more romantic and distinguished, though hardly a more eventful sphere of duty, than that to which allusion has been just made. It was not without misgivings that some of his friends heard of his being called to rule one of the episcopal Sees of the missionary Church of Southern Africa. It was so novel a field of labour, and one requiring such great endowments, that those who had known him so richly gifted for the great work effected in England, doubted whether he possessed power sufficient for so weighty and momentous a charge in so unwonted a sphere. But the event justified the choice, only leaving the regret that he was so soon taken away. During those two last years, which were passed in laying the foundations of one of our most important colonial Dioceses, though under the constant pressure of bodily weakness and suffering, he exhibited a wisdom, a love and an energy, which called forth the most marked expressions of attachment and respect in that distant region. It is a singular lot to have befallen him, that he should have a twofold history; to have done so much and exerted

so momentous an influence in England, and then to have been transplanted to Africa, to win fresh honour and affection, and take so prominent a place in the progress of the kingdom of God in another quarter of the world.

It may be felt as a deficiency in the Memoir of his life that there are so few letters, opening to us his inner mind and thoughts. It was, however, but rarely that he wrote letters, except from some immediate call bearing on the work which he had in hand; for his whole life was given up to constant action, ever carrying out some purpose, in which for the while he was absorbed. His writings were chiefly of a public kind; but they were the pouring forth of the earnest thoughts which stirred within him, and thus in a great measure supply what might otherwise have been gathered from letters. In all his published writings there is an unusual transparency; his inner mind shines out so fully and so clearly in them, that we need no other written index of his character, and of the prevailing tendency of his thoughts. Some few letters, however, are introduced which shew the tenor of his private intercourse; and the inner details of his Penitentiary work, and also of his work in Africa, are to be gathered mainly from his own letters.

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

A.D. 1813—36.

JOHN ARMSTRONG was born at Bishop-Wearmouth, August 22, 1813. He was the second child and eldest son of Dr. Armstrong, a physician of eminence. The name is familiar as one of the ancient border clans of Scotland, and from this once distinguished source the family takes its origin, though the parents of Dr. Armstrong had raised themselves from humble circumstances. He was a man of considerable talents, and though dying at the early age of forty-six, had already attained the highest ranks in his profession. Many points of character which distinguished his son may be traced in Dr. Armstrong. His love for the poor, his zeal and devotion to his work, his unremitting labour, continued even when death had visibly laid its hand upon him; the eloquence displayed in his lectures, which are still remembered with admiration by his many pupils; the combination of the practical and imaginative elements in his mind,—are points

of character which connect the parent and the child, coming forth in the latter in devotedness to the more direct service of God.

Mrs. Armstrong, the mother, the daughter of Charles Spearman, Esq., of Thornley, in the county of Durham, is described, by an intimate friend of her husband, as a person of very amiable disposition; placid in temper, simple in her habits and desires, and devoted to her children. Those who also knew her son in after-life, might have recognised the resemblance to his mother in personal simplicity; in his sanguine, cheerful temper, and the love of his children which was so strong a feature in his character. Dr. Armstrong settled in London about the year 1818. His son John, at eight years old, was sent to a preparatory school at Hanwell, under the care of Dr. Bond. Of the teaching which he there received he spoke in after-life in the highest praise, and especially felt the value of the pains, unusual at that day, taken with his English reading. He suffered much during this time from rheumatism, and delicacy of health, and his studies were often interrupted.

In the year 1827, when now fourteen years of age, he was sent to the Charterhouse; but the loss of country air seems to have affected

him, or the locality was in some way unfavourable to his constitution, for he used to say that he felt depressed there, and did little in the way of study. This cause, added to an habitual shyness and reserve, which in later years was confined to a shrinking from the expression of his religious feelings, combined to render his schoolboy days less happy than might have been expected from his buoyant, cheerful temper.

To his school-fellows he did not seem to give any promise of those powers which he manifested afterwards. A friend of his father's remembers him at that time, as "a gentle, good-tempered boy, not quick or bright, nor giving promise of the energy and devotion which he displayed in his ministry." His eldest sister, however, seeing him in the freedom and unreserve of home, gives a different account. "I do not believe," she writes, "that my father and mother (both very much occupied) ever noticed his great talent, as a young boy, for composition. He wrote a play when not more than twelve, and two novels between fourteen and seventeen. The scene of the last was laid at Durham, and there were in it some striking sketches of character. From my earliest recollection of him, he was always occupied, either

drawing, reciting poetry, singing, or composing. All his boyish leisure time was employed in this manner."

One of his school-fellows also speaks of him in a similar way:—"Dear John Armstrong was one of my first school-cronies, for whom I had always a sincere regard. As a boy he was a great Whig, and we used to have great battles in politics. He was always very kind to me, and was my superior in point of talent. I remember his doing my holiday task on one occasion—a set of English verses."

The following interesting letter from Archdeacon Churton, then a master at the Charterhouse, while it gives us a very graphic picture of the schoolboy, tells as much for the pastoral heart of the tutor, as for the amiable, thoughtful character of his pupil. The letter was addressed to Mrs. Armstrong, after her husband's death:—

"*Crayke, near York.*
"*Nov.* 13, 1856.

"Dear Madam,

"I have read your letter with much interest. Your good husband, the late Bishop of Grahamstown, was my pupil at the Charterhouse about thirty years ago; and though I had at that time from sixty to eighty boys in the forms which I taught daily, I have a distinct recollection of his figure and features,

and the expression of his countenance, as he appeared from day to day before me. His character as a boy, I should say, was that of a good-tempered one, patient and persevering as a student, with a meditative turn of mind. His modest, fair face and quiet attention to his book were such as could not but make a favourable first impression on any equitable teacher; and in the course of further acquaintance there was nothing to weaken, but much to confirm, that first impression. In many respects his character resembled that of his school-fellow, also my pupil, the present Bishop of Newcastle, in Australia. I do not think that with either I had ever any occasion to exact the appointed task of the day by compulsion, or any sort of boyish punishment. The sense of duty was enough. Perhaps of the two, I should say that Bishop Tyrrell conversed the most freely with me; there was a modest reserve in Bishop Armstrong's boyish manner, which required a little more invitation or encouragement to draw it out.

"Once only since those early days I had the pleasure of meeting your late husband, at Elford, in Staffordshire, four or five years ago. I should have recognised him by my remembrance of his boyish features, which were expanded, but not otherwise altered, in him as a man. I had an interesting conversation with him on some works of mercy and pity which then occupied his earnest thoughts. It was impossible not to be struck with the prudence,

as well as the loving spirit, which had guided him through a most difficult course of labour, from which a less devoted heart than his would have shrunk, as from something dangerous and impracticable. But he was doubtless upheld in this, as in the last noble undertaking of his life, by his own affectionate compassion, and humble confidence in that strength which is supplied to God's true servants according to their need.

"I believe I left the Charterhouse while he was yet at school, so that I cannot speak to the last days of his sojourn there. But you may be assured, and I hope the particulars I have mentioned will be sufficient to evince to you, that I have a very lively and grateful recollection of his boyhood; and as in his case, at least, 'the boy was father of the man,' I am thankful to have known him, and in any degree to have assisted in the early tuition of such a mind and character.

"Believe me, dear Madam,

"Very sincerely yours,

"EDW. CHURTON."

When he was sixteen, his father died, and he was left one of a large family, dependent, humanly speaking, for his future success in life on his own exertions. At this time his deep love for his widowed mother was strikingly manifested. His sister says, "It was quite peculiar: his manner towards her had an in-

describable tenderness, mixed with playfulness, as though to hide the depth of his affection."

He went in the year 1832, when nearly nineteen years of age, to a private tutor, the Rev. Jas. Tweed, of Harlow, Essex, with the view of fitting himself to become a candidate for Lord Crewe's Exhibition at Lincoln College, Oxford. About this time the resolution was formed to devote himself to the ministry. He studied hard at this period. A son of Mr. Tweed says, "He read more than any of the others; read by himself, in addition to the necessary work. Occasionally he wrote English verses. I remember seeing some that he had written for a prize at Charterhouse, though they were not sent in his own name. The verses shewed considerable facility of composition. I did not hear, however, that they obtained the prize. If I recollect right, he was also fond of drawing. That which most distinguished him in my father's mind from almost all his other pupils was, that he could associate with him on such pleasant terms, and had in his pupil so agreeable a companion, though this might partly be accounted for by his being a year older than the rest of the pupils." Mr. Tweed himself describes the tone of their intercourse with some characteristic touches, the truth of

which will be readily recognised by the friends of his later years:—"My pride, as a tutor, was gratified by the talents he displayed, and the progress which he made in the short time he was with me—scarcely three-quarters of a year. Any particular traits of character I have forgotten, except that he was apparently of a thoughtful turn, occasionally relaxing into a quiet humour, in which, with a grave face, he would say something very droll; for his seriousness was mingled with a quick sense of the ludicrous. He was shy, and did not often break through that conventional reserve which pupils keep up in the presence of their tutor; so that, though it was easy to see there was 'something in him,' I was hardly aware of the higher qualities and powers which he afterward practically exhibited, though his scholarship and his compositions especially, both in prose and verse, were much above par." He always spoke gratefully of the benefits he received from Mr. Tweed. He obtained the scholarship at Lincoln College, and then went there to reside.

Of his college life there is little to record. He did not read hard; but he had been, and was then, imperceptibly laying the foundations of that cultivated taste, that quick discrimi-

nation and chastened expression of thought, which afterwards served so high a purpose in his preaching and writing, whether for the educated or uneducated. His tastes, during leisure hours, lay chiefly in music and poetry; his chief exercise was boating. His college friends retain a grateful remembrance of his warm-hearted, affectionate disposition, and have felt that during the time spent at Oxford a deepened sense of religion was growing within him.

It is always interesting to compare the earlier and later manifestations of character, and trace, if it may be, the natural features of boyhood and youth, matured and exalted, through the indwelling Spirit of God, into the virtues of manhood; thus marking the unity of the soul's growth, and the connection between nature and grace. One interesting notice exhibiting this resemblance of the matured image of the man to the growing features of the boy, has been quoted from Archdeacon Churton; another slighter observation of the same kind may be here added:—"My intimacy with him," writes a friend of his early days, "was one of those close, earnest, yet transient acquaintances, often experienced under the circumstances of college life. We were staying up to read during the

Christmas vacation of 1834-5. Till then we had been unknown to each other; a mutual friend made us acquainted. But during the month we met daily, and spent our evenings together. He, my senior, took his degree and departed; and, except through some relatives at Durham, I saw no more of him till we sat next each other at the opening of Eastnor Church in 1852. The same hearty zeal and genial feeling marked the ripe man which had been shewn in the social academic, and which found a very fit opportunity for its utterance when, at a meeting held after the service, he proposed a vote of thanks to the rector's fellow-labourer. 'Two and two together,' was the theme of his remarks, and the spark to his feelings. When I remember how very intimate for a brief while we were, yet how little I garnered from it,—how, in fact, it passed quite away with its ephemeral enjoyment,—I seem to have lost an opportunity, from the proof afforded by the future, of what, deeper than its sociability, lay in that warm, earnest mood."

He took a third-class degree in classics in Michaelmas term, 1836. In the following spring he lost his mother, a trial of which, even after the lapse of years, he could hardly bear to speak to those nearest and dearest to

him; though he would often talk of her in terms of deepest affection and admiration. He was wont especially to dwell on her cheerfulness with her children after the death of her husband, whilst yet he believed her to be a broken-hearted woman.

FIRST THREE YEARS IN THE MINISTRY.

1837—40.

THE interval between the close of a college career and Ordination is generally an uneventful period. It is a pause in the current of a man's life, passed ordinarily in the bosom of friends, and in repose from the previous course of study and discipline, during which are made such preparations as circumstances admit, or individual tendencies dictate, for the eventful crisis at hand. The want of opportunities for special training for the ministry has been the subject of keen regret to many. At the time of which we are speaking, there were no such colleges as Wells, Chichester, Cuddesdon, or Birkenhead, and the Universities could be used only by the few who were attached to some foundation, for such special study as might be compatible with the habits and pursuits of college life. The future Priest was, for the most part, left to his own individual exertions, or casual circumstances, to make him meet for the

most momentous change in the course of his earthly existence. Such was the case with the subject of this memoir, and of the progress of his mind and course of study at this period we have no record.

The same year that his mother died he was ordained Deacon, and commenced his ministry as Curate of Alford, in Somersetshire. His sisters lived with him, sorrowing together for the recent loss of their mother. They remained not more than four months at Alford, for the place was found to be unsuited to their health; and shortly afterwards he took the Curacy of Wotton-Fitzpaine, Dorsetshire, which again he was obliged to relinquish for the same reason. At this time a chaplaincy in the East India Company's service, of the value of £600 a-year, was offered to him, but it was declined; and he finally settled on undertaking the Curacy of Clifton, having been ordained Priest while yet at Wotton.

It has been remarked that "the two or three years after ordination usually give the whole complexion to a clergyman's after-life [a]." The remark was verified in the subject of this memoir. Though there is little to record during these few years, and the changes which occurred have nothing to distinguish them from

[a] Mr. Isaac Williams' Memoir of Robert Suckling, p. 11.

a young clergyman's ordinary course, yet it is evident that he was then passing through a transition state of the utmost moment, during which his character and future destinies were determined. Through the grace of God, he was borne safely through what must have been to him a very searching trial.

He had entered upon the work of the ministry with his characteristic ardour, but at the same time he joined with great zest in society. Gifted with more than ordinary social powers, he was naturally inclined to seek the opportunity of exercising them, and even, perhaps, to strain the rules of conscience to justify himself. One who knew and loved him well, says, "He always had considerable conversational power, and great warmth and energy in all matters, great or small, which interested him. He had, too, a friendly and affectionate spirit, and believed the best of all who shewed him kindness. He had a beautiful voice; he sang agreeably, though without musical knowledge. Society became a snare to him, especially at Clifton. His society was much sought there, and at the earlier time of his residence he seems to have mixed in it more than was healthy for him, though being at the same time most earnest in his parish work, and much loved by his flock."

To those who saw him only in such scenes, his lively, cheerful manner, and genial flow of humour, may probably have little led them to suspect what was really passing within. There were, moreover, at the same time other snares besetting him. His preaching was much admired, and attracted a degree of notice which could not have been without serious hazard to his spiritual life. Still, even while these dangerous influences gained a temporary hold upon him, a very different aspect of his character was opened to those who knew him in his pastoral ministrations. They were conscious of the deeper convictions which were gradually asserting a predominance in his soul. A clergyman who knew him well at Clifton says,—"I had a great and sincere admiration for him as a parish priest. There was an evident determination to do his duty, and in any case of difficulty, there was a promptness of decision and an elasticity of spirit which carried him through difficulties that would have daunted many another man. At the time I speak of, the whole charge of the parish really devolved upon him, and therefore the qualities I have named were in constant requisition [b]."

[b] It may be mentioned as a characteristic trait, that when at Clifton, gifts of money were occasionally offered to him,

While he was at Wotton there occurred an incident in his ministry opening more in detail this deeper view of his character, and bearing upon what afterwards became the distinguishing feature of his chief work in England. "He had strong ideas," (thus writes one of his sisters then living with him,) "of reforming those considered past hope. There was a wild, desolate part of the parish called Chapney Marsh, chiefly inhabited by a gang of thieves and desperate characters. He first heard of a man there just out of prison, dying of gaol fever. He took this place in hand with his usual energy, and effected a wonderful change even in the short time we were there (about eight months)."

On becoming Curate of Clifton, he made rules for himself as to visiting, which he carefully observed; only accepting invitations for a certain fixed number of days in the week, never going to balls or dancing, and always retiring early: but during the latter period of his life there his views became sensibly stricter. He began by abstaining from all parties in Lent, and the desire of a more retired and concentrated life grew within him. One rela-

which he declined, saying that he desired all such offerings to be made in common to the clergy ministering together at the church, and not to himself personally.

tion whose house he frequented more than any other, says, "I remember well telling him our house should be an exception to the rule, (that of abstaining from all society in Lent,) which I entirely approved; but he then told me he felt his own weakness, and to do any good he must give up going even to us." This same dear friend adds, that "from that time he always appeared to me to deepen in character and thought." It is the opinion of this relative, as well as of another to whom he was yet more intimately known afterwards, that the reading of the earlier "Tracts for the Times," and the studies to which they led, were the means which conduced to form, or deepen, that truer estimate of the religious life and his own responsibilities as a priest, as well as those definite views of doctrine, which afterwards characterized him. It would seem that the Church movement of that day, then in its vigorous infancy, was, under God, the means of giving a permanent direction to the powers and energies then expanding within him, and elevated to a higher sphere the thoughtful religious instincts, and amiable dispositions, which had marked his boyhood.

EXETER.

1841—45.

In the year 1841, Mr. Armstrong went from Clifton to Exeter, having been appointed one of the priest-vicars of the Cathedral. The change was of great importance in the formation of his character, and at first involved much trial. The priest-vicars of Exeter occupy a peculiar position. They form with the lay-vicars, or members of the choir, one corporate body, having estates and funds in common and under their own independent control.

The custom had been, that out of this body four were ordained to chaunt the service. They had no preaching licence, nor any pastoral duties; and neither in their social grade or education were they in any respect superior to the lay-vicars. This was felt to be a position wholly unworthy of such an office; and the late Bishop of Exeter determined not to admit as priest-vicar, any one who had not had an

university education. This rule changed by degrees the state of the priest-vicars, and their relative position towards the Canons of the Cathedral. They became empowered to take curacies or incumbencies, and since that time there has also been a growing disposition on the part of the Canons to draw them into their own circle, as men of the like sacred calling, and brother-members of the same venerable foundation. Mr. Armstrong became a priest-vicar at the time when this change was only in its infancy, and was himself the second who entered the body having had an university education.

Passing from Clifton, where he had found a ready access into the first circles, ever welcome and much beloved, it was a trial to find himself unexpectedly in a subordinate grade, and doubtful social position. After a little time, indeed, he made himself friends, and became valued and beloved as before; but the first part of his residence at Exeter sorely tried him. There is no doubt that the trial had the beneficial effect of loosening still more the hold which an undue love of society had for a while obtained over him.

In April, 1843, he was instituted to the rectory of St. Paul's, a parish in the city of

Exeter, containing 1,200 inhabitants. It consisted chiefly of a main street, with numerous alleys running from it on either side, where the parishioners were very closely packed. The inhabitants were composed of the less wealthy class of shopkeepers, or the very poor, with some few exceptions of the ancient gentry of the city, who still lingered on in their good old houses, giving signs of its having once been a more wealthy quarter. Into the work of this parish he threw himself with an unsparing energy and ardent affection; and from this time he determined to withdraw himself entirely from society, that he might the more completely devote himself to his charge.

Just before he entered upon the rectory of St. Paul's, he had commenced a style of writing of which he afterwards made an admirable use in furtherance of the highest spiritual objects, —that of a reviewer; and it is interesting to note the subject which he selected for his first essay in this department of literature. The subject of the article was "Mr. Markland's Remarks on English Churches," and some kindred works, with special reference to the subject of monumental devices and inscriptions. The article appeared in the January number for 1843 of the "British Critic," then the most noted

Church Review. The following extract will shew his tone of thought and style of writing at this time, which was, in fact, the commencement of a course distinguished more and more by a decided and ardent devotion of all his powers and faculties to the service of God:—

"The earliest monumental tombs found in this country which can be considered at all of an architectural character, are the stone coffins of the eleventh and twelfth centuries: the covers of these were at first simply coped. Here, then, we have simplicity itself. It was enough for men to lie in the house of prayer, to rest where they once had worshipped: mortality is the only moral of these early tombs; individuality is lost in that which is common to all, mortality. The stone covers of these coffins were 'afterwards ornamented with crosses.' We could almost feel that the very perfection of monumental architecture, by this addition, was attained: nothing can more eloquently express the quiet, unobtrusive, private piety of those ancient days, when the cross was the only ornament on the tomb—when to sleep near the altar was the highest honour—when neither name, nor escutcheon, nor verse, nor encomium is to be found. We cannot look on that symbol of the faith without reverencing that silent humility which desired no other sign, which taught men not to blazon forth themselves, but simply to shew that

they were members of the mystical body of Christ. Inscriptions followed next; but these are remarkable for the same simplicity, the same unselfishness, the same humility,—a pious and pleasing contrast to the bombastic flatteries of modern epitaphs. Often the name of the deceased, with the date of his death, forms the only inscription; or if he was founder of a church, that act of piety is noted, but very simply, without a word of commendation for munificence and zeal. Often, after the name, the following sentences were graven:—'Jesu merci;' or, 'Cujus animæ propicietur Deus. Amen;' or, 'Orate pro anima.' Long inscriptions were unknown. Up to this point, then, which we will call the first or primitive age, *simplicity* is the chief architectural feature, while a strong *religious character* marks such brief inscriptions as are to be found.

"To proceed to another age, we see next the beginning of monumental *sculpture:* 'subsequently,' says the 'Glossary,' 'they (the altar-tombs) were sculptured with recumbent figures in high relief, but still generally diminishing in width from the head to the feet, to fit the coffins of which they formed the lids.' This was a considerable change; for the features of individuals began to be expressed; but still a *religious character* is strictly retained. The hands of the recumbent figure are usually clasped over the breast in prayer, as though to teach us the fittest attitude for the hour and bed of death, and doubtless also expressing the prayers of the souls

'under the altar.' Towards the close of the fourteenth century the custom became general of inlaying flat stones with brasses. They were introduced at an earlier date, but were for some time rare: the earliest extant is the full-sized effigy of Sir Roger de Trumpington, at Trumpington, Cambridge, A.D. 1289. Inscriptions now become more numerous, though even yet not general, and very brief; the brasses also were remarkable for their simplicity, often representing the favourite emblem of the cross elegantly worked; often the figure of the deceased praying, with some text, pious rhyme, or holy ejaculation engraved round the border, or on some portion of the dress, or on labels from the mouth. The exclamation 'Jesu merci,' the most touching of all epitaphs, is the most common. This may be seen on the helmets or sword-belts of knights. On the fine monument of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, in Wimbourne Minster, the front of the helmet has been inscribed with some such devout motto, of which the word 'marci' is still legible. In the church of Higham Ferrars, one of the most magnificent brasses on an altar-tomb, beneath a Decorated arch, represents a former rector with his hands clasped in prayer; on the breast is the sentence, 'Fili Dei miserere mei;' at the bottom of the figure, 'Hic jacet Laurentius Sancto de Mauro quondam Rector istius Ecclesiæ cujus animæ propitietur Deus. Amen.' On one side of a crocketed canopy we read 'Suscipiat me Christus qui vocavit me;' on the other,

'In sinu Abrahe angeli deducant me:' the whole monument is well worth inspection.

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"The above kinds of monument, and this style of inscription, prevailed, with some modification, till the Reformation. The more elaborate architecture of the fifteenth century was naturally introduced into the tombs, producing a greater degree of splendour, richer decoration, and loftier structures. Canopies, first of a simple, then of a more florid kind, during this period made their appearance. Bringing, then, another age of some duration to a close, we still observe that the monuments themselves were, architecturally, in keeping with the building, and that they were, together with their inscriptions, essentially *religious:* this point we wish especially to be remembered.

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"We now reach the third age, in which the humility and devoutness of those preceding it begin gradually to decline and disappear. The recumbent figures represented in the act of prayer were mixed with a new and different race; we see ladies in ruffles, leaning on their elbows, staring us in the face, and lords and knights rising to the same position. The *religion* of monuments begins to be less considered; at the same time we note an equally painful change in the inscriptions. The cross is forgotten; self is commended; lengthy epitaphs, pro-

verbially false and incredible, appear; men's virtues, not Christ's merits,—what they have done, not what they need, or have left undone,—make up a pompous record, seldom read and never believed. Witticisms and puns, especially on names, are among the unseemly innovations of the age; our smiles are provoked when the most solemn lessons would more naturally suggest themselves, and we are brought to the graves of men to be amused.

"After this, which we will call the 'transition state,' we come to another age, far more dark and melancholy; it is the last, in which all remains of humility and self-abasement vanish away; it is the age of religious apathy, of worldliness, bombast, and show, when ultra-Protestantism had grown to its full and gross maturity: piety is no longer even affected; the recumbent figure, which in the previous age had so far risen as to be resting on its elbow, now, altogether spurning its lowly and prostrate attitude of prayer, stands upright on its feet. Man has risen in his own eyes; his greatness is now to be commemorated; he is to be admired in effigy. Statues, such as Lord Elgin brought from Greece, represent the character of the day; a more imposing place is given to man in the house of God; self is exalted; before it the cross melts—the 'Jesu merci,' the 'miserere mei,' all that speaks the weakness and dependence of men: worldly heroes usurp the sanctuary; statesmen, generals, poets, politicians, without creed or religion, infidels or sceptics, as it may

happen, supplant bishops, confessors, saints, founders of churches. Then, too,—the worst reproach of all, the last stage of degradation, the sign of an age of unbelief,—heathen devices crowd the Christian's house of prayer, the temple where the ever-blessed Trinity is to be worshipped 'in spirit and in truth.' Never, from the foundation of the Church by the Lord Himself, in any land or time, till the age we treat of, did those who bear the name of Christ turn back to heathen idolatry for emblems wherewith to grace their tombs. To this it was left to bring the fabled gods and goddesses into the sanctuary of the One True God, who is a '*jealous God*,' and to defile His temple by reviving the remembrance of the darkest, grossest superstition; to this it was left to surround the sepulchres of professing Christians with the tokens of a religion in which they *utterly disbelieved*, shewing full well how careless they were concerning that in which they professed a belief.

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"But as the monuments of this period have, on the whole, cast off any *religious* character in their design, except what is of *heathen* religion, the inscriptions, as is usual, have followed in the same track; they are either of a worldly and classical tone, or, if religious, such a preposterous accumulation of excellencies are attributed to the deceased, as renders it in effect a most irreligious commemoration, because it must of necessity be untrue.

"Reviewing, then, for a moment the progress of monumental architecture, we must confess that the result tends little to the honour of modern times; and the days of Anne, William, and the Georges hardly can be said to gain in this respect by being contrasted with any preceding period.

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Both the early effigies and the early legends do indeed speak the shame of these latter days, and amid all our own supposed enlightenment, we have yet to learn to give the dead Christian honour."—*Monumental Devices and Inscriptions,* "*British Critic,*" *No.* 65.

One who could write thus in his leisure hours, was learning to realize the deeper tone of earlier devotion, which loved to lose itself beneath the cross, counting all things but loss that it might win Christ. And we may well believe that he was at this time feeding on the idea, which his mind had embraced, of an entire self-devotedness separate from the world, and was secretly being prepared and strengthened for any work or sacrifice in the service of God, to which he might be called.

About this time he married Frances, the eldest daughter of Edward Whitmore, Esq. They lived in a house within the parish, in as much seclusion as possible, avoiding all general

society, and devoting themselves wholly to the care of the parish.

To general lookers on, Mr. Armstrong appeared the hard-working, painstaking parish priest, undistinguishable from many other equally devoted men. The life of a parish priest is made up of details, which, although to himself of absorbing thought and anxiety, and possessing their own peculiar varieties and special points of interest to those immediately concerned, are yet for the most part of a similar character in all cases. To those, however, who can look more closely, characteristic features come out to view, distinguishing one man's ministry from that of another. What especially struck one who knew Mr. Armstrong well at this time, was that "he always threw himself so completely into each particular case of sickness or trouble, which appeared to be the secret of his winning, so much as he did, the affections of his people. Though reserved on many points himself, others never seemed to feel reserved with him, and in a very special manner he carried out that great law of love, of weeping with them that weep, and rejoicing with them that rejoice."

It may be observed, that the fulfilment of the latter part of this precept is far more rare

than that of the former; but the union of the two was remarked by Mr. Armstrong's friends as a distinguishing feature of his character. A clergyman who knew him somewhat later than the time we are now speaking of, again points it out in connexion with the same great gift of individual sympathy. "His love and his capacity for sympathy seemed inexhaustible, and yet, while ever more and more expansive to the increasing requirements of his great Penitentiary work, his heart lost none of its tenderness and susceptibility for entering into individual joys and sorrows. I never met with one to whom it was so impossible not to rejoice with those who were rejoicing, and to weep with those who wept. He quite carried by storm, and singularly retained, the affections of my parishioners, high and low, by the way in which he entered into our distress on an occasion of great trial to us."

But to proceed with the records of his life at Exeter. A touching testimony to the character of his mind and ministrations came spontaneously, on hearing that this memoir was in preparation, from a member of a family whom he visited during severe domestic affliction. "The striking points of his character were the delicacy, tenderness, and amount of feeling, so rarely

combined with decision and promptness of action, and although so important and beautiful a feature, yet it is impossible to give examples; the whole essence consisting in the simplicity, tact, and time, in which it was done,—a spontaneous overflowing, as it were; at the moment in all probability, the recipient could not have expressed what it was, but only knew there was some one who fully entered into and shared his feelings."

In regard to the public services at St. Paul's, the line which he took was to revive the neglected features of the Church's system, trusting that the Church's own ordained forms of life were the truest and fittest to infuse the mind of God, and to cherish the highest tone of devotion among his people. In consequence of his engagements at the cathedral, he was unable to have daily morning prayer in his parish church, but he at once commenced daily prayer in the evening at 7 p.m., as the hour most convenient for working men. He established also a stricter observance of the rubric, using, e. g. the prayer for the Church Militant every Sunday, and administering holy Baptism during the service after the second lesson. At the same time there was an earnestness in detecting any spiritual want, and a quickness of de-

cision in endeavouring to meet it. Thus, e. g. finding a system of Sunday-schools at work which prevented his knowing or gaining hold over the children of his parish—it being the custom that the children of several parishes should meet in one of the larger schoolrooms, where they were classed indiscriminately together; he set about forming a separate Sunday-school for his own children. Moreover, having observed how, in consequence of the prevailing habit of parents of the labouring class attending evening services, the poorer children of his parish were either left to play in the streets, or were shut up at home without any one to look after them, he established a Sunday evening school for the boys in the schoolroom, and for the girls in his own house; the parish clerk, and some younger sons of tradesmen, giving voluntary aid in teaching.

During this period, Mr. Armstrong's religious views were acquiring that depth and power, that clear and definite substance, which characterized him as a teacher. It is important to note his views on some points of doctrine, as illustrating his mind and character, especially such as bear upon questions now anxiously discussed amongst us. He was one of the lecturers at the cathedral,

and there the greater number of his "Sermons on the Festivals," published in 1845, were preached. From these Sermons may be gathered some idea of his pastoral teaching, and the main ground-work of his religious convictions. To note the opinions of a man of so much mental power and depth of devotion on disputed questions, when the public mind is anxiously looking out for guidance in an hour of peculiar unrest and doubtfulness, must be a matter of no common interest and importance; nor can his life or character be understood, without knowing the principles of doctrine and belief on which, through the grace of God, they were formed and grew.

Every age, especially one of strong religious excitement, has its own special forms of strife, in which some portions of the mystery of Christ are gainsaid or imperilled. We are now happily spared, at least within the Church of England, some of the momentous controversies which saddened the course of preceding generations, such as those which concern the truth of the Scriptures, the Divinity of our Lord, or the necessity of the grace of the Holy Spirit; but we have our own grounds of perplexity and division. The controversies of the present day within the Church of England turn chiefly on

two questions: (1.) the general principles of dogmatic truth; and (2.) the grace of sacraments. On both these momentous lines of thought, more eventful struggles than we have yet seen may arise hereafter, and it is of the utmost importance to mark the cloud of witnesses whom God raises up from time to time to sustain His truth. It is also of great moment to observe the effects of sound and earnest views of doctrine in their connexion with the life of those who cherish them.

On both these questions Mr. Armstrong's mind had evidently been long intent, and he had formed clear and decided opinions regarding them, not merely as questions of external religion, but as of vital interest to the soul's growth. He was wont to express his opinions strongly, yet to no man was it ever given to shew more considerateness for the prejudices of others, or to be more careful in not laying unnecessary stumbling-blocks in the way of those who, from difference of education, or other cause, had been led to receive ideas of the revelation of God at variance from his own, ever endeavouring "to speak the truth in love."

On the first question alluded to, he speaks very decidedly in the sermon on the festival of St. Mark, the subject selected for the day being

"the Personality of Satan." The following extract is a sample of the important and earnest thoughts there expressed:—

"Now the Feast of St. Mark the Evangelist seems a fit occasion for dwelling on such a subject as this; because, while we bless God for the gift of the heavenly doctrine which he was appointed to deliver, it suggests to us one great object of temptation, I mean, our doctrine. Here is one point on which we are constantly and craftily assailed. Blasts of error and vain doctrine, against which we pray, and by which unstable souls are swept into perdition, are constantly breathed into us by the Prince of Darkness. As the Spirit of Truth guides into all truth those who obey the truth, so the Spirit of error seeks to lure men from the truth unto his lies. And it is in the highest degree important that we should consider both the fact that our doctrine is assailed, and that there is the possibility of our being borne down by the blasts of vain doctrine, because we are disposed, perhaps, to watch our doctrine too carelessly; and, however ready we may be to allow that we are tempted by Satan to viciousness and worldliness of life, we are slow to allow or to feel his attempts against our creed; practically at least, we little suspect or fear the trials which will be made against the very profession of a sound faith; we little distrust our own stedfastness or correctness in religious views; we think it hardly possible, or

most unlikely, that we should be drawn to mistake the sense of Scripture, or to read it with a perverted mind. We may feel the evil one tempting us to objects of ambition, to the excitements of the world, to the hurtful lusts of the flesh, to the love of money or of fame, to revenge, or gluttony, or selfishness; but we do not see him working divisions amongst us, dismembering the body of Christ, suggesting new, and therefore false, interpretations of the Word of God, and putting it into the hearts of men to devise new systems by which strife is multiplied, the sheep scattered, the energies of many weak but earnest minds wasted on vain disputations. And yet, if he be a person, subtle, active, deliberative, wise, deceitful, and above all, able mysteriously to penetrate into the hearts of men, and to mingle secretly his own thoughts with theirs, he cannot have left so important a field as that of religious doctrine undisturbed, without any tares being cast upon it. He cannot have left the stream of sound doctrine to flow to the edifying of the Church, without any efforts to turn its course, or to disturb its purity. The history both of natural and revealed religion presents us with a succession of assaults, which betray both his skill and eagerness in smoothing down the image and superscription of God, wherever it may have been in any degree impressed. In the Litany we are devoutly led to consider this, as well as his more obvious mode of temptation, when we are taught in the same clause to pray for de-

liverance both from 'all false doctrine, heresy, and schism,' and also 'from all hardness of heart, and contempt of God's Word and Commandments;' that is, as well from any corruptness of doctrine as of life. And it is, perhaps, one of the strongest proofs of the present power of this Prince of Darkness, that he has been enabled to make so large a portion of the Christian world careless about differences of doctrine, almost blinded as to the sin of schism, ready to think that it matters not what we believe, and to form hollow combinations, in which no jealousy for the whole counsel of God can be perceived, and no fear of an evil leaven. How could he more craftily have paved the way for the reception of 'damnable heresies' and doctrines contrary to God? He has lulled our fears of doctrinal error, and our sensitive affection for the truth; he has brought us to mix with heretics, and he has familiarized us with sounds of error from other men's mouths, which become less and less hateful to our minds the more we are used to hear them; and then his last step is to suggest error to ourselves. . . . . And in speaking on this point, let me warn you of the indulgence of a passion, most sinful, and now most popular,—I mean that of *religious curiosity*. By this restless inquisitiveness into other men's opinions, Satan entices us to offer our ears to the blasts of his vain doctrine. If we are members of the Church because we believe it to be indeed the Church of Christ, the true keeper and preacher of

His Word, we should go nowhere else; we should not trifle with so great a thing as our religion; we should not waste one opportunity of grace; while we are hearing error we are losing truth; we put ourselves in the way of temptation; we are helping to the confusion and unsettledness of our minds; we shew a restlessness, which is of the world and not of God; we betray the want of a holy reverence for the truth, by our readiness to touch its counterfeit, and to please our ears by the sound of that false metal, the circulation of which should only sadden us; for the time we give countenance to error, which is a sin; we accept for the time Korah's ministrations; though we may not begin, we may end by embracing the error, for Satan may turn our curiosity to his account. The very fact that we allow ourselves to indulge curiosity on such points is a proof that our minds are in so light, so unfixed a state, as to render us peculiarly open to false opinions when enthusiastically and plausibly set forth. We may be moved by eloquence, and think it grace. While we are consorting with the despisers of the least of Christ's doctrines, we are despising Christ Himself. Though we may come away from such assemblies with no direct infection, with no other sin upon us than that of having exposed ourselves to error, we have encouraged others to do likewise, and to wander to and fro in search of excitement rather than of religion; these may not go forth unharmed. Who in the

practical part of religion counts it safe to familiarize himself from curiosity with all the modes and varieties of vice, and to go round watching the countless forms and attitudes of sin? Who counts it safe to trust himself in such a course? And why in doctrinal matters, where there may be equal sin and equal temptation, should another rule be applied? How many heresies and schisms would die at once, almost at the hour of their birth, were it not for this profane ensnaring curiosity, by which they are swollen first into an apparent, and then into a real vigour!"

In another Sermon, on the Festival of the Holy Trinity, the Athanasian Creed having been chosen as the subject, the same line of thought recurs. He there speaks strongly and very impressively of the lax and dangerous habit of passing over lightly, or depreciating, the dogmatic statements of that confession of our faith, and the unassailable ground on which those statements rest, as well as the necessities which occasioned them. After alluding to the objection ordinarily urged against the Creed, he says:—

"Now, I would first observe, in answer to such views, that the objections to the Athanasian Creed have ever been most loud and violent in times

of coldness, laxity of life and doctrine, worldliness and infidelity. Thus, a century ago it was more bitterly opposed than in our own day; and we cannot look at the temper of those times without beholding a startling picture of the ruin and decay of vital piety, and the proportionate boldness and increase of infidelity. The voice of an age divided between lethargy and unbelief, should hardly be accepted as that of a wise counsellor; and the fact is not without significance, that in the same proportion as Gospel principles have increased or lost their power over the hearts and lives of men, so have the objections to this Creed increased in violence or declined.

"Again, if we consider the circumstances from which the Creed arose, we shall relieve the Church from the blame which has wrongly fallen on her—the blame of having desired and introduced such minuteness of doctrinal statement. The Church on her part was content with the simplest and briefest Creed; she desired in the fulness of her faith no nicer definitions; but the very vagueness and brevity of her earlier forms were turned against her; her simple expression of the great Christian verities was explained away, mis-read, wrested from its obvious meaning, opposed by the subtleties of ingenious heretics, who sought with the serpent's wisdom to catch men in an intricate web of words. The Church desired no expansion nor more precise exposition of the faith, but, contrary to her will, she was

constrained in this manner to defend the truth delivered to her, to meet the subtle errors of the enemies of Christ, to expand her more compressed forms of speech, to explain, to defend what she had said more simply, where, for lack of closer definition, error was successfully thrust in. She was first driven to add the Nicene to the Apostles' Creed, and next, as new modes of error continued to be devised, like a besieged city she threw out fresh defences, opposing the refinements of heretics by such counter refinements as were esteemed consistent with godly reverence. Thus the Athanasian Creed was, as it were, an outer wall cast round the first bulwarks of less contentious ages; and though she rejoiced in its strength and soundness, she grieved at its necessity. Nor has it been ever consistent with the security of the truth to trust herself to her first defences, and to throw down her later works, because the same heresies, or equally dangerous modifications of them, have continued to encamp about her. ..... Again, while it is true that the Creed threatens with the everlasting wrath of God those who deny the Catholic faith, which faith is made to consist in the confession of the Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation and Godhead of Christ, before we count such threatenings contrary to the law of Christian love, it would be well to consider, whether any sentences of condemnation as strong and terrible are to be found in Holy Scripture. For if Scripture, which contains the law of love and grace, does use

sentences of condemnation of like severity, then we must confess that it is possible to threaten men with the wrath of God without any breach of charity, unless Scripture be supposed to offend; and the only question which can then be raised will be, whether the Church and Scripture agree as to the objects, manner of life, or opinions, which are to be condemned; there will be nothing unscriptural, and therefore nothing uncharitable, in the threats themselves, provided they be scripturally aimed. Let us then listen to some awful denunciations of wrath inspired by God the Holy Ghost, Who is the Spirit of love, Who is Love Himself.

" 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha.' 'But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other Gospel than that ye have received, let him be accursed.' 'He that believeth not shall be damned.' 'Whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet. Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment than for that city.' 'But the fearful, and unbelieving, and abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire.' 'Who shall privily

bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction,' 'that they might all be damned who believed not the truth.'

"Now, if we compare these denunciations of wrath with the severest and the sternest words in the Athanasian Creed, we must instantly confess that no terrors are threatened in the one which are not threatened in the other; though it is beyond the present question to decide whether the terrors threatened equally by the one and by the other, are directed against the same kinds of sinners. And the fact is, that such texts as these open out a side of the Gospel, and of God's dealings with mankind, which, from its very awfulness, we naturally shrink from looking at; we would fain soften down those strong assertions of the necessity of holding the truth and of holding it in righteousness, and of the peril of not holding it, or of holding it in unrighteousness; we turn from the darker side of the Gospel, which threatens tribulation and anguish, and hesitate to face those images of wrath which run parallel with its pictures of peace and love; and when this sterner view is propounded to us in other forms, we try to cast discredit upon the forms, by accusations of uncharitableness so easily caught at by a careless world. And yet we instantly are led to see the inconsistency of such views of charity as would disarm the Church, if not the Scripture, of all sharpness of reproof and power to threaten; as long as it seems to disturb but

little our own peace in the world, we care but little what 'damnable heresies' abound, and we hesitate to say that they who hold such things 'shall perish everlastingly;' yet from very selfishness we are more bold to grant that the terrors of the Lord ought to be denounced on evil doers, because the sins of theft, murder, adultery, and the like, if not restrained by some such voices of awful warning, might increase to the destruction of our own earthly quietness. While the express assertion that they who deny the Godhead of Jesus Christ 'shall perish everlastingly,' through their unbelief, is held to be a bold offence against the Gospel law of charity, it is held to be no such breach of love to affirm that thieves, and murderers, and profane persons, shall also perish; or at least such assertions are suffered to be made more quietly. May we not then justly question the nature of that charity, which is thus inconsistent with itself and partial? May we not doubt whether this be evangelical love, which thus inclines us with a selfish tenderness towards one class of sinners, while it consents to the denunciations of wrath against another?

"And we have the more reason to suspect this charity, when we consider that the texts already quoted are as severe in condemnation of certain doctrines as of certain ways of life.

"Further, though the Gospel abounds in love, and teaches us to abound in love one to another, it is not merely a revelation of *love*, but also a revela-

tion of *truth;* while we have to seek that 'love which is in Christ Jesus,' we have equally to seek 'the truth as it is in Jesus;' and as God is both 'love' and 'the truth,' both love and truth as embraced in ourselves are gifts of the self-same Spirit, Who is not divided against Himself. If therefore any views of love would lead us to disparage and slight the truth, and to allow that it mattered not what men believed, that error of doctrine is not to be condemned, or that those who hold error in doctrine are not to be condemned; we should at once suspect such views as forming a spurious charity within us, because jealousy for the maintenance of love swallows up all jealousy for the maintenance of truth. Where the gifts of the Spirit seem to oppose each other, where mercy and truth do not meet together, where truth is sacrificed to love, there one gift is imperfectly known, or we have added to it human opinions, or we have not the gift at all, but a counterfeit."

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance of these precepts, enjoining the mortification of curiosity and unsound speculation, which by accustoming the mind to religious differences, renders it a ready prey to laxity of belief, if not to positive error; nor are those precepts less important which enforce the necessity of not shrinking from the assertion of the divine judgments, which, revealed in holy

Scripture, and taught by the Church in all ages, come to us as the voice of God Himself, and are intended by Him to guard His truth and to preserve the souls for whom He died in the profession of a true faith.

Equally decided and important are the views which he expressed regarding the divine institution of the Church and the grace of sacraments, as the means of communicating the virtues of the Incarnation and Death of our Lord. He had formed distinctive opinions as to the meaning of holy Scripture, and the teaching of the Church of England on these points, and expressed them with his own peculiar power of lucid and impressive eloquence. An instance of this mode of treating the subject of holy Baptism occurs in the sermon for Monday in Easter-week. After speaking of the change which had come upon the Body of our Lord after His Resurrection, he compares this change in a striking and beautiful manner with the effects of our regeneration :—

"Though some mysterious change *had* passed upon His flesh, by which He was enabled to pass through walls and doors as though they were but so much unopposing air, it is clear that there was no visible glory in our Lord, nothing in His outward appearance that pointed Him out at once as one risen from

the dead. He ate, drank, and conversed as before with His disciples, though He seemed perhaps not to mix quite so much or so familiarly with them, while He spoke, if possible, in a more tender and solemn tone.

"Now the blessed Sacrament of Baptism makes us like our Lord; it puts us in some sort into that very condition which was His after His resurrection; for in Baptism we 'put on Christ,' this same risen Christ; and having put on Him, 'Who is our life,' and having risen with Him, Who is 'the Resurrection of the dead,' we in like manner must tarry for a season in the world; we must be content, though possessing a risen life in our souls through Him, to be as sojourners upon earth,—to eat, drink, buy and sell, and do other worldly acts, though no longer of the world ourselves nor attached to it. We must seem, too, in outward appearance unchanged; we must look the same; and, though sons of God, wear no signs of the Divine Presence; the children of the light have as yet no fairer countenances than the sons of darkness; the illumination is within; they that are from above and they that are from beneath pass before us, and we cannot tell them by their looks; the inner man has the light of the other world and the life, and Baptism has secretly put this life into us.

"That this first Sacrament does as much as this, that it is our resurrection or New Birth, that it is closely and intimately connected with the great

doctrine of our Lord's Resurrection, will be clear, if we string together those texts which more directly define and enforce it."

Then, again, afterwards in a similar strain:—

"There is no need to lower Christ's ordinances, lest we should obscure the sufficiency of Christ, and the doctrine of the Atonement, and the power of the Cross; for in nothing is the sufficiency of Christ and the natural corruption of man more forcibly maintained than in high views of the Sacraments. What are they but Christ's gifts? What origin have they but from Christ? What power, what vitality? How are they preserved but through faith in Him? We cannot, with a true faith, separate Christ from His own words, or His own doctrine, or His own ordinances; if we would make them no more than forms, we make Him a mere giver of forms, presenting us with grand and awful types, such as the Deluge and the Baptism of Israel in the Red Sea, and then making the antitypes dry and powerless rites, weaker by far and fainter than the shadows. If we bring down His ordinances in order to fix our eyes more directly upon Him, as though they were obstacles, and not helps, we virtually bring Him down, who gave them that they might be a medium through which to approach Him, and to know that He is approaching us and we Him, that we are meeting together, He in us and we in Him, the faithful with the great Object of faith. If we try to

look past these or above these, we are as men with weak eyes trying to gaze on the mid-day sun without interposing some substance to soften and yet to communicate the light.

"But if we think that all the terms so repeatedly applied to Baptism are designed to tell us that it is our New Birth or spiritual Regeneration, then we believe that we have that new life, that principle of Divine life, which, if not destroyed by wilful sin, will be continued into eternity, and perfected in heaven itself. We are new creatures in an old creation; we belong to another city; we are already citizens of the heavenly Jerusalem, though for a season absent in the body; we have been naturalized therein by Christ's purchase, Who bought for us that freedom with a great price; but whether here among sinners, or there among the angels, this life, which is from Christ and in Christ, is the very eternal life: we cannot be born again spiritually, no, not in heaven; there is but one natural birth, and there is but one spiritual birth; and whatever we attain unto in the life to come, it will be only the manhood and maturity of this present spiritual life; we shall not become new creatures again; we shall be changed, but not regenerate; we have already been made "partakers of the Divine nature," partakers of Christ, children of God, and grafts on that tree of life. What higher life than this can be given us? We can have no better place than that of sons, no better nature than that of the Divine nature,

no Diviner Person of whom to partake than Christ. This life will be matured, gladdened, devoted to blissful occupations, spent in a purer dwelling, spent at home; qualities will be developed which it now contains, but which are obscured, and veiled, and dormant, of which we are now unconscious. It is now a new power dawning in us, opening itself out by degrees, shewing by such beauty of holiness as breaks from it, its Divine nature, and leading us to think by such glimpses as we have, to what a far higher stage of excellence it may be advanced by being placed in a better world. We feel that it is something which is but in its infancy, excellent and heavenly in its kind, but now only manifesting the beginnings of its strength. As we say of newly-discovered powers in the physical world, that we do not know yet what they will lead to, that our knowledge of them is in its infancy, that from what we know and see we should be surprised at no results however wonderful, that we discern in them that which in its fuller development and application may be,—so in like manner may we speak of the principle of Divine life given us in holy Baptism. We have it now in 'earthen vessels,' in its infancy, in its first stage and operation, amidst the remains of sin, in a wicked, uncongenial world. As Christ after His resurrection could not in such a scene unveil the glory that was in Him, and make His Divinity to appear to carnal eyes and minds, so we who are baptized bear in us a risen life, which 'is

hid with Christ in God,' which is 'as unknown' among men."

So likewise in the sermon for Tuesday in Easter-week, he teaches the true connection between the holy Eucharist and the Sacrament of our regeneration:—

"But this life, like bodily life, must be sustained. We do not necessarily go on living because we have begun to live, but the first excellent gift of spiritual life requires a second excellent gift, which is spiritual food, for the support of life, in order to complete the goodness of the Lord. Again, the natural body, with which the spiritual may be so fitly compared, not only needs food, but its own proper and peculiar food, which has some secret harmony with the inner parts, which the system instinctively accepts and thrives upon. For 'as all flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, another of birds,' so these different kinds of creature require, according to their constitution, structure, and manner of life, different and suitable kinds of food; all do not profit by the same thing, but what is sweet and wholesome to the one is hurtful or worthless to the other. So is it in the spiritual world. Not only does the soul which has been born anew, need food, but that food which possesses some inherent fitness with its own new nature. The Divine life cannot be sustained by earthly nourishment; there is the want of something

heavenly, by the use of which it would expand and thrive.

"Nor are we left without such divine nutrition. As Israel was not saved by water to die in the wilderness, but a table was prepared in the wilderness, that the life miraculously redeemed might be as miraculously sustained, so Christ has not created us afresh by the mystery of Baptism without ordaining other means as mysterious for carrying on and finishing the good work which He hath begun in us. Baptism implies, so to speak, the gift of the Lord's Supper; its nature, as declared by Christ, leads us to expect that it would be followed by a second gift, to be used continually, for there is but 'one Baptism,' as there can be but one birth in Christ; and we may suppose, for this reason, that it is the only Sacrament mentioned in the Creeds, as if the confession of the one implied and contained the confession of the other; as if the gift of life and of the means of life, were viewed as one continued act of grace, the beginning of which it was enough to speak of in any brief form of words.

"Now when we consider our own new nature, as born of water and of the Spirit, and the nature of the Lord's Supper, which is the mystical nourishment of faithful souls, we see an admirable harmony between the two,—Divine food being given for the growth and increase of the Divine life already bestowed; and we see the force and fitness of those terms by which the elements of this good feast are

represented. We partake of 'Angels' food;' that is, food fit for Angels, suitable to the angelic nature, fit for those who have fellowship with the Angels, who are lifted up to the rank of that sublime society. We partake of the 'true manna,' 'the bread of heaven,' not the typical manna, which, though a wonderful sustenance for the militant Church of Israel, is mean in comparison, but of the true Bread prefigured therein; for both the bread rained down from heaven and the camp of Israel itself were but types and shadows of the Christian Church and of that spiritual food by which it lives.

"Hence, too, we learn, in one sense at least, the peril of eating and drinking of the Lord's Supper unworthily; that is, with unprepared and unrepenting souls. We see how that, when we are in such a state, we eat and drink to our own destruction. For if we draw near while we are walking after the flesh, fast bound in the bonds of deliberate habitual sin, with the life once given us weakened and decaying, we taste that which hurts us, because we are not able to bear it, being weak; there is little left in us with which such food could agree; we have reduced ourselves to that state of spiritual languor and feebleness which makes such strong meat perilous; not only does it become a wasted meal, but dangerous; we have unfitted ourselves for such nourishment; and as far as we have followed that which is 'earthly, sensual, devilish,' as far as we have suffered our new life to waste away within us, so far do we in-

jure our souls by touching that which is opposed to the carnal mind.

"But if we desire earnestly to 'renew the spirit of our minds,' if there is a true longing after spiritual strength, if we have not utterly lost the principle of the risen life, nor suffered it utterly to decay, then the Lord's Supper, meekly and reverently received, becomes the principal and richest means of life, the very stay and health of our hungering and thirsting souls. For what is it of which we partake? is it not Christ Himself, 'Christ our Passover' sacrificed for us? Christ, 'who is our life,' with whom we have been buried and have risen again,—Christ, who is our feast, our Bread, the Bread of heaven, the living Bread, our Meat, which is 'meat indeed,'—Christ, who is the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world,' Himself without sin? What are the elements of bread and wine but the Body and Blood of Christ, 'verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper,' not after a carnal and fleshly manner, but spiritually? It is the *Communion* of the Body and Blood of Christ; it is the commingling of our life with His, of that which is Divine in us with His Divine nature. We are made *one* with Him, and He one with us; He dwelleth in us, and we in Him."

At the close of this same sermon he suggests an important thought as to the causes which have conduced to the prevailing depreciation of the Church's sacramental system:—

"The *mystery* of the Sacraments stands in the way of their reception; men count them as little more than forms, as though Christ would have pressed mere forms with so much urgency on His Church. It requires a strong faith to believe them to be what they really are, a strong faith in the power of Christ, especially when men around us think so little of them, and try to cast the reproach of resting in forms on all such as seek the grace of God therein. In a land torn with divisions, and intersected with a thousand paths of religious error, there will always be, according to the extent of schism, low views of the Sacraments; for there will always be among the teachers of schismatics some scruple and distrust and doubtfulness in administering the Sacraments; and these misgivings about their authority will break out in endeavours to think little of that which they cannot confidently touch."

While dwelling on these vivid descriptions of the grace given through the Sacraments, it is well also to observe how truly he had realized the danger which may arise from an exaggerated view of any mere external system, and the possible evils of an undue love of symbolism, however true and beautiful if preserved in its true proportion to vital religion. In one of the sermons of the series he says:—

"May not the mind spend itself on these points, and yet only, or chiefly, treat them as so much food

for the logical or imaginative powers to feed upon? Or again, take the history of the Church, its subsequent history, its controversies, its schisms, its polity, its action upon the world, its influence in all the changes of the world. We may search into such subjects, and embrace them only with our minds; we may all the while be barren of vital piety, or without earnestness, or meekness, or any real apprehension of the doctrine of Christ crucified; our views of the doctrines of the Church may be sound and clear; we may argue eloquently for the truth; but we may be debating after all only for the form of things: the life, the soul, the reality of the system which has engaged the mind, may be wanting in us, or may be but partially and faintly known.

"So of lesser things than creeds and doctrines, such as architecture and music, as applied to the Church,—sciences which have been always dignified by such application, which have always burst forth into grander forms and sublimer harmonies, which have always attained a wonderful and awful sublimity, the instant they have been brought to bear on the service of Almighty God; we may enter into these things zealously, and attain great knowledge, and yield ourselves to their fascination; our taste, our mind may be delighted and refined, but yet our souls may not get within those outward, well-chosen forms and symbols, or those deep-moving sounds. There is enough in the sublimest architecture, in the gravest and richest music, to interest, even to en-

gross, our minds; we can be enthusiasts in these sciences, and, because they are devoted to the faith, we may deceive ourselves as to our own ruling motive in pursuing them."

One other striking passage may be added from the sermon for Easter-day, on a doctrine little realized even among the faithful,—that of the "Resurrection of the body:"—

"And the wonder of the Resurrection is, that it will be a resurrection of the *flesh*, a quickening of our mortal bodies, a rising from the grave and house of corruption. It is not merely revealed to us that the souls of men appear before God in judgment, and pass after the last sentence into a glorious or miserable world; this would be no rising from the *grave*, for the soul does not rest therein; it would not be a resurrection, but a passage from the intermediate state, where the soul tarries after death, into the final state, where it abides for ever, whether in bliss or torment. The words 'rise from the dead' and 'resurrection' are designed to express the motion and exaltation of the body; as it is said in the text, 'with my dead *body* shall they arise . . . the earth shall cast out the dead;' as though by the 'dead' were signified not merely the souls of the departed, but the bodies also; as though some part of them, that is, their flesh, were hidden beneath in the earth. And St. Paul does not so much combat any unbelief in the existence of the soul in a future state, which,

from the very nature of the soul was believed in by the more thoughtful portion of the heathen world, and was no new doctrine to heathen ears, but he sets himself to the work of teaching the peculiar doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh: this was the incredible mystery, this the new doctrine that startled the world, and drew down the contemptuous mockings of the wise Athenians;—they would have understood the immortality of the soul, which many of them already believed, but an immortal body, or the resurrection of the dull frail flesh, the incorruption of the corruptible, the immortality of this husk and covering of the soul, what babbling did this seem, what raving, to a world of reasoners who were without faith! And when St. Paul, after a sublime statement of this doctrine, makes some imaginary opponent arrest him in his discourse, it is upon this very point that he supposes the interruption. 'But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what *body* do they come?' He felt that this was the question which would be raised, and was to be met; he foresaw that men in their natural conception of the world to come, and the spirituality of such a state, would stumble and be perplexed when they heard of the resurrection of the flesh, not being able to understand 'the spiritual body,' the change of corruption into incorruption, and of the natural body of flesh and blood, which 'cannot inherit the kingdom of God,' into some immortal and heavenly fashion. 'Thou fool,' breaks

forth the Apostle, as the fire kindled, 'that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed his own body.' He points out the analogy between the operation of God on the visible and material productions of the earth, and on the visible and material parts of a man. 'A resurrection,' he says, 'is before us; the bare grain, dry and dead and uncomely to the eye, breaks out by the secret working of God into a spreading and fragrant plant, beautiful in its fashion; such grace and beauty appearing in this risen body, as the lifeless and uncomely appearance of the seed would have by no means led us to look for, had we argued without experience of the thing.' Or, to put the analogy in a closer light, 'A resurrection is before us; the seed dies, and then is quickened; it cannot be quickened except it die; it breaks forth into a new body; it puts forth from itself that which cleaves the earth and forces itself through the clods by the power of the hidden life within it; and more than this, to every seed God gives his own body; every dead seed is quickened, but every seed does not, in its resurrection, put on the same fashion, but the vile seed of the bramble rises into the worthless bramble, and the good seed of the rose puts forth the flower of the rose.' 'So is the resurrection of the dead.' When we walk

through the fields plucking the ears of corn, the dry grain which we rub in our hands is an Apostle's argument for the resurrection of the flesh.

"It is a great mystery, even when we view it by itself, as a single act, apart from its after consequences, and from any consideration of that state of life to which it leads. As the scattered parts of all the bodies of men have to be drawn together again in some wonderful way, in order that no part, however minute, may lose its portion either of reward or punishment, how can we understand the process of quickening and reuniting these several parts, which will be a sudden thing, 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,' at 'the voice of an archangel and the trump of God?' how can we understand the feeling either of the soul on being again restored to the house from which it has been so long driven, or of the flesh on recovering its life and consciousness? It is a great mystery, that some dust which has lain senseless for thousands of years should ever live and feel again. And it strikes us the more, when we try to apply it to individuals; St. Stephen, for instance, whose soul has been so long in peace, will rise again with his body which was once beaten to the ground with stones. Where in the land of Judah is the dust of the Martyr?

"However the souls of the dead have existed since they were divorced from the flesh, (and it is one punishment of sin of which even the saints partake, that there should be such a divorce between parts

designed at first for a perfect endless union,) however they have passed their time, or in whatever place, whether in 'Paradise' or in Judas' 'own place,' this disembodied state ceases at the resurrection. Every soul by some mystical attraction will find its own tabernacle, and will enter it again and diffuse its life throughout it. St. Stephen's spirit will recover the bruised flesh, which has long since been dissolved. 'The earth shall cast out the dead.' The human dust, and that which has never moved with any breath of life, or living soul within it, will be separated; though they seem things of the same kind, and are not now to be distinguished the one from the other, they will be sifted the one from the other; the one will be burnt up in the fires of the last day, the other will wake into consciousness. The earth will have no power to hold any longer that which has once lived and felt; for, as the earth has to be destroyed, so it cannot draw into that annihilation any parts or substances that once constituted the outer house and tabernacle of a man. When the world, which in seed-time and harvest has been giving its yearly types of the resurrection of mankind, has ceased for the first time to shew forth its sign, when the last grain has been sown and the last corn reaped from the field, when this stage of human action, this scene of the probation of an immortal family shall have served its end, then, before it breaks into nothingness and melts away, it must cast forth those earthly members of men which cannot be destroyed with it, and which are but in a state of suspended

life: not one grain of human dust will be annihilated, nor one grain of mere common earth quickened.

"Sometimes, as one stands musing among the tombstones of some old churchyard, and feels oneself in the midst of a silent company of brethren resting in their quiet graves, one cannot but think with strange awe of that great day, when all will be life and motion in this still place, when the ground shall shake, and the sods break asunder, and a multitude of men rise from their green dormitory. And here, again, we cannot consider the Resurrection without thoughts of the *multitude* that must rise coming over us: it will be a universal resurrection; the whole family of Adam will rise at once, whether from churchyard, or sea, or river, or desert, or pyramid, or field of battle. We shall not rise as we died, generation after generation, but Abraham and Daniel and John Baptist and Clement and Chrysostom will meet at once; as also Cain and Pharaoh and Jeroboam and Herod and Judas. There is something strangely exciting in looking on any amazing crowd of men assembled into one place, but what will be the spectacle of all the generations of men gathered together before God?"

While these sermons contain such clear, deep views of the mysteries of the revelation of God, they exhibit also touching instances of that keen, warm-hearted sympathy with suffering or trial which so remarkably characterized him. His

views of great principles were constantly converging to some practical detail, some duty of daily life, as the proper end to which they ought to lead. An interesting illustration of this turn of thought may be noted in the sermon for Christmas-day, towards the close of which he eloquently describes the trials of the aged poor removed from their parishes, and the scenes and associations of a whole life, into distant union-houses :—

"That the tendency of commerce is to blind us to the spiritual relations which exist between rich and poor according to the Gospel, is capable of proof. If we look at our older towns, we shall find in them rows of ancient alms-houses for the aged poor, built before the great hurrying tide of commerce had set in; if we turn to the new manufacturing towns, that have sprung up since, we find no such works of Gospel love, no such signs of the influence of the Faith upon the richer sort. Our large workhouses are the sad substitutes; I say 'sad,' because, though in a country liable to all the fluctuations of commerce, by which large masses of the able-bodied may be thrown suddenly into poverty, we must have some certain system at work capable of instant expansion or contraction, to provide against such uncertainties as voluntary alms-giving could but imperfectly cope with, still the aged poor, who are not suddenly thrown

upon us, should be differently cared for; some better retreat should be provided for those who have spent their days in severe and honest toil. Did we, as in the old time, shelter the grey hairs of our poor in decent alms-houses within their own parishes, we should then undo, in a great measure, those hardships which must be felt under the best poor-law, which is not designed to supply the place of voluntary bounty, but to act where voluntary bounty fails. We make its hardships, by making it almost the only refuge of the poor. Did we, by building alms-houses, put the old deserving people out of the necessity of its assistance, workhouses would then be no longer the *lasting home* of any, but the temporary place of refuge in times of temporary distress. It is sad not to keep the old amongst us; we know not how much love we lose when we let them depart from their old haunts; we hardly can know *their attachment to place,* because we move so much ourselves, and have such unfixed restless ways; we know not what it is to be torn from the one village, which has been their whole world,—from the one old church, which has been a whole life's delight,—from the one old seat where they have knelt till they can hardly kneel,—from those old familiar faces, which have grown old together, and from the young around, in whom they see the likenesses of their own fading generation;—we cannot fully enter into these things, but these feelings of home attachment it is our wisdom to preserve."

It is still more important, as illustrative of the growth of his mind and character, to point out two other passages in these sermons, which prove how he drew his teaching out of the depths of his own experience, and was learning the doctrines of the spiritual life by an earnest self-discipline. This was, indeed, one great secret of the reality which marks his style of writing, and the fervour which generally breathes throughout it. One such passage occurs, where he touches on the dangers and abuse of society. His hearers at the time could hardly have discerned the sources out of which his ardent, solemn words were springing; but they will come home to those who bear in mind what has been said of his own struggle out of an ensnaring temptation, and as being the words of one who had "suffered, being tempted." The passage alluded to occurs in the sermon for Tuesday in Whitsun-week, which treats on "The Perils of Society." He there says:—

"And yet, as cases of doubt arise, we may in some measure help one another; we may throw out hints for the guidance of beginners in the spiritual life, who are becoming more scrupulous and tender in their treadings, and who rightly judge that it matters greatly at the beginning where they tread. Let us consider then one subject, about which the

learners of the wisdom of the Cross, to whom I would chiefly speak, are apt to be perplexed; they are often at a loss what to do or say concerning 'entering into society,' as it is called: sometimes they think it harmless, and sometimes perilous to their spiritual state; they cannot quite make up their minds either way; and acting according to this uncertain mind, sometimes they refuse to enter it, or enter with some secret misgiving, while at another time they are without dread of any hurt to their souls. Now, where we are in doubt concerning the lawfulness or the Christian prudence of such and such a thing, we had best at once take the stricter and more self-denying side, as being in all likelihood the safer; for we had better miss many earthly pleasures, which might have been enjoyed, than lose any degree of glory which but for them we might have attained, while any sacrifice made through faith is profitable for the growth of the heavenly mind. Thus, if we doubt concerning the influence of society on the soul, we can do no wiser thing than, by the grace of God, resign cheerfully what is doubtful. But if we examine the nature of that sort of mixing with the world which we understand by 'entering into society,' we may find some positive grounds for shrinking from such light-minded intercourse, and for supposing that it is a fearful yet insidious snare to the higher orders, causing them to love this present world, and being the more fearful, because it does not result in one direct evident sin, but because it

produces a general state of mind most disinclined to religious strictness, or any earnestness about heavenly things. It not a little confirms this view, that the thing we speak of is popularly called a 'living in the world,' and the contrary 'being out of the world,' phrases which are not without appropriateness, and which do let out the character and tendencies of such intercourse. But, to go beyond the popular expressions by which it is known, as we are pledged, in order to our salvation through Christ Jesus, to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, where, I would ask, are these pomps and vanities to be found, where 'the pride of life,' the 'vain pomp and glory of the world,' if not in the ceaseless rounds of entertainments in which the rich vie with the rich, and which, while they are set forth with all possible splendour and luxuriousness, are designed to fill the head with worldly images, and to bear our hours along upon the smoothest course? Where is the world, if it be not here, among those whose life is gaiety, and whose hearts are bent on fashion, or on that which is thought to be such? Where is opposition to the world and deadness to it to be found among the throng of pleasure-seekers? where is that 'godly, righteous, and *sober* life,' for which we so wisely pray? Pleasure in some shape is the avowed and evident purpose of a life spent in society, and it would be profaneness to say that all things are 'begun, continued, and ended' in God, or done to the glory of God.'

"But, while pleasure is confessedly the general object of society, we shall find that the action of this mixing with the world is in its details dangerous to the soul. Thus, among other things, it tends to produce great artificiality: it is no easy thing to be simple and natural; we are so in our own homes and among real friends, where real life is disclosed, and men seem to be no other than they are; but how few of us are quite natural in other places. We are often conscious of putting on a different manner, of talking in a different tone, of hiding much of the real man, sometimes our better feelings, sometimes our worse. While we consent to be thrown among all kinds of people, of all creeds however deadly, of all characters, dissipated or correct, as it may be, there is and almost must be much forced, made, unreal behaviour; there must be great and important concealments of character; and the acknowledged difficulty of knowing people as they are, or of seeing them through the veils of a worldly and courtly mannerism, goes far to prove how much there is of a kind of acting and playing of parts, and consideration of appearances and effect. Now, must not this artificiality, this putting on of something which is not our own, or hiding that which is our own, be most hurtful to the edge of the soul, and tend to produce some sort of untruthfulness and hypocrisy and unreality, which are evil things?

"In the next place we may consider the ordinary tone of conversation which we find in large and

mixed assemblies; and what must we say of it, but that it bears commonly most decided marks of the world? There may be at times bursts and gleams of a better light, where better spirits may have power to take the lead and to give the tone; but on the whole, what an open manifestation there is of everything that is vain and worldly; what discussion of our neighbours, what scandal, what parade, what exaggerations, what amplifyings, what want of strict truth, what flatteries, what respect of persons, what light and irreverent words, what low principles of action confessed; the Gospel view of things being treated as something impracticable now, and not suited to modern manners! How much which is purely frivolous, which under any view must come under the head of those idle words of which we must give account on the Day of Judgment! We may indeed continue running with others the smooth round of continued feasts and gaieties, with the intent and hope of raising the tone of conversation, of dropping words of wisdom among less thoughtful minds, of checking what is unseemly, and drawing them towards what is good. We may suppose that the mixture of religious with worldly people will imperceptibly leaven the lump with the leaven of the better part. Some good may be effected by such a course, and some evil stayed; but what risks do we run to obtain a doubtful good; risks, which at least the beginners in the straight and narrow way of faith would be wise to shun. Oh

how much easier it is to be drawn down ourselves, than to raise others up! how much easier to sink to the level of the world, than to raise the worldly to the high standard of Christ which we aspire to! How very easy to glide into the spirit of those that are about us, to get interested in their objects of interest, and to learn some love of the world by mixing much with those that love it; the more so if we have ever given our hearts to vanity in former days, and if its restless pleasures were once our objects of desire and pursuit! None but the fixed and practised Christian can thus tread the borders of the world without being defiled by the mire and clay on which he trusts his foot. We catch tastes and habits from our associates; our minds are bent by the prevailing wind of opinion which blows upon us; and, if we live in worldly society, with all the sounds of the world around us, it is a strange thing should our tenderness of conscience, our zeal, our earnestness, our anxiousness for our souls, be in no degree hurt or weakened.

"And this brings us to consider what sort of qualities are in most esteem in society and possess the chief attractiveness. Is piety in request, soberness, goodness, meekness, want of spirit, humility? Surely meaner things are preferred before these, for these do not help to the liveliness of a feast. Powers of entertaining, and intellectual acuteness of one kind or other, are the letters of commendation here; the man of wit, of brilliant conversation, of quick fancy,

is the acceptable person, even though his private manners should be somewhat questionable. Here, too, 'accomplishments,' as they are called, are raised into objects of almost idolatry, as also personal comeliness, rank, wealth, power, and the like. And in all these things there are no slight temptations to pride, display, rivalry, jealousy, vain-glory, self-love. If we are where such things are esteemed as the all in all, if we habitually hear them admired and coveted, it cannot be anything but difficult to think little of such things or to retain a sense of their littleness. He is indeed dead to the world, and 'strong in the Lord,' whose heart is quite sealed against the deceitfulness of riches, and the love of admiration, and excitement, and pleasure. To how many persons have their powers of conversation, their wit, and their agreeableness, proved the very ruin of their souls! To how many their beauty, or their accomplishments, or their taste, or money! Alas! what a field is this for the growth of the spiritual life, which calls into play so many varieties of worldly passions, and across which are passing so many forms of worldliness! He whose whole heart is given to learn Christ, and to die to the world, can hardly think that in such scenes he will be led on and helped towards Christ, or that his natural love of the world will be here discountenanced, and his soul weaned from vanity."

While able to write thus strongly, and with

such keen apprehension of what touched injuriously upon the soul's life, there was yet no tendency to moroseness in the view which he took; and he could distinguish clearly between the use and abuse of society, as his hearty, kindly temper never lost its natural zest for innocent social fellowship. In the latter part of the sermon he speaks thus:—

"But in opposition to such views as would call the earnest seekers after Christ from any constant mixing with the world to a more retired and sober life, it may be asked, Does the Gospel life, the walking after the Spirit, drive us into a cheerless solitude? Does it separate us from one another? Does it make us each take a lonely path, and destroy that social feeling by which we are irresistibly drawn towards each other? Now we would shew the perils of society and its worldliness; we would draw Christians out of that unsatisfying system of knowing faces rather than hearts, in order to point out a true and sanctified fellowship, in order to bind them together with some stronger bonds than cords of vanity, in order to supersede that which *seems* to be communion but which *is* selfishness, by something real and substantial. It is not that we would check social feeling; we would rather cause it to expand and feast itself where it might be truly satisfied; the heartlessness of worldly friendship has become proverbial, and we would lead men to that which has

an enduring principle. If we seek to know those who know God, we are seeking to associate upon principles of divinely-born love, and immortal truth, and holy hope. Home and our families, and the friends that are about us, would yield us opportunities enough for the wise and devout indulgence of all social affections. Here are to be found quietness, sobriety, well-governed relaxation, cheerfulness, and all innocent pleasures, while we are saved from all excesses of mirth, all vain-glory, all contact with opinions frivolous or worse than frivolous, all enticing sounds of vanity, besides obtaining direct edification from words kind and solemn and well-timed; as intercourse with worldly persons tends to draw us down to the spirit of the world, so calm familiar communion with thoughtful men tends to elevate our thoughts and desires; heavenly things are not suffered to be forgotten; they are kept before us; and while we are removed from the glitter of the world, we are provoked to love and good works; we are sustained in our love of heavenly things, when we are about to droop, by the incitements to holiness around us; when we are weak, our friends are strong; when we are looking back, like Lot's wife, to the places we have forsaken, they turn our thoughts and constrain us to advance; or we, in turn, in their time of weakness and faint-heartedness, may help to support their faith. Thus, without being conformed to the world, we have fellowship one with another, and kindly intercourse and

interchanges of thought, 'as using the world, yet not abusing it.'"

The other passage alluded to is to be found in the sermon for the festival of St. Bartholomew, in which he treats of "The Use and Abuse of the Intellect." Conscious as he must have been of great intellectual power, and tempted in no ordinary degree to give free vent to its natural aspirations, his words afford a striking proof of the thoughtful watchfulness that he was at this time exercising over the strongest outgoings of his inner life; how he was aiming to guard every faculty, and "bring every thought into the obedience of Christ:"—

"There is always a fear lest intellect should become idolized among the educated classes, lest it should create false views of the dignity of human nature, lest it should be used selfishly, because it lifts men so easily above their fellows, and places them on high as objects of admiration. Literature and science in their countless branches, are, after all, great tempters; they are apt to become idols, to make men their devotees; the fame and attention and note which they bring, when successfully pursued, are cords of great power in tying our souls to the world, and the Christian graces are apt to be secondary objects of desire, if desired at all, amid all the excitement of a scientific or literary life. The

very exercise of intellect, apart from any feelings of ambition, is so pleasurable, as it seems the nearest of anything to the creative power, that we are all disposed to treat it as such, to live in a world of our own making, to live upon our own thoughts, virtually to worship that through which we succeed, to delight ourselves with our own mind's work, to gaze with fond admiration on the surprising flights of reason, and to fill ourselves with those notions of the dignity of man as a reasoning being, which little dispose us for the humbling doctrines of the Cross.

"When the mind is rejoicing in the discovery of some new vein of truth hitherto hidden from the world; or when it is pursuing subtle and difficult investigation with conscious penetration; when feelings of pride and superiority, natural to the natural man, are swelling within us, and the prospects of fresh intellectual achievement brighten; it must needs be unpalatable doctrine to be told, that we are nothing, that our great intellectual researches, which are noised, it may be, through the world, and draw men's eyes towards us, are but vain and unfruitful dreams; that all this wisdom, the pomp of intellect, is but vanity, unless it be esteemed as something infinitely less than faith, and innocency of life, and those other graces of the soul which the dullest ploughman may possess equally with ourselves, while he is ploughing his dull round of labour with a mind thick and unfanciful. It is, I repeat, difficult among the educated classes, where the appreciation and

praises of intellect are to be found, to lower our own intellectual powers to their proper place, to be going against the opinion of the world in our estimation of them, and to use them with an overruling seriousness and fear.

"It is hard to keep faith uppermost, to restrain ourselves from high thoughts, to make practically a true estimate of that knowledge which shall vanish away, to use our attainments directly or indirectly to the glory of God, to cultivate our minds not for pleasure's sake only, nor for fame, nor out of natural inquisitiveness and restlessness, but with a view of rendering an account of our stewardship, and of advancing the truth of Christ in the world

"But while the arts and sciences of the world, as distinct from religion, are great temptations, and oftentimes exalt the man to his own ruin, whose life is a life of thought and reasoning and mental culture; while we see daily before our eyes how far separate philosophy is from saintliness, acuteness and greatness of understanding from heavenly-mindedness and the love of Christ, intellectual from spiritual growth, we find, on entering even the bounds of religion, that even here there are temptations to grapple with it as an intellectual question. Great minds have wrought upon this ground with pure and simple piety; the Gospel has drawn towards it great intellects, and these have been sanctified while they were searching the Divine philosophy; but still it is possible to be without this vital piety, even though

our minds employ themselves on religious questions; it is very possible for the eager and learned theologian to be self-deceived in his toils, and to have but a cold love towards Christ while he argues concerning His doctrine. The fact that life is spent in evolving or illustrating religious truth, is so apt to disarm us of all suspicion, as being a religious occupation profitable to others, that we forget how different a thing it is to *be* spiritual, from employing our minds on spiritual subject-matter. We may stop with self even here; our real end may be our own celebrity, or our real satisfaction in the exercise of our intellectual powers. We may happen to make religion the field of our mental energy, and may discern the grandeur of the views which open on us, and yet we may not be leading that spiritual and mortified life, or rejoicing in those spiritual influences which would sanctify our labours. Of all studies, theological studies seem to need most prayer and watching in the midst of them, lest while our intellects are feasting our souls starve, lest we keep touching holy things, and having them in our mouths, and writing of them, while we are not advancing in grace and holiness. After much intellectual familiarity with the Gospel scheme, pursued without any fervency of spirit, it is hard beyond all expression to recover a feeling for it; when the ground has become hardened by our treading over it, it is indeed difficult to distinguish between the theory of faith and the life of it."

It is, moreover, another instance of the true balance between conflicting tendencies, which the grace of God was preserving in the formation of his mind, that while thus reducing to the lowest scale mere intellectual powers in contrast with the spiritual life, he could profoundly recognise the greatness and value of such gifts in their proper exercise, and had accustomed himself to note and contemplate the intended purposes of whatever God had created for His own glory:—

"But while we state the difficulties that surround the use of intellect, let it not be supposed that we are speaking against its use. No; it is as much a duty to use it rightly, as it is a part of Christian prudence to see the snares that encompass the use. It is the gift of God, and as such is to be used and honoured, as such to be improved, and trained, and advanced towards perfection. They who, being gifted with a great reason, consecrate it by making faith its guide, who unite genius with devotion, wisdom with harmlessness, knowledge with humility, philosophy with meekness and godly fear, are great indeed. These are they to whom much is given, and who are faithful in their stewardship; who, shining in the beauty of holiness, at once attract men by the manifold rays of light with which their cross is lit, and have power wisely to defend the truth, to give a reason of their hope with meekness of wis-

dom, conquering that abused reason, which is void of the truth of Christ, by reason armed with grace."

It is deeply interesting and instructive to observe by what means God illuminates the minds of those whom He guides by His grace. Ordinarily, He vouchsafes to infuse His inward light through natural faculties and habits which He has formed for this end; and according to this law, we may venture to form an opinion as to the mode in which the Holy Spirit was secretly influencing him whose life and character we are now contemplating. His habits were not studious. He never was a close or steady reader. He read a good deal, but he read diffusely. Though the judgment he formed of the spirit and aim of a book was generally correct, it was owing rather to a peculiar tact, guided by a pure and cultivated taste, than to regular study. He was practically a poet, and the easy flow of the peculiarly picturesque and fervent language in which he clothed his thoughts, shewed this innate power; yet he did not give his mind to writing poetry. His literary strength was evidenced by the rapidity with which, shortly after this period, various publications, mainly from his own pen, passed under his hand; and yet he was not a literary man. He was eminently practical. His mind was always tend-

ing to action. It was not mainly through books, or close study, that he was led into the deeper spiritual knowledge that he attained. God taught him, as it would appear, partly through the natural energies of a superior intellect, but more especially through the ardent affections and enlarged sympathies of a pure heart, overruled and strengthened, as they grew, by a practical sense of duty which more and more absorbed all the outgoings of his life. He learnt by what he saw and felt, and his heart was open to a very wide circle of human interests. He was moved by suffering, wherever it came before him, and his quick intelligence was instantly at work to devise a remedy. He was remarkably real, and his powers seemed ever turned to the best account, from the prevailing tendency to subject every thought to some practical aim. There was a sincere humility and great disinterestedness mingled with this habitual desire to glorify God in any work to which he felt himself called, and to do good; and the wisdom that grew within his soul seemed to come through these commingling elements of his inner being, rather than from any deep and settled study, and in the way of the blessing promised to a rightly trained heart by our Blessed Lord, when He said,—"Thou

hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes."

It was owing, probably, to this practical character of his mind, that he was enabled often to anticipate results which by most men are gained only by experience, — a power which infused into his theories so much reality. One remarkable characteristic of his articles on the Church Penitentiary question, though they treat of a new and theoretical system, is the value of their practical suggestions. And what struck those who were afterwards associated with him in his Penitentiary labours, was the quickness and general correctness of his answers to their enquiries on questionable points of management, though he never had the care of a Penitentiary. It is a minor point, but one that shews this practical habit of mental discipline, that he always studied to employ Saxon words, especially in writing sermons, and he was accustomed to attribute to this usage the attractiveness which his sermons had in the ears of uneducated people.

He had gathered much wisdom in a short time. In looking over his various writings, and considering the premature age at which he was called away, one is struck with the variety of subjects on which he had formed opinions,

and the justice, the largeness of heart, and intelligence which characterize them. The life of a parochial clergyman is necessarily one of thought, of inward communings and toil of heart, rather than of stirring incident. His heart had taken a wide range of interests, most practical, and touching what is nearest to the common heart of Humanity,' while yet his brief day was hastening to its close.

LIFE AT EXETER CONTINUED.

WHILE Mr. Armstrong was still at Exeter, the surplice riots took place. He had commenced the use of the surplice in preaching, before the Bishop's Pastoral recommending it was issued, from the feeling that it is the only dress directly ordered by the Church in her services, and that its use causes less interruption than a change of vestments. He was wont to say, that "it is very hard for a clergyman to lose the singing, while putting on his black gown." This change had produced no excitement in the parish, and was apparently well received by the parishioners. Afterwards, when the agitation commenced, and became so violent, that, to preserve the peace of the city, the Bishop considered it necessary to advise the general discontinuance of the practice, this most unreasonable excitement was felt comparatively little in St. Paul's. There was some disturb-

ance in the vestry; but it appears to have been met with firmness by the better disposed parishioners, and it had the good effect of eliciting strong demonstrations of good feeling from many persons in the class of tradesmen, whose really firm Church principle, as well as personal attachment to their pastor, had been little anticipated. Still it was an anxious and very trying time for all who valued the preservation of Church order, and whose loving spirit shrank from such a contest. To be gentle and yet firm, to preserve charity and yet uphold spiritual authority, to bear witness to the truth, and yet to know how to yield to violence without loss of respect, in such scenes of popular commotion, is a matter of no common difficulty. The excited passions of the people rose to such a height, that in one of the city parishes, a clergyman who wore the surplice, not himself having commenced its use, but simply preserving the custom of his predecessor, could not pass from the church to his home in safety without the protection of the police.

The trial to which these occurrences subjected such a man as Mr. Armstrong, with his sensitive and tenderly affectionate spirit, and ardent attachment to Church principles, must have been peculiarly distressing. The feelings which

were manifested towards him on leaving the parish, shortly after the excitement had subsided, shew that, as a Christian pastor, he had not been found wanting in that trying time. That he gained the respect of the clergy then in chief authority in the city, by his conduct throughout these troubles, may be concluded from the testimony which Dr. Lowe, then, as now, Dean of Exeter, bears, while connecting together his recollections of him at St. Paul's with his after-work in the great Penitentiary movement. Observing, with regard to the latter, "With what zeal and energy he threw himself into it, giving himself to the work with all his heart and mind; how clear and comprehensive were the views which he had formed, and how they were pervaded by the spirit of purity and love;"—he adds, "This earnestness of purpose, and conscientious determination to act up to his convictions, at whatever cost, were so conspicuous in him during the time that he occupied the posts of Priest-Vicar in the cathedral, and Rector of St. Paul's, that even those who were most opposed to him in religious matters could not but give him credit for his stedfast adherence to that which he believed to be true."

Perhaps Mr. Armstrong's character may be

more truly described as decided than firm; or rather it was an effort to him to be firm. It was the strong sense of principle prevailing over great sensitiveness and tenderness of feeling which led him to decided action. But none could be firmer in a case where the principle of duty was clear. It was afterwards feared that he would have been found unequal to the burden of the episcopate, from defect in this point of character. But it did not prove so. He had then severe trials of feeling; but whether through increasing depth of his inner life, or through the special grace given in his consecration for the work committed to him, he shewed a constant firmness, though accompanied with all his habitual gentleness of heart.

The trial which he passed through at Exeter evidently told upon him in forming his views, and had its influence in after life in a higher sphere of action. He established as a rule at Grahamstown, that in new congregations the surplice should be used in preaching; but that in those already formed, the custom prevailing should not be disturbed. To the experience gained at that time of deep anxiety may also, probably, in great measure be traced the care which he shewed to avoid giving offence in

cases which he believed not to be essential in point of principle,—a habit of mind which tended greatly to his success in his subsequent undertakings.

Work of various kinds, in addition to his pastoral duties, now grew rapidly upon him. The Architectural Society of Exeter was then just growing up. He was one of its most active supporters, and a member of the Committee of Lecturers. He was also the chief originator of a Library for the middle classes, to which was joined a Literary Institute on Christian principles. He was also one of the original promoters of the Exeter School of Church Music for the working classes. These various plans were intended to supply a special need caused by the "early closing movement," which had this attendant disadvantage, that it suddenly threw an active-minded but untaught class on their own resources, for the long evenings.

In the course of the year 1845 he wrote his second article, which appeared in the last number of the "English Review" for 1846; the subject being "Englishwomen of the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Centuries." The article is remarkable in connexion with the personal history of the writer, because it shews a line of

thought evidently tending towards the great work which has given to him so enduring a name in our generation. Of the earlier portions of the article, where he contrasts the character and condition of Englishwomen at the two periods named, it would be irrelevant here to speak. It is where he dwells on the results of the habits of modern society, that we may trace the working of those enlarged sympathies, and that keen appreciation of neglect of duty, with its consequent sufferings, which characterized his subsequent labours on behalf of one most suffering and neglected class. In the article alluded to he points out the effects of modern social habits, not only on the education and religious state of the higher classes themselves, but in the neglect of duty towards their dependents, towards the poor, and all works of charity. He shews what elements of practical usefulness are lost, what energies wasted, in the trivial round of polished society, and what an untold amount of sins of omission lies at the door of its votaries. The same mind which so keenly perceived and so vividly pourtrayed the evil, had also perceived the true means of providing a remedy; and towards the close of the article he suggests what was then growing into shape in his mind, to be

afterwards applied with such signal success in the cause of Church Penitentiaries :—

"But the insufficiency of the education is a slight evil compared with others which the love of 'society' inflicts upon woman's early life. Think of the prospect which is presented to the girl at the end of the dull avenue of lesson life! Is not her whole mind, with an eager longing natural to youth, bent upon the door at the end which in a moment will open out into a dazzling course of ease and pleasure. Parties, parties are the things of which she hears, and of which, therefore, she thinks and dreams. Infinitely hurtful must it be to the unformed and buoyant mind, the importance attached to 'coming out,' to see it by the fact that a given time is fixed upon for so sudden and so great a change of life, when she is to burst into the gaieties of the world; a wrong idea must be running through her brain, a false notion of human life. It will be strange if this wrong idea does not influence her in her studies, by leading her to place a wrong motive for improvement before her eyes, to pursue it with a view of appearing to advantage and shining in society, in short, to regard education as a mere preparation for society. Consider, also, the undue prominence which the coming out into the world necessarily gives to the mere fringes, and trimmings, and ornaments of education, the lesser but the more showy parts, we mean 'accomplishments.' Music,

dancing, drawing, &c., no longer hold a subordinate place, nor fill up the chinks and corners of the day. 'Accomplishments' strike and tell in society, carry admiration by storm, and therefore are studied for their quick effectiveness; and even the modern languages are learnt in a shallow way, rather with regard to conversation, than as opening out stores of wisdom to be mastered and digested.

"And when the great epoch is reached, when the girl is 'out' fairly in the world, think of the reaction! Eleven professors one week and none the next! All her course changed, and all her hours upon her own hands. To dance, to dine out, to make morning calls, to receive visits, these are the beginnings of full-grown life. The school-room opens into the ball-room. It is but one bound from French exercises and dreary strummings upon the piano, to fêtes and gaieties. What young head can bear all this freedom after all that restraint, all this self-indulgence after all that discipline? And what shall we say of the effect of late hours, frivolous conversation, questionable amusements, or at best excess of amusement, of the care for dress, the habits of self-indulgent expense, of flatteries and compliments, of the surrounding idolatry of fashion, and rank, and riches, upon an unformed character, a mere girl?"

Then follows a painful picture of the wide-spreading evils resulting from this state of

things, and telling upon the whole aspect of outward religion in this country:—

"As we are disposed to accuse society-life, not only of being an active course of vanity and self-indulgence, but of being one prolonged sin of omission, what shall we say, in speaking of the omission of home-duties in this undomestic course, of the treatment of servants? It is the fashion to complain of servants; but masters and mistresses should first complain of themselves. The olden interest in servants is all but past; much society prevents interest; the dissipation of mistresses dissipates the servants; the spirit of the heads of the house descends. We believe the habits of servants in large towns to be vicious in the extreme, vicious almost beyond belief; they have caught the vices of those above them, and exhibit them in grosser and coarser forms. Extravagance, luxurious ways of living, self-indulgence, passion for dress, these are among their more obvious sins. Whether servants are Christians or infidels, as long as they preserve a show of propriety and respect, seems among a host of persons to be a matter of no concern; their spiritual state is not cared for, and is not known. The constant entertainments which they attend throws them among large numbers and varieties of servants, who corrupt each other and provoke each other to sin; late hours, an unquiet house, want of regularity, stiff, formal, brief glimpses of their mis-

tresses, worldly examples before them; all these are injuries which 'society' inflicts upon the dependants of her votaries. If servants' morals be at the very lowest ebb, what an awful weight of responsibility rests upon the souls of those to whom they have been given in charge by God Himself!

"Omitted duties thicken upon our minds as we begin to number them. What regard is paid to the poor by those who fly from home-life to society? We go into the narrow streets of our larger towns, where the poor are packed together in their close homes; where there is many a sick-bed, and the sickness aggravated by want. How rarely do we see any sisters of charity turning out of the broader and sunnier highways of the world to dive into the gloomy abodes of poverty! Where is the heart for such a task, where the time? A few stragglers may occasionally be found, and but a few; even these making often rather irregular incursions, than carrying on a systematic and well-directed mission; acting often without the knowledge or guidance of the clergy, and going perhaps where they had better not, and not going where they would do well to go; meaning well, and yet, for want of order, hindering their own charitable design, or making it less fruitful. While women shrink from the sickly sights which meet the visitors of the poor, and disturb not the serene life of self-indulgence by agitating spectacles of distress, anything like a system or due proportion of almsgiving is not to be hoped for. Where

there is not real pity, there will not be real bounty; a selfish life, and a self-denying life in order to be bountiful cannot be led by the same person at the same time; a few shillings at a charity sermon, or to a 'troublesome' beggar, or a few guineas squeezed out by the ingenious importunities of some 'collectors' for doubtful societies, 'to get rid of the men,' make up the sum-total of gifts. Society-life is voracious; it demands the whole purse, it leaves scarcely any shreds or scrapings of worldly means for the poor; all the resources of those who are much out, all the 'allowances,' or 'pin-money,' or whatever other name is given to a woman's privy purse; all are required to keep pace with the costly and restless fashions of dress.

"Again, we go into the schools of the poor in London, and in our large towns, and we see one hot, wearied mistress acting as colonel, captain, lieutenant, and ensign of her regiment of 200 or 300 girls, while some dozen little corporals, a lesson or two ahead of those they teach, are placed as 'monitors' under her. Occasionally a lady hurries from class to class, but being unable, on an emergency, to multiply herself into a dozen, she is able to effect but little, and is almost lost in the sea of little ones. Where, we ask, are the 'daughters of England;' the daughters of the upper classes, who have time and leisure on their hands? There is time for worsted work, time for polking, for shopping, for calls, but no time can be found for the blessed work of teach-

ing the children of the poor. We know women's aptness to teach, their power of adapting themselves to children's minds, and of interesting them; and, therefore, we bewail the more the lack of devotion to so great a cause, the neglect of those natural gifts which would give blessings to others and rebound in blessings to themselves.

"Again, we go through our cathedral towns, or other places where the privilege of daily common prayer is offered. We pass down goodly streets, crescents, rows, terraces, where the wealthier classes live. Well, we say to ourselves, how happy a thing for this busy town; these houses must yield a host of at least female worshippers; here are those who can go to pray for those restless multitudes of busy men. Here there must be an army of defenders to go daily into the citadel, and by their prayers in the temple to defend the place against the powers of darkness. How excellent the economy of God, who in His mercy gives so large a portion of His servants, in the very places where temptations most abound, time and opportunities for the work of daily intercession. Filled with these thoughts, we wend our way hopefully to the cathedral or the church in the morning; alas! only to be chilled and saddened. All those houses, all those streets and terraces, yield but a dozen or so who have the heart and spirit to seek the Lord in His temple. If household cares employ the mothers, where are the daughters? As we return, we catch the sounds of a multitude of pianos,

and in passing from house to house carry in our ears a shred of secular music from each; here the end of the overture of 'Don Giovanni,' and there the middle of a quadrille from 'Robert le Diable,' and then the last notes of 'Soave immagine d'amor.' Again, however, we tread the same path in the afternoon, determined to hope even against hope. We behold the doors of these goodly houses opening, and female crowds issuing forth; our spirit brightens with fresh hope; but, alas! we quickly discern, to our dismay, card-cases, and not Prayer-books, in their hands: they are bent upon that work of confessed and most profitless self-denial which even the world exacts from its worshippers. We see carriages rolling by, we hear the knockings at doors, and with these sounds in our ears we enter the almost forsaken temple."

Afterwards he touches upon the means already at hand for breaking through the mesh of entanglement which long habits of false conventionalities have cast around many capable of better things:—

"Now if we have in any degree taken a true view of the undomestic tendencies that are at work among the upper classes, making them frivolous 'lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God,' taking them from their proper duties, from all objects worthy of their care, or able to recompense them at the last, from all that constitutes a spiritual, unworldly, and useful

life, what can be done to stem the tide? We must look to the Church—this is the true domesticating power; this is the true nurse of home affections, of genuine well-grounded friendships. Here, when the mind is beginning to have some longings after a more satisfying life, and conscience between the exciting acts of gaiety remembers something of the renouncing of the world, when the 'heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy,' or rather, if this be the proper use of human life, then the Church meets the awakening conscience with a given system, with a satisfying course of life marked out, with clear and defined schemes of nobler occupations. We must look, we repeat, to the Church;—this is the divinely appointed antagonist of the world, and of that form of the world now developing itself among the upper classes. As society really dislocates while it seems to unite, as it wastes and weakens the natural love of fellowship, while it pretends to gratify it, by substituting a hollow system of acquaintanceship, too broad and universal to be deep and true,—so the Church, on the other hand, increases the reality of communion, while it reduces the number of persons known; it opens out hearts, while it checks the mere knowledge of faces. It presents, too, as we have said, a distinct, intelligible plan of life; it gives those who are sickening of the world something positive to do; it has a work prepared for them; and system is a great help; human nature needs it.

"If it be asked, how does the Church rescue souls

from the life of the world, and lead them into a home-life, where they can enter upon a useful course, let the Prayer-book, not the only voice of the Church, speak. This at once, if it be obeyed, breaks the round of society-life, causes the wheel to pause, and claims no slight portion of the week for the retirement of home. It takes, for instance, every Sunday as a matter of course, and sets it apart as the great day of devotion and charity; it forbids all parties and entertainments of every kind on Saturday, as being the vigil or eve of the Lord's Day, on which Christians should prepare themselves in quietness for the solemn duties of the morrow. It marks all Fridays of the year as days of abstinence and humiliation; and if we take the loosest view of fasting, perhaps to beginners the best view, we should at least interdict ourselves from the pleasures of society on that day, and practise that abstinence. Here, then, has the Church rescued three days out of seven from the world, while to these we may add the forty days of Lent, which would indeed be a gain to the soul, if it were but spent strictly at home. Here is a plan prepared for those who want to break the flow of society. It is not left to us to say, 'some day we will pause;' it is not left to us to choose the day, or number of days, which shall be kept inviolate and consecrated to home; but, what is of the greatest help, especially to unstable novices, certain days are marked out for them and chosen; a rule is ready at hand, which they have but to use. It saves them

also from the appearance of inventing over-strict rules of life, in a moment of new-born zeal; they can meet remarks by saying, 'We have set up no private standard; we are doing no unheard-of things; we are simply obeying the plain rules of the Church, and taking her standard of strictness.' If the clergy's wives and daughters led the way in such an observance of these days, that is, in withdrawing from *all* society thereon, the task would be made still easier for the lay members of the Church.

"Then, again, as regards the duty of prayer, and the hearing or reading God's Word, the Church does not leave her members without guidance; she arranges a course of devotion to arm them against hurry, changeableness, lessening of prayers; though she gives no direction as to the length or time of private prayer, she enjoins daily Common Prayer. And where this privilege can be had, what is to hinder the mass of the women of the upper classes from a regular daily attendance in the House of God? The offer of this privilege is almost daily multiplied. The golden remarks of the Bishop of London on this point are still fresh in our minds; while in our cathedral towns the privilege has never been withheld. Even where it is not as yet to be enjoyed, the spirit of the Prayer-book would lead us to go through the service devoutly at home, to read the Psalms and Lessons of the day, and to use the prayers appointed. We may remember the custom of the Scotch saints, who, when prevented by the bigoted tyranny of their

opponents from receiving the Holy Communion, were wont to receive it, as they said, spiritually, on the same day when they would have actually received it had it been administered. If no such rule of reading and praying be observed, some days might pass without any reading of God's Word, or a few verses might be read hurriedly, or some portions of Scripture might be dwelt upon to the neglect of other portions; we know that there is a tendency to read the Epistles more than the Holy Gospels, and to cast the Old Testament into the shade altogether. We must, also, suggest the devout observance of the festivals of the Church, that relish for spiritual feasts may be learnt, and the love of earthly feasts may be lessened. We need hardly speak of the Church's view of the duty of communicating, nor of the many excellent devotional works which her members have supplied to aid communicants in a due preparation for that great feast.

"But we must not forget the union of devotion with active piety, which we saw in the Church-women of the seventeenth century. It is not enough for the daughters of the Church to be found at daily prayer, to be frequent communicants, to keep fast and festival; the means of grace must not be mistaken for the end; there must be no patching of a worldly life upon a devotional course; there must not be a piebald life; consistency in action is imperatively required. We must guard against inactivity or worldliness after these devotional duties

have been fulfilled. There is great temptation to rest here; to begin to build, but not to finish; to pray, but not to act: among young persons the danger is greater; we have seen painful inconsistencies, which have provoked the ridicule of the world, and brought discredit upon a great cause. To be praying in the morning, and waltzing at night; to be talking at dinner-parties upon high, solemn subjects to one neighbour, and nonsense to the other; to be gabbling about architecture, or the Gregorian tones, as the mere hobbies of the day; to be reading good books, and to be spending as much as ever on dress and gaiety; this is just the course which must be at once denounced; this flimsy shadow of earnestness must be guarded against with especial care. We want consistency; we want action; we want calm, unostentatious, deep devotion of daily life to the service of our blessed Lord, and of our brethren in Him.

"But, supposing that a course of action is desired consistent with the course of devotion, what guidance does the Church give? Here the Church suggests the aid of the ministry. It is the part of the parish priest to direct any member of his flock who desires to do good towards some definite actions, to point out a course of usefulness. Here he meets the enquiring portion of his family, not as preacher only, but as pastor, as the spiritual guide and friend. When, then, any earnest women desire to do good, we may say that he is not only likely, but certain, to suggest the visiting of the sick and poor, to set them

forth on that course of charity in which 'pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father' consists. He is able also to temper zeal, that it may be more useful, to suggest the particular individual whom particular individuals would do well to visit, to hinder his visitors from going into scenes unfit for female feet. It is true that in our larger towns this personal contact with the clergy is not always easy as yet, for it implies the proper action of the parochial system; whereas, from the unexampled increase of population, and the Church's neglect in former times, this system has become, in many parts, a fiction rather than a reality. Still the fiction is fast becoming a reality again, and the overgrown parishes are undergoing a rapid process of dismemberment, that the parochial system may be adapted to the altered state of things; and thus a close and familiar intercourse with the clergy, now overburdened with care, will be attainable where it is desired; opportunities of seeking their guidance will be obtained, without those difficulties in reaching them which sometimes deter timid minds from revealing their desire to be employed in some labour of love.

"In a thousand cases, however, notwithstanding these present and partial hindrances, arising from the defective organization of the parish system, the members of the Church who desire to know the poor, and to shew kindness to the sick, can procure from their parish priest judicious direction in such a course. And when this course is entered upon, there

are spectacles enough of misery and distress to touch even hearts of stone; we know no such cure for personal luxuriousness and self-indulgence, as the sight of the homes and wants of the poor. The 'visible rhetoric' of such sights is strong; a visible sermon is preached to the soul through the eye, and never does personal extravagance seem so sinful, never does it pierce the conscience with such keen and sharp reproach; the trappings and costly ornaments of the rich, 'the wearing of gold and the putting on of apparel,' seem then to be malefactor's robes, rather than things to be coveted; and when the cry for bread is heard, or the want of bread is seen, the extravagant trifles and gewgaws seem to torment the wearers with stern accusations of cruelty. Pity is sure to flow, self-indulgence to be seen in its true light, if the poor be really visited, and their state really revealed. If the visiting is regular and habitual, the pity becomes habitual; and habitual pity will produce what is so much to be desired, habitual alms-giving and personal self-denial. And it is constant giving, not by fits, nor on impulse, nor in gusts, which is of real good. There should be a fixed and stated portion set apart and consecrated to the poor by those who would be true alms-givers, to secure them and help them against themselves, to prevent the spirit of self-indulgence or self-deceit from creeping in. Would not the tithing of an 'allowance' or 'pin-money' suggest itself, as the least that should be done?"

The close of this interesting article, containing so much painful truth, is relieved by expressions of buoyant hopefulness, and hearty recognition of the tokens of a better promise, very characteristic of the writer:—

"Now, in thus freely commenting on the present condition of the women of the upper classes, in contrasting them with no small portion of the same classes in former times, and in anxiously urging a return to a more domestic, unselfish, and Christian mode of life, we write hopefully and in good heart. Though we see great evils, we are not disposed to sink into the gloomy apathy of despair; it is no time to despond; we can discern a break in the sky. Though the smooth, deadly current of worldly life sweeps down with fearful force, and gathers into itself a vast multitude of lighter minds, there is, as we have already said, a counter-current setting in, breasting with the other tide, with a still, deep, and mysterious power; not noisily, not tumultuously, nor with great show of power, but steadily, and with a firm, unyielding earnestness. The Church is beginning to be stirred with a new life, and to lay hold of souls, and to work in them, and to possess them, with a spirit such as she has not had the grace to put forth for a century and a half. We see the renewal of olden zeal, and faith, and love; we behold a more self-denying spirit spreading itself into the very seats of wealth,—simplicity of life, adopted as a

duty and as a means to greater usefulness,—the system of the Church better understood, more fully felt, and entered into, and obeyed,—an increase of earnestness; and this earnestness tempered by a teachable spirit, and uniting itself to order. All these marks of renewed vitality give witness that ours is no ephemeral, no schismatical body, raised for a time to provoke the true body to faith and to good works, but a true, living, enduring branch of the Catholic Church."

The germ of Mr. Armstrong's Church Penitentiary efforts lay hid in these deep views of the evils of our social state, and of the powers of reviving life abiding in us.

TIDENHAM.

1845—1853.

EARLY in October, 1845, Mr. Armstrong removed from Exeter to Tidenham. Circumstances, humanly speaking, entirely accidental, led him to exchange his Priest-vicarship for the Vicarage of Tidenham, and the Rectory of St. Paul's was of necessity resigned at the same time. The offer of the exchange came to him wholly unsought and unexpected.

Mr. Burr, the Vicar of Tidenham, in seeking advice about a monumental memorial which he wished to raise over his child lately deceased, was directed to a Paper on the subject published by Mr. Armstrong, and found in the author an old College friend. It happened at the time, that Mr. Burr's parish was in a very disturbed state, in consequence of the changes he had introduced in the Church services. Thinking that a stranger might succeed, where he had failed, in reconciling the parishioners to the more correct, though, as being unwonted, the unpopular practices he had commenced, he

proposed the exchange to his friend. The offer came at a time when Mr. Armstrong's health had suffered from the close confinement of the town, and country air and a more bracing climate were much needed. An increase of income, moreover, was involved,—a matter justly of important consideration to one whose means of livelihood depended chiefly on his office, and with an increasing family to support.

The exchange, probably, had a very critical bearing on Mr. Armstrong's after course. The incessant calls of a town parish, with the various engagements in addition to strictly pastoral duty, which in our stirring times would certainly have grown around one so popular and so ardent, and which had already rapidly increased, would scarcely have left time for the quietness of thought necessary for such a work as that which now forms the prominent feature of his ministry in this country. Had he remained at Exeter, his warm energies and affections would no doubt have been spent as earnestly on many valuable objects, but could scarcely have concentrated themselves on one so vast and absorbing as the Church Penitentiary movement.

There are few parishes in England which can compete with Tidenham in beauty and cheerfulness of situation. It lies in an irre-

gular triangle, the apex of which is formed by the confluence of the Severn and the Wye. The ground is hilly, stretching from the banks of these two rivers toward "the Chase," a wild, heathy upland on the outskirts of the Forest of Dean. The lanes and pathways command lovely views of the Severn, backed by the woodied hills of Gloucestershire towards the east, and of the rich secluded valley of the Wye, with its singularly picturesque and winding cliffs, towards the west; while the view stretches far away over Chepstow and down the Bristol Channel to the south. The church and parsonage stand near each other, on high ground, overlooking a very extensive reach of the Severn and the opposite hills. A traditionary couplet current among the poor of the parish—

> "Blessed is the eye
> That dwells between the Severn and the Wye,"

marks the impressions which this beautiful scenery produces even on the minds of the uneducated.

The writer of this Memoir passed four days at Tidenham with his friend, in June, 1852, a visit that forms one of the most agreeable reminiscences of his life. It was a busy week; for a Confirmation was near at hand, and fre-

quent classes were being held. One day too was occupied by the entertainment of the tithe-payers; for he was himself in the habit of receiving the tithes,—considering it a valuable opportunity of friendly intercourse with the principal tenants of the parish, and a means of keeping up the true idea of tithe as a payment made to the Church.

We had, however, some delightful walks. The exhilaration of those beautiful and ever-varying scenes; the rich flow of his animated conversation, passing rapidly from grave to gay, and even in its gaiety clothing some earnest conviction of truth; the occasional pause to mark some sign of spiritual progress in the parish; the hearty greeting of a parishioner passing by;—all together combined to give to those walks a charm not readily forgotten. Among other signs of hope, he pointed out a school-room on the Chase, which he playfully called the "papier maché" school, because it was built out of the proceeds of his "Parochial Tracts;" and another school-room at Tutshill, a hamlet at the opposite corner of the parish, (both built from his own plans,) which, together with a third school near the parsonage, erected some years before he came to Tidenham, formed what he called "the edu-

cational network" cast over the district. At both these school-rooms he had established Sunday evening services. At Tutshill there were then rising the walls of the chapel, which was consecrated shortly before he left Tidenham for Africa.

It was a happy sight to see him in his own home. Those who have held intercourse with him only when absorbed with pressing and anxious work, with health often scarcely equal to sustain the pressure, can form no idea of the bright buoyancy of his mind, and innocent flow of pleasant and instructive converse. And he was the same at home as among his friends. To him was given the happy power of being a delightful companion equally in his own family circle, or in more general society. He seemed to understand talking to any class of persons, and to be peculiarly fitted to recommend religion to worldly people, whenever his shyness was overcome, and it readily yielded to any response. His thorough reality, combined with exceeding cheerfulness, and a hopeful sanguine temper, which loved to discern some good point in every one, was probably the secret of this peculiar influence, and of the good which he often managed to draw

forth from those who would generally be set aside as worldly and thoughtless.

There was something remarkably touching in the earnest active man's love for his infant children. He enjoyed having one of the youngest at play with its toys in one corner of the room, while he was at work in another; and was often discovered writing a sermon with one of his children on his knees. He seemed to be able to bear any amount of interruption from his children, whether he were writing or conversing—as though their happiness was only a pleasant under-strain of music to his ears; and at a cry which betokened danger or distress he would instantly rush to see what was the matter, and give help, if necessary. A remarkable tenderness was mingled with the strong and ardent features of his character. Mrs. Armstrong says, "Our first domestic affliction occurred in August, 1848, in the loss of our infant child, at 18 days old. He had been ill, but the doctor assured us not dangerously, and my husband suspected no danger, when he was suddenly called out of the room where he was sitting with me, to baptize him. He shewed on this, as on all trying occasions, the utmost calmness and presence of mind; administering the necessary remedies with his

own hand, directing the agitated and frightened servants—and yet displaying almost womanly grief when all was over."

The calmness and high resolve, of which this incident gives some indication, and which at times was strikingly manifested in him, appeared to be a special gift of grace; for there were elements of character—an exceeding sensitiveness and excitability of temperament—which, if left to their natural play, would have been incompatible with such qualities.

Mr. Armstrong's life at Tidenham was like that of any hard-working priest in an extensive and scattered parish. The day was begun with 8 o'clock prayer in the parish church; the rest of the morning was occupied with teaching in the school, writing, and seeing his parishioners at home; and in the afternoon he started on his rounds, not returning till after dark in winter, or about half-past seven in summer; liking to be out thus late, as he then had the chance of catching the men after their working hours. Latterly, when various engagements pressed on him, he would hasten home at irregular times, often long after his dinner-hour was passed. "I remember," Mrs. Armstrong says, "an old woman who used to see him hurrying past her house after his afternoon's work, giving

me a grave warning, that I ought not to be angry with him for being late, and cause him to hurry so."

"To see him," writes one of his curates, "rushing about the parish with heart and soul in what he was about, with a kind word and most taking look for every one, quite put vigour into oneself, and spurred one on to work. It was amusing, too, to see him sometimes, regardless of personal appearance, in a bad hat, indifferent coat, and long, flowing, dishevelled white hair, walking along at railway-speed through rain and dirt, which quite put one to shame, when a wet day kept one snugly in doors."

Another, his first curate, describing the character of mind displayed in his ministry, says; "What must, I think, have struck any one who had the opportunity of observing his ministry, was the holy zeal which pervaded his life, and, as I may say, transmuted its commonest actions. He seemed always working, even when I have seen his natural powers flagging under the task. Nothing was to be omitted, and yet fresh fields of labour, both within and without his parish, were constantly opening and always taken in. Set down by the hand of God in a large and straggling parish, (part of which,

bordering on the Forest of Dean, and still known as the Chase, is one of the wildest parts of the county,) he found his work already a missionary one. I could never leave conversing with him without a feeling of shame at one's own standard of effort for Christ by the side of such an example. All his thoughts of themselves seemed to flow into one channel; so that whatever were the topic, it soon gave place to considerations of parochial usefulness and some practical improvement. He was always on the watch, as it were, to save souls. Nor was there ever a heart more true to its own English instincts of honesty and genuine utility. It turned intuitively from all affectation and assumption, all appearance of sham. It was won in a moment by any hearty promise in the cause of good. It was this practical character, and real zeal for the truth at all cost, which imparted so much force to his sermons and catechizings. The former were always heart-stirring and practical, the language and style simple, not without imagery of thought and expression, but adapted strictly to the circumstances of his people. His catechizings were, I should almost think, unrivalled for the interest and life which they exhibited. His plan was to pass insensibly from

question and answer into an address, which, retaining all the individuality of the occasion suggesting it, seemed to single out for itself every person in the Church. His confirmation addresses were equally remarkable in this respect. No opportunity seemed to escape him, and the slightest incident of present, though passing, interest was sure to find a place among his words. He was always very earnest in impressing on the sick the value of intercessory prayer. They soon learned to be beforehand in requesting that their names might be among those prayed for in the Church. It was a need which he himself recognised most strongly, and all who have been in correspondence with him at any holy season, at the new year, or when, at length, he was called to the highest order in the ministry, will remember the earnestness with which he pleaded for the prayers of his brethren."—The writer adds, "He always reminded me of the Greek word σπουδαῖος, never man more cheerful, yet always doing, and always in earnest."

Another of his curates speaks of his power of catechizing in similar terms. "The Sunday afternoon services at the church consisted of prayer and catechizing, and in this I think he was very successful. He did not exactly

catechize the children, but made a question or two a handle for a plain, practical address to the whole congregation." "Yet," he adds, "the service was not appreciated, nor well attended."

This same friend brings out what he felt to be a prominent feature of his character, which was specially manifested in his ministry:—"I should say that an exceeding warmth and depth of love for everything that came before him as an object of love was *κατ' ἐξοχὴν* his characteristic. This was the secret of his Tidenham labours. He was not one who had taken up his notion of working a parish and acted accordingly, but simply, I think, as the needs of his people, in regard to church accommodation, schools, &c., were pressed upon him, he could not rest till he had done all in his power to supply them. This was the secret of his labours in behalf of female penitents, more, I conceive, than any special circumstances leading his attention to that class of sufferers. He was impressed with their grievous need, and the injustice their case met with, and thus threw himself so very earnestly into their cause. And this would have been his strength as a bishop. His new flock, especially the Kafirs, had won his heart, and he would have

worn himself out in the necessary course of things, apart from the particular dispensation that took him away, in doing what he could to win them to the true faith." The same friend continues: — "He had one of the tenderest hearts that ever beat in a man's bosom, very loving and gentle, remarkably indisposed to give pain or suffering to any animate creature. The Tidenham people used to say to me, when they asked me to look at a bad sore or anything of the kind, 'Poor Mr. Armstrong would not look at it: his heart is as tender as a woman's.'" It had been once proposed that he should be a surgeon, and he had in his youth a great taste for the practice of medicine; but he was deterred from it as a profession, from the thought of the suffering he must witness. One of his curates, already quoted, speaks of the effort which such scenes must often have cost him, especially when they touched on another most sensitive chord of his nature:—"I remember that we had some bad fevers during the time of my stay there, and his remarkably tender affection and excessive anxiety for his children did not in the least lead him, as far as I am aware, to save himself from such visits."—Mrs. Armstrong says, upon this point,—"Knowing, as none but myself

can, his exceeding sensitiveness of mind and body, I look upon his unremitting attention in visiting the sick poor as constant efforts of self-denial. I remember one frightful fatal case of small-pox at Tidenham which he visited three times a-day. I know it must have given him the acutest pain. But perhaps what in his whole life, in such kind of duty, tried him most, was visiting at Grahamstown a wretched murderer under sentence of death. It was of course not in the ordinary path of his duty, and the poor man was not even a Churchman; but there seemed a ray of hope that he might make an impression on him. He only knew of it, I think, the day before the execution was to take place. He went twice that day, once late at night, and the next morning was at the gaol again by daybreak, remaining with the convict till his own 'minister' came to attend him to the scaffold. I believe he had reason to hope that his pleadings with the poor man had some effect, but he did not recover the strain upon his nerves for weeks. At the time, the state of his health might have been an excuse for any omission of duty not absolutely needful."

This acuteness of feeling amounted, no doubt, in some cases, to a failing. To administer re-

buke was one of his greatest difficulties, and he seldom did it directly. But when a fault was committed, his pained, yet gentle manner, his grave face, instead of his usual cheerful, lively greeting, affected an offender often more than a reproof could have done. This extreme sensitiveness might have been a serious hindrance to usefulness, if its tendencies had not been counteracted by a sanguine and hopeful temper. Unlike sensitive people in general, he habitually looked on the bright side of things: if he saw difficulties, he seemed at the same time to see grounds of hope lying beyond them.

"The history of his life," says one among the higher classes of his parishioners, "may be compiled easily enough by those who can write, from the materials already existing; but who can give an idea of himself to those who never knew him? His own work, 'The Pastor,' describes him best, for what he prayed to be, that he truly ever strived to be. Who can tell of that wonderful sympathy which, without a word on either side, made one quite sure that he knew all one meant, but failed to express, and never forgot it? that bright and innocent gaiety which adorned and made way for his graver thoughts; even his anger, so genial, so

honest, and with such transparent depths of kindliness under the ruffled surface?"

"One hears," the lady just quoted, goes on to say, "little traditionary sayings of his now and then: as, for example, the other day I was so late for the week-day service, that I was ashamed to enter, but just afterwards met a woman hurrying along;—she told me, 'Poor Mr. Armstrong said it was better to join in some of the prayers than in none;' so in she went, leaving me justly reproved." This same lady quotes a passage concerning the daily service from one of Mr. Armstrong's letters to her in connexion with this anecdote, which is beautiful and characteristic: — "It seems to hallow a common day, and to keep one in the true tone of mind. Something of the kind seems to be required in addition to one's private prayers, to give week-days the right hue, and connect them with the Lord's Day. The contrast between week-day and Sunday seems too sharp and strong without it; this acts as a link, threading one's whole life together into a more harmonious whole."

Mr. Armstrong, on his coming to Tidenham, found a careful observance of the rubrics established, and some neglected portions of the Church's services revived. Daily morning

prayers, weekly communions, (on all festivals also,) the offertory collected from the whole congregation, catechizing in the afternoon service,—had all been introduced by his predecessor. The dissatisfaction and opposition caused by their introduction were still very strong, when Mr. Armstrong came to the parish, but he surrendered nothing, and by his gentle earnestness, perseverance, and considerate explanations, succeeded in a great measure in allaying the irritation; so that at last but a few dissentients remained, and the sympathy of by far the greater number of the parishioners was won. It is observable that secondary motives came in aid of the weekly offertory, generally the most obnoxious of recent restorations. The farmers felt the value of the relief which it was the means of giving to casual sick labourers, enabling them to keep off the parish. The account of the receipts and expenditure was carefully kept,—the churchwardens, generally farmers, periodically auditing them.

Mr. Armstrong was, as might be expected, marked in the neighbourhood as a High Churchman; but his opinions were never inconsiderately put forward, or without the most kindly allowance for long-established prejudices

and varieties of opinion among those who had been differently educated. One whose words have been already quoted, records a familiar but expressive remark of one of her neighbours, a parishioner. "They say," he one day observed, "that our Vicar is a Puseyite. I don't know much about that, but if he is, *I* say it's a pity there ain't more of them."

During the time we are now considering, the Gorham judgment and the Papal Aggression occurred. Mr. Armstrong keenly felt the consequences which they involved. It was not, however, so much the ecclesiastical aspect of these questions, or their bearing on the catholicity of the Church of England, which weighed upon him. The character of his mind led him to dwell rather on the practical and personal effects of these events. He viewed them in reference to the evils out of which they had sprung, or which they would tend to produce in the souls of men, rather than in reference to the shock given to the Church itself. One who knew him intimately, and often conversed confidentially with him at that time, says, "He viewed the uncertainty attached to the doctrine of baptismal regeneration as the depriving English Churchmen of a precious heritage, especially their little children, who were

unable to defend their own rights; and on this ground chiefly, I think, he would have been one of the foremost in resisting the attack. And so, likewise, with regard to the distressing exhibition made by professing Churchmen in resisting the Pope's aggression. He considered it more as a demonstration of bitter feeling and ignorance of Catholic truth, than as affecting the Church's existence with regard to the rest of Christendom." This friend speaks of the cheering and strengthening effects that his brighter view of things had upon him. "I must confess," he says, "to the comfort his cheerful, hopeful mind brought to me under very considerable depression. He used to dwell chiefly on the bright visions of better days, when the Church should have fair play. I remember, as though it were but yesterday, walking with him, when I was sadly oppressed by the thickening trials of the times, to a part of the Chase, — a point commanding most glorious views of the Severn, looking on the one hand far down the Bristol Channel, and on the other, over the rich valley of Berkeley, which stretched to Gloucester and beyond it; while opposite to us the Cotswold hills bounded the prospect, sloping down to the river, well wooded and dotted over with pleasant villages. I remember

well his calling my attention to the singularly beautiful, smiling prospect, and with that playful look which, perhaps, you may have noticed, quoting to me in mirthful earnestness that line of Heber's hymn,—

'And only man is vile.'

I have often since thought of the lesson his gentle reproof (if so it may be called) brought with it."

Mr. Armstrong's mode of treating the question between us and the Church of Rome, when called upon for special counsel, may be gathered from some letters which were written at this time to one who was greatly troubled, and tempted to leave the Church of England. In answer to a letter received by him, giving an account of the joy felt by a recent convert to the Church of Rome, and the doubts felt by the writer, which were strengthened by this experience of her friend, he thus wrote:—

"*May* 24, 1850.

"The joy and enthusiasm —— expresses is, of course, no sign whatever of her course being a right one: the same joy and enthusiasm have been often felt by those who have plunged into systems frightfully erroneous; it is a mere matter of *feeling*, which is no argument at all. As to the particular line of argument which you have used, and which she has used to you, it seems to me not in any way to un-

church us, but simply to prove—what we do not deny—that the Romish Church is a Church. That they have saints, that they have missions, that they have good points, is confessed by all of us, but the question for you to decide is, whether the great notes and marks of a Church are wanting in the Church of England. Unless you can prove this, you will commit a fearful sin in leaving the Church in which you were baptized. Look, then, at her missions, increasing daily both in size and holiness, with such saintly bishops as the Bishops of ———, ———, ———, ———, &c.; look at her long list of saints, both alive and gone to rest; look at the increase of schools and colleges, of churches, of clergy, of communicants and congregations; and not only an increase, but such a revival of the devotional and spiritual life as is most marvellous, when we look back even sixty or seventy years. Can it be safe to leave such a Church, so changed, so quickened, so increased and increasing in spiritual energy, as though God had *deserted* her? Have we not plain visible marks staring us in the face, of renewed life, of revived zeal, and of awakened self-denial and self-devotion; and where, I ask, has this come from? Who has done it? Is it the work of God, or the work of the devil? If the work of God, can you without peril leave such a body and say, God's Spirit is not here?.....

"But with evident marks of life, of practical piety,

of holiness, in the English Church, shewn in the whole state of social life in England; in increase of all means of grace, and all manner of good and holy works, the question is, whether you will be able to acquit yourself before God at the resurrection of the dead for leaving such a Church where He has placed you. It is a bold step, a bold act of private judgment for you to take, to condemn as no Church a body that has such a cloud of witnesses, to say that you cannot be saved in this fold. For remember, while we say the Romish Church is a branch of the Catholic Church, the Romish Church says of us, we are no Church at all. Dare you in the presence of God say so? . . . . . I will bring you to one or two points of unsoundness which may well make you pause before you allow yourself to turn your head towards Rome. I will speak of the denial of the cup to the laity. Our Saviour Himself says, 'Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.' You have read of and known these words from your youth; you cannot escape from the responsibility of such knowledge; you are answerable to God for your knowledge of them. Now, if by any wilful act of your own you place yourself in such a position that no more in this life will you ever drink of the cup, how will you make your defence on the day of judgment? If you willingly, knowingly, to your life's end, cease to taste of this cup, which you know your Saviour commanded you to drink, which God's own inspired Word tells you to do, which the very voice of the Holy

Ghost bids you do, on your own head be all the consequences. You may speak of the voice of the Church, but is this *superior* to the voice of God? If your Saviour says, 'Drink ye all of this,' and you believe He so said, then, if any body of men, any company of men, any Church in short, comes to you, and tells you not to drink it, and you consent to live and die without drinking it—what will you or can you say in your defence when quick and dead stand before the awful throne of God? The Romanist has been *trained* in a different system; he has not read the Scriptures to the same degree; he has not had your advantages;—and this will palliate his guilt, but you would have no such palliation. With your eyes open you cast the cup from you, you refuse it; you leave Christ's own words for the *present* words of the Romish Church. I say the *present* words, for it has changed on this point, and it may change on other points. It may in course of time refuse the *Bread*, and on the same principles you would be bound as a Romanist to give up eating the bread. A more perfect quibble I cannot conceive than saying, as Rome does, you take of the Blood when you take of the Bread: your own common sense shrinks from such a quibble. Why does the priest take the cup: If it is necessary for *his* life, is it not for yours? I cannot conceive a more awful thing than for one trained in our Church, and knowing the Scriptures, to *choose* to refuse the Blood of our dear Lord to his life's end. May Christ's own words, 'Drink ye all of this,' ring in your

ears, and to the very bottom of your soul, and may you shudder to take that step which takes the cup of life from your hands for ever! Unwarned you shall not be, and as we shall meet on the day of judgment, so in the name of Him whom I serve, and who shed His blood out of His own most precious side, I do implore you to esteem His Word before all things. I warn you of your guilt, if you close your lips for ever against that which is 'drink indeed.'

"I will only allude to one other point: I mean the worship of the Virgin. Here, again, I take you to your own knowledge of the Scriptures. I take you to the Acts of the Apostles and Epistles especially, and I ask you in God's presence whether you see there any plain evident marks that the Virgin, while living, or after death, had that wonderful and awful degree of honour and adoration which is now paid to her in the Church of Rome? Is there a trace of it? And mind, you cannot choose a part of the Romish system, — you must choose all; you must lift up your soul in prayer to her whom you know to be a *creature*, to whom there is no single sign of the Apostles' praying, who you know is not everywhere present; and you have to deal with a '*jealous* God.' I am not going into all the refinement about the definitions of prayer. The matter is too awful and too plain for such refinements; they will not stand the light of the last day. If I were to take a Romish book, and blot out in some prayers

the Name of God, and in others the name of the Virgin, we should not be able to say which was the highest and which the inferior kind of prayer; you take a most bold step on your own responsibility, if you put yourself into a position in which you *must* pray to the Virgin all your life, and you will not be able, after using the Romish prayers on this subject, to say on the last day that you did not pray to a creature.

"I have written most hastily, most unworthily, but I do implore you to pause,—nay, to decide on remaining where you are. I hardly know whether it is desirable for me to write further: you have not taken my counsel hitherto, and I do think you trust to yourself too much. I must speak plainly. You are sitting in judgment upon the English and Romish Church. Are you equal to the task? If not, are you called upon to leave that body in which you find yourself providentially placed?"

The second letter, written shortly afterwards, to the same person, breathes his calm and earnest confidence in the truth and great destinies of the Church of England, yet without concealing his conviction of the danger to be apprehended, though, as he trusted, to be overruled for good, in her present distracted state:—

"*May* 28th, 1850.

"My dear ——,

"Your letter greatly affected me; and though I

cannot squeeze time enough out of the day to answer it as I would wish, and as it deserves, yet let me assure you that my very interest in your spiritual welfare made me speak as I did,—from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; and at this time one cannot but speak plainly and boldly to those in whom we are interested. Your letter gave me much comfort, as it shews that you have had no more than floating ideas, instead of fixed ones, as to any change. Perplexities, of course, are natural in these times. The facts you state, and others which it is no use disguising, are sufficient to perplex; but this we must remember, that in all fiery trials some yield and break whom we looked up to, and some shine forth with increased steadfastness; some leave the ship the moment the winds howl, and there is danger, others stick to the last plank. This has always been the case, and always will be; and we argue wrongly that the danger is a deadly one, because some in whom we trusted desert at such a time, and deem it to be deadly. That we are going through a fiery trial I am sure, and therefore it is that I feel we should at once pray for patience and steadfastness, and fix our eyes upon a few plain points, as it is very hard to go through the whole arguments of the case. Thus, if we take individuals, while we find ——, and ——, and it may be —— and others, on one side; on the other we find ——, ——, ——, ——, and others. This may perplex us, but still at least we have authority for staying where we are,

even taking the rumours of secession at the greatest. But passing from this, which is the least part of the question, look steadily at other plain, clear facts; look at the signs of life, the fruits of the Spirit I adverted to; and look back and see what was and what is; see the marvellous change for good; see the two great providential movements, the spiritualizing and the churchifying movements: the one bringing the great Christian doctrines before men's souls; the other giving the proportion to faith, and shewing the appointed means whereby the Spirit works. What wonderful good has been effected by these movements; how completely changed has the Church been! It has penetrated the remotest village; it has renewed even the outward aspect of things. Now, in so great a change, was it not to be expected that there should be overflowings and excesses? Might not a good mind, foreseeing the spiritualizing movement, have foreseen some aberrations, some unruliness, some erratic notions of spiritual influence, some wanderings from the Church towards dissent, as well as excesses from the other movement? This has taken place. We had losses from the first movement. Many schismatical bodies were formed with vague principles of spirituality; and now we are having the expected excesses from the churchifying movement towards Rome. We cannot have *a great revival* without *loss*, and we ought not to expect it; but look steadily at the signs of the *Divine Presence* in the English Church, notwithstanding all our losses,

both actual and threatened; everything is improved: homes, schools, colleges, missions, pastoral offices, care for the poor, the sick, the penitent,—all this denotes plainly *God's favour*. It is He who has done it. His Spirit is at work amongst us. We cannot shut our eyes to these facts; they meet us throughout our system; and can it be that God has for years been working amongst us—purifying, quickening, elevating, enabling us to put forth a wonderful energy into all works at home and abroad; and after all, designs that this whole spiritual machinery, so improved, so busy, so energetic, should be broken to pieces as a worthless and fruitless thing? Can He mean us to understand that it is in no sense a portion of His household, or flock, or Church? And I cannot too often repeat, that while we grant the Romish Church to be a Church, Rome makes no such grant to us; and though she is forced to speak and act most inconsistently towards us, owing to the overpowering testimony of Divine favour possessed by us, yet theoretically she is bound to say we are in no sense whatever a portion of the House of God. Look, again, at the fact of an apostolical ministry, at the due administration of the Sacraments according to *primitive* custom. I allude especially to the Lord's Supper. . . . . .

"The present Gorham question may so far be viewed as a collision between Church and State, the issue of which is yet to come. We must not look upon it as a finished thing, for the permanent, habi-

tual acquiescence of the Church cannot yet be proved, and we all know that the State and Church have to come into different relationships, and there must be harassing collisions, and in them, perhaps, *for a time*, the Church may seem to be worsted. I feel very deeply—as deeply as any—the value of unity; but with the deepest sense of its value, I doubt much whether the way to preserve *all* the truth combined with unity is to be found by joining Rome. On the contrary, I think I can see a very high destiny for the English Church as a preserver of those truths which the Romish Church has obscured, and I do not think the abandonment of these truths for the sake of union will make that union which will be blessed by God. Truth is to be cared for as much as unity. Brothers in a family may be estranged, and if one brother will but sacrifice what he ought not, union may be restored;—union, however valuable, however needful for brothers, would be wrongfully bought at such a price; the estrangement should last, however sad or painful. I believe that there will be a great struggle between infidelity and the Christian Church, but I also believe the Christian Church must purify itself for this struggle,—the English Church must correct what is erroneous and faulty, the Romish Church must reform; and it may be, to take a sanguine view, that the reforming element may come from England. . . Passing, however, from these topics, which I only have adverted to in the hope of shewing, in a most sketchy way,

that there are grounds for abiding patiently and thankfully where you are, and that there are points which you may turn to, I pray you earnestly to believe that I really feel for you, and sympathize with you, in the trials to which your patience and steadfastness are put in such trying times. It would be so great a grief to me to see you doing what I believe to be a great sin, that I could not but speak strongly, out of very earnestness. I have felt your letter very deeply, and the course you have resolved upon, the tone in which you have written, have given me the sincerest satisfaction. Pray persevere in your resolutions, by God's blessing. Do those plain duties which bring God's favour; think of the saints, Hooker, Herbert, Andrewes, Taylor, Ken, Cosin, and a long list of others, both known and unknown, who have fallen asleep under the shelter of this vine. If we are in error, may God pardon us, and grant that our error is not such as to shut us from the kingdom of heaven. Search the Scriptures, for I do believe that, as in past days we have too much neglected tradition, there is a danger of really running down the plain, obvious, and straightforward meaning of Scripture; and may God's richest blessings fall on you to the salvation of your soul, for Jesus Christ's sake.

"Ever very sincerely yours,
"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

In another letter he expresses what he be-

lieved to be one great providential purpose committed to the Church of England:—

"I trust you have increased confidence in our branch of the Church, which certainly is shewing increased signs of vitality, notwithstanding all her trials. I quite agree with your friend, who, in seeing what was good in the Roman Church, was not prepared to un-Church us. We have good points where they fail, they have good points where we fail; and the question is not whether theirs is a Church or not, but whether it is the only Church, the sole Body of Christ. It seems to me we have a great mission, which is to preserve the sense of the true object of faith, which is obscured in Christendom by the increasing adoration of the Virgin. When I read the Old and New Testament, the greatest point of all seems to be to worship the true object, and not to let any creature or created thing divide the stream of adoration."

The advice contained in the following letter bears closely upon the same subject, and will come home to many hearts with a conviction of the momentous importance, though at the same time the great simplicity, of the advice contained in it:—

"*March* 14, 1850.

"My dear ——,

"I must make my usual excuse for not writing,

i. e. want of time. This has been strictly true of late, as labours have seemed to multiply.

"I was very deeply grieved to hear of the step —— and —— have taken, and I fully sympathize with you in your sorrow for their desertion of our true branch of the Church Catholic, who now needs all the love of all her children. By holding secret communications with the Jesuits, they clearly put themselves into a place of temptation, and exposed themselves by error of moral conduct to error of doctrine,—matters far more closely connected than many imagine. The counsel you yourself received, and have acted upon, was wise, viz. to put aside all controversial books, and to drink thankfully of our own waters. I am sure that counsel is more than ever needed now. Since you wrote, we have had a great event, and though I look upon it as far from finished, and likely to end in good, still it is now a time of trial. At such a time, patience and steadfastness are our plain duties, and these duties are more easily performed by putting aside all writings of a controversial and unsettling character. I hope you will be very firm in declining all correspondence, should there be any endeavours to introduce religious discussions. It must be a great relief to you to have dealt openly with your mother. I am sure openness is our real Christian course, and happily you have been most affectionately met on your mother's side. I must say that I think our Church does tend to form openness, ingenuousness, and straightforwardness of character.

I hope we may all have grace to grow in godliness, and amid all this strife and division, whether within or without, to look more than ever to that perfect rest above, humbly trusting that the errors of others may not be of so fatal a character as to shut them out of Christ's kingdom in heaven, and that any errors we unconsciously hold may be forgiven.

"I was interested in the letter you sent me. Occupation would be a great matter for the writer,—an even, quiet routine of practical duties. Why should she not work for the female emigrants? Here there need be no union with Dissenters, and no support of their peculiar views and institutions. We have been setting our parishioners to work through Lent in providing common clothing for the emigrants, and sent off a large package to-day, to Sidney Herbert's receptacle in London.

"And now, praying God to give you His guidance and blessing in all things, believe me very sincerely yours,

"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

Mr. Armstrong, while urging so earnestly on those who sought his counsel the necessity of openness and a humble spirit, felt, at the same time, the importance, on the part of parents and guardians of the young, of an enlarged consideration of the different wants of different souls, and the fairness of allowing whatever the Church has provided for her children.

An extract from another letter expressing his opinion on this point may be added in connexion with what has gone before:—

"Perhaps, too, your mother may see that the *full* use of *all* that our Church recommends and sanctions does not in reality, or of necessity, loosen the hold; but, on the contrary, strengthens the affections for that branch of the Vine into which we have been engrafted by God's great mercy, and that a craving for something out of the Church is rather likely to arise from not having all that can be had within it. At any rate, some prejudice may be softened down, and that is a great matter."

But to return to the scenes of his pastoral life at Tidenham.

Mr. Armstrong was not a systematic man. He betrayed—what so many parish priests have painfully regretted—the defects arising from the want of early pastoral training; but what was lacking in system seemed to be supplied by his unselfishness, and the warm-heartedness with which he threw himself into whatever he undertook. It mattered not from whence the suggestion came: he was as earnest in carrying out a design proposed by another, as one originating with himself. One of his curates, who suggested to him the idea of pro-

viding the schoolroom, and the additional Sunday service, for the rougher and more neglected people dwelling on the Chase, says,—"I remember well how eagerly he threw himself into the proposal, and, when no existing house seemed to do for the purpose, at once set about building a room at one end of a cottage belonging to him as vicar. I think that at the time I hardly appreciated, as I have since, the willing and thankful zeal with which he began the work, and charged himself with so considerable an addition to the many heavy expenses of the parish."

Another instance is recorded by the same friend, whose words have just been quoted, of what he considered a scarcely prudent expenditure for some important parish work which he desired to carry out.

It is hardly common to find a perhaps overdaring generosity in behalf of others, combined with great caution in trusting overmuch to the future, or, as it is sometimes said, "to faith," and a rigid self-denial in personal expense. This combination seems to have been one feature in his character. He had a strong feeling, which amounted to a principle of action, against leaving works with a heavy debt upon them. It was a great difficulty to raise funds for build-

ing the Tutshill Chapel, an object which he had greatly at heart, but he was resolved not to exceed the means at his command; and though he left the parish shortly after its consecration, all liabilities connected with it were discharged. As to his own personal expense, Mrs. Armstrong says in a letter addressed to the writer of this Memoir:—"About expense he was very self-denying; though delighting in books and prints, he only rarely bought the former, and I cannot recollect his ever buying more than one print, the Choristers, as a present to me on some particular occasion." It may be well to add, in connection with what is here said of his own personal self-denial, an extract from a letter in which he gives advice as to those simpler kinds of practical self-mortification which are open to every one in common life. The letter specially treats of the observance of Lent:—

"As regards the observance of Lent in the way of fasting, I know full well that many persons, whether from natural delicacy or previous habits of life, are unable to bear even any lessening of food without suffering in health. In such a case, all we can do is to try some of those other modes of self-denial which do not so affect the bodily frame; and ordinary home-life supplies abundant and various ways of self-

mortification and self-contradiction. You have, no doubt, many useful books containing the experience of good men, which suggest modes of abstinence. It is one privilege of our age, that we have so many of these good helps to a more holy life. While, of course, I myself incline to an entirely secluded life for all the members of the Church during Lent, yet such a rule must have its exceptions; and it is only by a knowledge of the peculiar circumstances of the individual case, that it would be easy to determine in what case that rule might be relaxed. Taking, however, the whole use of Lent, we are all safe in increasing our prayers; in reading Scripture in a more devotional way; in choosing such parts as shew God's wrath and judgments on sin, and bear on the character of acceptable repentance. To have, too, great battles with our ruling faults, and to see with increased eagerness and clearness what these are, is a great matter. And when I speak of increased prayer, how much do we all need to worship God more entirely 'in spirit and in truth.' Increased kindliness and affectionateness towards our family are great parts of a true Christian fast.—I know that I have said nothing that is new, but still old things want to be newly said.

* * * * *

"Do you know Bishop Cosin's 'Devotions,' and Bishop Ken's 'Manual?' They are most valuable, and I always incline to English devotional writers, as being more expressive of our peculiar English

character, and more natural to us. National character is, after all, a gift; and there is something so very sterling in ours, with all its faults and reserves, that I am always disposed to encourage the retention of it. Foreigners *feel* differently about the same things, and express feelings differently, and we run risks of lashing ourselves into an unnatural state in endeavouring to reach that peculiar development of devotion which is natural to them. There is something very sober, very deep, in genuine English piety."

The schoolroom services which have been mentioned were intended to carry out a view strongly impressed on his mind, of the necessity of providing for those who are hindered from going to regular Church-services, not merely by distance from the parish church, but also by their not liking to appear there in their common working dress. He sought, by meeting them thus half way, to draw them on to the regular observance of the Church's ordinances, when they had once been led to feel the blessing of devotion and religious teaching in a simpler way, and with less effort to themselves. Of the success of this plan the Curate already quoted thus writes:—"Our Sunday services did not in any degree draw people away from the parish church, but served to prepare them for the fuller worship there, and so draw them

to it. And I had much pleasure in hearing, afterwards, how many of the congregation were confirmed and became communicants. It was a picturesque sight, our little schoolroom on a fine Sunday afternoon. It stood on a fine commanding situation, with an extensive view, the home scenery wild enough for anything. The simple Latin cross on the gable alone distinguished it from any wholly secular building; and under its shelter used to be gathered together a goodly flock of some of England's least polished sons, filling the little room to overflowing, some sitting on the low platform on which the simple lettern stood, which was prayer-desk, and pulpit, and all; and those who could not find a place within, standing with much seeming reverence without, only disturbed in their devotions by the noise of the geese of the old woman who lived in the adjoining cottage, and which sometimes used, sadly to their mistress's disquiet, to dispute with us the occupation of the ground."

The simple Latin cross on the gable of this rude schoolroom seems to have had its intended effect, of marking a building otherwise without a single outward characteristic to distinguish it from an ordinary cottage. One day, during the height of the Papal Aggression mania, a

worthy gentleman of the neighbourhood, at the time out hunting, and passing by, was surprised to see, in so unfrequented and wild a spot, this Christian emblem surmounting so poor a building He concluded it must be some new erection of the Roman Catholics, and with this idea in his mind stopped to make some enquiries of an old man who lived in the adjoining cottage, and was in some measure *custos* of the schoolroom. The old man was no theologian, and was somewhat puzzled by the enquiries; but, thrown back on what he had unconsciously, perhaps, imbibed from the plain, simple teaching of the English Prayer-book, answered, "Sir, I don't know much about these matters about Roman Catholics, or any others of that sort of people, but somehow I always have thought that that cross on the gable yonder was the very same mark that was put on all our foreheads—on mine, Sir, and, I dare say, on yours,—when we were baptized, as little children."

Towards the latter period of his life at Tidenham, Mr. Armstrong was occupied with the series of Tracts and Sermons which will be further noticed in the following chapter. These and other large undertakings hindered his giving the same undivided personal attention to

the care of his flock, as had been bestowed at first; but by means of these writings he was enabled to do far more for the parish than he could have effected by his own unaided labours. His curates, and the main cost of the schools and other works, were defrayed by this means. When the Penitentiary cause after a time added its own very pressing weight, it was another happy result attending the publication of the Tracts, &c., that being thus enabled to keep his curates, he was enabled to devote himself to this great cause without neglect of duty at home[a].

[a] It is touching to observe how, when called from home in the progress of the Penitentiary movement, his heart turned towards the parish. Short notices occur in the hasty notes written from a distance under the pressure of work, such as the following:—"I am much distressed about poor Mrs. H. I am only glad I saw so much of her before I went, and that she seemed so very anxious to improve her spiritual state. It is such a miserable feeling to be absent when one of one's flock is so ill." Or again, in a note to Mrs. Armstrong, he says:—"I am anxious to hear of poor H. I hope you will pray more than ever for the sick while I am away." In the same spirit was kept up the ever-ready flow of open-hearted kindness which pervaded his intercourse with his parishioners in any case of difficulty. One of the tithe-payers happening to be a defaulter through some unlooked-for loss, he writes:—"Let —— off. Send for him, if the —— have acted on my orders, and give him back half (the half, on second thoughts, erased,) the money at once, only beseeching him to pay me when he can."

LITERARY WORK AT TIDENHAM.

Mr. Armstrong's literary labours were not those of a recluse, whose life is passed among books. They were the earnest outpourings of a heart which lived among men, seeking to provide for the necessities which his pastoral experience brought before his notice, or to give vent to aspirations and schemes of good which opened upon him; and this with an ease of writing, and a happy flow of simple, impressive eloquence, peculiarly his own.

The "Pastor in his Closet" was published in the year 1847, two years after he came to Tidenham. It is a small devotional manual for the parish priest, and expresses the yearnings and self-reproaches of a deeply ardent spirit. It bears upon it the indisputable evidence of being the genuine transcript of his own mind, with all the reality and transparency of his own beautiful character.

After viewing the pastoral life of the writer, it becomes necessary to quote some passages from this manual, to convey an idea of what thoughts and feelings were working within. The power which animated his outward actions will be better understood, when we enter into the spirit which breathes in these outpourings of his heart before God. The manual opens with some thoughts for general devotion:—

"O Lord God, I am alone with Thee in my chamber; I have shut the doors of my chamber and entered into my closet, that I might pray unto Thee in secret, for Thou hearest and lovest the secret prayer. No man seeth or heareth me; no man knoweth that I have come to pray; this is my 'solitary place;' it will not be known that I have now sought Thee in prayer till the last day, when all hidden things shall be brought to light.

"When I pray in Thy house of prayer, when I pray with my household, I am seen to pray; but here I pour out my soul, I lift up my soul, I seek Thy face, I bow myself to the ground before Thee, I hold communion with Thee, God Most High, through Thy Son's Name, and 'Thou Lord only knowest it.'

"O gracious Father, I do desire to be alone: when I am occupied before men, I know not the

power of the opinions of men over me; I know not how much I do to be seen of men, or out of regard to men; I know not mine own self, I am not sure of myself; whatsoever I do in secret seems to be more entirely sincere, and done in singleness of heart to Thy glory. When I kneel down here in this secret place, I can but be seeking Thee; I can but desire Thy favour toward me. Awful is it to be with Thee, O God, with my own solitary soul, with myself such as I am, with my single spirit, a most sinful creature, approaching Thee alone. Awful it is to feel Thy presence, to consider it, to believe in it, to know that I am alone with Thee,—I a most sinful man, Thou the great God of heaven and earth. I might well desire to hide myself from Thy light, as did Adam, when he had sinned, among the trees of the garden. I might well desire to be joined by devout men in my prayers, to be mixed and incorporated with them, to escape standing alone before Thee and feeling my own solitariness, oneness, singleness of my own individual personal life. I might well desire to cast myself among a multitude, that I might be, as it were, a part of a multitude. But yet it is good for me to be alone, to feel that I am one, single, separate, responsible soul, who must in my own self live eternally."

It is said by one of his flock, in regard to his

outward manner in the Church-services,—"He would complain of his difficulty in *feeling* the service, while saying it in church; but the devotion of his manner was most striking, and he was so natural, that one could not but believe the manner the true indication of his feelings." The sources and nourishment of what thus appeared in his outward demeanour will be discerned in the "Meditation for Sunday:"—

"As I have many things to do,—to pray, to read Thy holy Word, to preach accordingly; to offer up supplications for the sick, and thanksgivings for those to whom Thou hast shewed mercy; to baptize, to receive the blessed Sacrament of Thy Body and Blood, to administer it; to lay in the grave those of our brethren whom it hath pleased Thee to take from us unto Thyself,—help me, holy Jesus, in all these acts of devotion, that the spirit of devotion may be sustained throughout, that all my ministrations may be done with a single mind, and may be blest unto myself and unto those to whom I minister.

"Outward reverence at all times, O Lord, is easy; but inward reverence, inward attentiveness and solemnity of spirit, it is hard always to keep. I may not wound my flock by outward carelessness, indifference, haste, negligence, or any other visible

fault; but how much may I lose them, if I do not inwardly worship Thee, and heartily pray for them; if my spirit is backward and remiss, or hurrying to many unprofitable thoughts, or thinking of the opinions of men!

"It is right that I should outwardly honour Thee, for there cannot be inward worship beneath outward irreverence; but what are things outward, if I lack devotion within! No man knoweth from outward appearance how much my thoughts wander in my prayers, but Thou knowest mine infirmities; 'my faults are not hid from Thee;' and 'my secret sins are in the light of Thy countenance.' I fear being formal in my worship,—I am often formal; I want perseverance in prayer, collectedness, abstraction,—true fervent elevation of soul. As the shepherd, I ought to go before the sheep, and lead them unto Thee; but I doubt not many of the sheep do outrun me in fervent praying, and in the heartiness of their praise.

"O Lord, I could for hours pray Thee to give me the true spirit of prayer: I am so dull, so easily carried back to the world; so often dwelling upon worldly affairs; so grovelling in my thoughts; and when men think me devout, then oftentimes I most need that very thing which I am supposed to have.

"Assist me, heavenly Father, for Thy dear Son's sake, especially in the more solemn parts of my ministrations. Assist me, most merciful Saviour, especially when I administer Thy blessed Sacra-

ments, those mysteries whereby we are new-born, or renewed in the spirit of our minds.

"When I administer holy Baptism, may I do it with a devout will, with faith, with sincere prayers. Though my unworthiness or absence of mind hinders not the reception of grace, yet it were a thing most sinful, most hurtful to my own soul, if, while the Holy Ghost was descending, I were wandering afar off; if, while He was present, I were absent in spirit. Let me consider how many thoughtless god-parents in these times speak solemn words lightly; and so may I be moved to pray as though none beside myself were praying. Make me to look upon all children dedicated to Thee as mine for Thy sake. If the prayers of their kindred be lacking at that time, make up what is lacking by the fervency of mine.

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"When I stand at Thine altar, grant that I may have the profoundest sense of Thy presence; take me, as it were, out of the world; shut the gate of my heart against it; lift up my spirit; let the house of prayer be unto me as a heavenly place; let the very rails of the altar remind me of my especial separation from the world; may I feel myself to be on holy ground: I cannot draw nearer unto Thee on earth, may I feel Thy nearness. Fill me with a sense of my own sins, and Thy great love; of my own unworthiness, and Thy mercy; for who can tell the love wherewith Thou hast loved us. I altogether

sink to the earth when I think of Thy wonderful condescension towards us, and the awfulness of our sins, that could in no way be atoned for except by the spilling of Thy own blood.

"I have sometimes, yea, many times, rejoiced with unspeakable joy when I have been suffered to partake of Thy Body and Blood in the Sacrament of Thy Supper, and to minister it to the more mature members of my flock; my soul has been filled with sensible consolations; I have experienced overflowings of love and great peace. But must I not confess that at times, when I have been called to minister at Thine altar, if it had not been my office to serve thereat, I might have abstained from the feast! Must I not confess that I have at times come coldly, with little heart; that I have ministered coldly, and not with a full soul; that I have said those great words, 'Take and eat this,' and 'Drink this,' without deeply considering that I was distributing a heavenly and life-giving meal! I have passed on from one communicant to another without that devotion of spirit that was meet.

"Grant, Lord, that henceforth I may always weigh those words, and speak them from my innermost soul, and be warmed with a most holy love for each single soul that receives the mystical elements from my hands. Grant that my intent may go with my ministrations; though, should my intent be wanting, I believe that they may still be blessed to my flock.

"In these, and all other acts of divine service this day, be present with me, most gracious Lord, that I may perform them holily, with a holy purpose. When I perform the rite of holy matrimony, or of the churching of women, or the most moving service for the burial of the dead, preserve in me an attentive and earnest spirit. In all the order of common prayer, in all litanies, and supplications, and confessions of faith, in all psalms and spiritual songs, fill me with the Spirit, lead me by the Spirit to the throne of grace. When I preach, may I preach faithfully according to Thy holy Word, delivering Thy Gospel 'with meekness of wisdom.' May I preach not only true words, but in a true spirit. May I seek not to please men's ears, nor to raise admiration of myself, but to turn their hearts, and draw them unto Thee. May I preach holily, knowing that plain words from a holy and spiritual mind are more apt to minister grace to the hearers than most eloquent words that come not from a devout heart. If men should listen eagerly to my own fallible words, may I never be puffed up; may I strive against a self-seeking and vainglorious mind; may I kneel down and meditate upon the multitude of my sins. Easily might my soul be lost through the sweetness and deceivableness of human praise. Or if through lack of eloquence, a gift now over-esteemed to the neglect of prayer, my flock come but ill to the house of prayer, may I by true seriousness seek to edify the more devout and stable souls. It is

not a multitude of listeners that bespeaks the growth of piety. May I myself think more of prayer, that I may lead others to esteem it more.

"Grant also, O Lord, that I may spend all little intervals between the parts of divine service in inward prayer. When I enter the vestry, may I use it as my oratory, my place of secret prayer, of preparation for common worship. May I waste not the time, but spend it either in praying, or meditating, or reading Thy holy Word, that I may enter upon mine office with a prepared and collected mind. While I robe myself with the decent vestments appointed by the Church, may I offer up short ejaculations, praying for inward purity, that, as one of Thy priests, I may 'be clothed with righteousness;' may the white robe be unto me as a sign of the innocency of life required of me. When I pass from the vestry to the appointed place of prayer, or from the place of prayer to the altar, or from the altar to the place of preaching, may I lift up my soul secretly as I walk, and offer up secret prayers for the gift of the Holy Ghost, for power to pray, for grace, for the divine blessing both upon myself and the congregation assembled in Thine house.

"But not only at the time of public prayer, and in the house of prayer, give me a devout will, but in all other parts of the day, and in all other acts help me, most blessed Lord, that whether I walk through the fields, or sit at home, or read, or meditate, or teach in schools, I may preserve a holy and thankful

mind, and use the whole day holily, and consecrate all its portions."

This same breadth of view, the same continued watchfulness, the same lowly thoughts of self, and the same constant reference to the Source of all strength in the fervent yearning after a sustained spiritual life, breathes in the "Monday Meditation," which opens to us his inner mind as to his daily pastoral work, and reveals the secret spring of his unwearying activity:—

"Lo, I am Thine! and now I must enter afresh upon Thy service. Yesterday was the day of dedication, of prayer, of resolves, of devout thoughts. To-day I must be exercised in those things that I resolved upon through Thy Spirit; to-day is the day of action,—prayers, devout thoughts, raptures, resolves, holy exultations of heart, what are these, if in action I fail?

* * * * *

"I do greatly fear and distrust myself. Preserve me, holy Jesu, from my own particular thoughts, from indolence, from worldliness, however secret, from love of self, from love of men's opinions, from pride, from love of advancement, from cowardice in rebuking sinners, or from harshness in rebuke.

"I know that I oftentimes yield to sloth; I am often indolent, a waster of time, an ill husbandman

of time; I abide at home when I should be labouring among my people; I linger and hesitate to go forth, or I leave off too soon and do my work but partially, or I shrink from those who most need exhortation, from the most sinful and hardened of my people; I please myself with the conversation of the devout; I choose rather to sit with the righteous, than to go among sinners; I have often distaste for my toils; I want heart for them and patience; I often go to them unwillingly and end gladly; or when I have done little, I think I have done enough. Indolence doth much possess me, and backwardness; I had rather read holy books than work holy works; I had rather sit meditating upon holy things, than perform holy labours. I am often seeking excuses for easing my neck from the yoke.

"And yet, whensoever I have devoted myself to my flock, and have spared not myself, I have returned home with a recompense in my heart, with a gift in my bosom, a treasure of inward satisfaction, with a light conscience, with a rejoicing spirit, with great peace. I have tasted of the cup of peace for my obedience to Thy will; I have knelt down and been glad; I have had exceeding great refreshment in my evening prayers. Thus hast Thou ever rewarded me instantly for my service; thus hast Thou encouraged me diligently to do Thy will.

"O that I should ever shrink from the pure pleasure of devout action; that I should ever be loath to repeat such peace-giving toils; that I should ever

go coldly and give myself unwillingly to these godly labours, that so soon recompense with such and so much joy! . . . O that I should ever be drawn from that part of active obedience, which has the promise of peace, and is the path of peace!

* * * * *

"It is said of the men of the world that they 'rise up early and late take rest,' in their carefulness for perishing things; shall not the like be said of the men of God, Thy ministers, in their zeal for imperishable souls? In the sweat of my brow ought I to labour, yea, in the sweat of my heart, for I am an husbandman of souls, and of this harvest angels shall be the reapers. That I may thoroughly do this work, I must gather up the fragments of time, that nothing be lost. Ease must be unknown to me, for what has the preacher of the Cross to do with ease! He who would effectually preach the Cross must bear it, and be crucified himself.

"And how many souls hast Thou given me, O Lord! even . . . [the number of his parishioners were 1,500]. This is my charge, this number of immortal souls; and each one of all these souls has to be numbered among the angels or the devils! How can I abide at home, or rest, or take my pleasure, with such a burden and such a charge laid on me! Is not each separate soul worth a life's work, all the labour I could give? What, then, must be the value of all this multitude of souls? How can I give sufficient labour?

"O take from me, merciful Lord, all sleep and desire of sleep: souls may be lost even through the unwatchfulness of but a few days. Of how great a price is even one opportunity of speaking Thy Word, if Thou art with me! Teach me after Thine own most perfect pattern, to go about doing good and to be zealous in doing good, that I may be a faithful pastor, and that nothing be lost to this people through my unfaithfulness. Make me not only an evangelist, but a true pastor, going about from house to house. From house to house ought I to carry Thy Word, that the state of individual souls may be the better discerned, and that words in season may be the better spoken.

* * * * *

"If it should please Thee to bless these my labours, and to give them increase in my time and before mine eyes, then, O Lord, increase in me the grace of humility; humble me so much the more. With all my heart, with great fervour, even with passionateness of spirit, I do beseech Thee to keep me humble in the day of success. Let me not say 'my persuasion or my pastoral activity hath done this.' Grant that I may give Thee all the glory, heartily, with a sincere mind. Grant that I may take nothing to myself of all the good done, but thank Thee with humble joy for having used such an one as myself to promote Thy glory. Grant that my rejoicing may be in Thee; so, in profiting others, shall mine own soul be profited.

* * * * *

"Or if, Lord Jesus, I should seem to labour in vain, let not my heart fail; move me by Thy Spirit to persevere. It may be that Thou desirest to keep me humble, and to make me feel mine own insufficiency, and to trust more entirely to Thy grace, and to seek Thine help more earnestly in prayer. It may be Thou makest trial of my patience, withholding a blessing, that I may seek it with more importunity and continue labouring in faith. Or it may be, Thou givest me no visible success, that I may the more undistractedly desire the final and most glorious recompense of faith. Thou canst give increase when Thou wilt; if not in my day, give it afterwards: make me content to labour without visible fruit of my labours in this life. O God the Father, bless me in my going out and coming in before Thee; bless all my labours this day and always for Thy dear Son's sake Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Something has been already said of the deep, abiding sense which seemed to possess him of the value and power of prayer. There are some beautiful expressions of such a feeling, and especially of his desire for the prayers of others, in the "Meditations for Tuesday and Wednesday:"—

"But, most blessed Jesus, with so great a work laid on me, with so holy a frame of mind continually to sustain that I may fulfil my work, I feel the need

of other prayers beside mine own, of a broader stream of prayer than can flow from my single soul. I need, I very greatly need, the prayers of my brethren in Christ, that I may myself incline to prayer and keep this ready mind. If I had mine own self only to watch, I should need the prayers of others. How much more, then, when I have this Thy flock to watch over!

"I pray then, O God, for the prayers of my flock; grant that they may have the mind to remember me daily in their prayers. I do earnestly beseech Thee, move them, through the power of the Holy Ghost, to do this good work for me, that I may do my work for them. Make them to feel my need of their prayers. As I pray for them, so may they pray for me. This gift I desire at their hands, this great gift, this act of love, better than silver and gold, which the poor of this world can bestow on me if they be rich in faith; 'for the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'

"May my own flock ask a blessing on me daily in my labours: then I doubt not a blessing will descend on me from the Spirit of grace, the dew of Thy blessing. O with what a refreshed spirit should I go forth, if I felt that my people had been pleading for me before the throne of grace, in their morning sacrifice of prayer; if I thought that the children, and the aged, and the full-grown had besought Thee to make Thy Word fruitful in my mouth."

The following striking words form the commencement of the "Wednesday Meditation," which throughout is one continued prayer for the different members of his flock:—

"In the morning watch do I come unto Thee, O God, yea, in the morning watch; I remembe Thee when I awake, and I remember the great charge which Thou hast given me, even all these souls, these living souls, this multitude of souls, all this people, 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' painfully redeemed, bought with blood, even with Thy blood, Thou 'Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world.'

"On my knees, Lord Jesus, Thou great Shepherd of the sheep, Thou good Shepherd, that laidest down Thy life for the sheep and gavest it to the wolves, out of Thine unspeakable love, love past finding out, for the height and depth and breadth thereof, I do pray Thee remember these souls, this portion of Thy universal flock, this parish, my own dear flock, my care and my joy. Remember them and have mercy on them now, and always, in this life and in the day of judgment.

"All these souls in this parish are mine; mine to present unto Thee at the last day; as the steward of them, they are mine, good and bad together, to be watched, nourished, carried in my bosom, in my innermost heart, to be worn next my heart, to be loved with heart-love, exceedingly, holily, 'through good report and evil report,' whether they hear or

whether they forbear. I should stretch out mine arms; yea, stretch out my soul and embrace them in my love, as mine own spiritual children, high and low together, rich and poor, one with another, for Thou hast died for all.

* * * * *

"Every face that I behold must be changed by the mighty working of Thy power into an eternal fashion, fit for the eternal light of Thine own kingdom, or for the place of devils; yea, not face only must be changed, but the whole body; and not only the body, but body and soul together. O God, when I look upon this present fashion of my people, I am filled with a great awe, not knowing what their change will be, their eternal fashion, and seeing how great a work each soul has to perform in this short life, to be ripe for Thy coming."

In our present day of trial, when such deep anxiety is pressing upon those who, like Mr. Armstrong, hold dear the full deposit of the Catholic faith inherited from our fathers, and when the hearts of so many have failed,—some forsaking our communion, and others lingering amongst us only with chilled affections,—it is refreshing and strengthening to mark the lowly, unjudging spirit, and warm attachment to the Church of England, which breathes in the "Thursday Meditation:"—

"But more especially am I bound to pray for that branch of the Catholic Church into which, by Thy unspeakable mercy, I have been baptized; for this dear Church of England, my nurse in the faith, my mother that has borne me all these years, and borne with me, that has fed me and nourished me, though a wayward and unworthy son, oftentimes dishonouring her with my misdeeds.

"For this Church of England, for all members thereof, priests and people, in all times, through all changes and chances of times, I do pray most earnestly. O Lord, send Thy blessing upon this branch of the vine, Thy workmanship, Thine own branch, so long and wonderfully preserved, with so long a history of grace."

In 1848, the year after the "Pastor in his Closet" appeared, Mr. Armstrong commenced a series of publications which have proved to be of considerable importance in parochial religious literature, not only supplying a serious deficiency long felt, but raising the whole tone of such publications, both in respect of doctrine and style of writing. He was the responsible editor for these works, and himself wrote a great portion of them. The "Tracts for the Christian Seasons" were issued in monthly parts, commencing with Advent, 1848, and closing with Advent, 1849. They were intended to bring out in a warm, earnest and attractive

style, the full practical teaching of the successive seasons of the Christian year. They have had a large sale, and can hardly have failed to produce a considerable effect, tending, with other influences which have been at work, to impress on the mind of the age a more lively sense of the value and beauty of the Church's commemorative seasons. A second series was commenced, on the close of the first series, in Advent, 1849, and was concluded in Advent, 1850. Each series occupies four volumes.

These works were followed by a series of "Sermons on the Christian Seasons," which were commenced in Advent, 1852, in monthly parts, like the Tracts, and were brought to a close in Advent, 1853. In the course of these two last years, Mr. Armstrong also edited a series of "Tracts for Parochial Use," intended to fill up another void long felt by the parochial clergy. They embrace a very extensive range of subjects, falling under the following heads: "The Chief Truths of the Faith; the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Ten Commandments; the Sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist; Offices for Confirmation, Marriage, Visitation of the Sick; Churching, Commination and Burial Services; Observance of Holy Days and Seasons; the Church, and Church's

Common Prayer; Devotions, &c., for the Sick and Afflicted, and for Penitents; Prayers, Hymns, Meditations, &c.; advice and warning on general subjects; Tales and Allegories, and a Series for miscellaneous reading."

Besides writing a large proportion of these tracts and sermons, he had to procure writers, overlook the MSS., correct, and often make additions to complete the required quantity. Each tract or sermon, as he playfully expressed it, "went upon all fours," i. e. was composed of four, or a multiple of four, pages. Thus each tract, or sermon, could be printed separate and complete in itself, while yet forming part of a series. This plan made it possible for such a large quantity of matter, by different hands, to be prepared in so short a space of time, and much of it simultaneously. It must have been an intense mental effort to keep up the necessary supply at such brief and fixed intervals, especially when so much depended on correctness of taste and doctrine; and the accomplishment of it affords a striking instance of his fluency of thought and language, and quickness of judgment. The burden and pressure of toil which these works involved must have told seriously upon his strength. The writer remembers meeting him when he

had just completed the last of the series, and was struck with his worn look, and expressions of thankfulness and relief that the work was done.

Mr. Armstrong still continued from time to time to write articles in the Reviews, and always on some question touching the well, or ill-being of society, — a class of subjects which seemed to be committed to him as a special mission. One was on Mr. Wilson's great and successful work in raising the character of the young persons employed in Price's patent candle factory at Vauxhall. Another was on the "History and Modern State of Freemasonry," which appeared in the July number of the "Christian Remembrancer" for 1847. This latter article is a good instance of his peculiar power of elucidating grave subjects with a playful, graphic humour.

The article opens with a view of the external state of the Society at the present day:—

"Among the multitude of convivial advertisements which reveal the associative tendencies of an appetite, some will be found to proceed from a body which garnishes itself with the title of 'the free and accepted Masons.' By these epithets they distinguish themselves from the common herd of Masons,—those plain, drudging, hard-working men, who do not play

at their trade with silver trowels and kid gloves. Of Masons, this building age knows and sees enough; of Freemasons, it knows and sees but little. It is neither the wiser nor the better for their existence: they are not to be seen performing any useful work; neither are they like moles, which, though they themselves are out of sight, throw up from their hidden chambers visible tokens of their toils. The strongest microscope would fail to discover the minutest grain or particle of good which the Freemasons confer upon mankind. The body, with all its invisible action, is as utterly useless to the world at large as a clock would be to its owner which went wheeling and ticking on, with all its busy machinery, after the amputation of its hands. Were the Fraternity to dissolve itself to-morrow, and, to appease the common sense of this practical and working age, to make a hecatomb of their aprons, the world would be unconscious of the dissolution, except for the unsavoury smoke of the leathern sacrifice.

"The energies of our countrymen are too often devoted to dinners, to make any succession of feasts, however excellent, shed fame on the festive brotherhood. It is possible that many associations need to have their axletrees oiled with an annual feast, to carry them through the wear and tear of a year's life. A dinner in this country appears to exercise a galvanic influence on the constitution of societies; but with whatever warmth of expectation it may be looked to through the vista of the working months,

it is, after all, the reward, the refreshment, and not the work, of societies. Every Society, except the Freemasons', has something to do; but this, entertaining the notion of freedom which has been so strongly impressed on the popular mind in all ages, and which makes it consist in having nothing to do, shews that its members are 'free' in this sense of the word, whether they are 'accepted' or not."

The following is the view given of the moral aspect of the Society:—

"And yet the Freemasons profess to have an object. It is certainly vague, so vague as to involve no trouble, so ingeniously vague that even an increase of dinners might be regarded as one means of attaining it. 'Universal benevolence' is their aim; they would have 'lodges' from pole to pole: 'The true mason,' says one of their greatest writers, 'is a citizen of the world; his philanthropy extends to all the human race. . . . The distant Chinese, the wild Arab, and the American savage will embrace a brother Briton.' Over and over again we hear of 'universal benevolence;' it meets us at every turn. Now we know nothing easier than the profession of benevolence, especially of universal benevolence; the wider it is, the easier it is; for as one does not meet wild Arabs every day on Hampstead Heath, nor Chinese in Piccadilly, those who dwell in such regions may easily offer to 'embrace' them without much risk; and after all, if such benevolence leads to nothing more tangible and definite than 'em-

bracing,' there would be no great difficulty, though perhaps a little unpleasantness, in clasping an 'American savage' in our arms. Universal benevolence must end in profession; it cannot be carried out; we cannot ask all the world to dinner: where our sympathy extends to all the human race, we know not, as a matter of practice, where to begin. The moment we fix our minds upon some particular people, or upon some particular course of action, the universal has sunk into the particular. So wide a circle as the world, so vast a waist, is difficult practically, though very easy theoretically, to span; our feelings may circumnavigate the world; but when we come to practical charity, we find ourselves tethered to some particular post, and moving in a narrow round. The sympathy of your universal philanthropists is gloriously obscure, indefinite, impracticable, and cheap; it may be indulged after dinner in a nice easy-chair, on a winter's night, by a blazing fire, the curtains drawn,—consisting of a few rather comfortable sighs for 'the poor folks out of doors;' they cannot house all the world, nor mount all the Arabs, nor give oil to all the Esquimaux, nor feather all the Indians. Such gigantic feelings end commonly in Liliputian actions. It is so with the Freemasons. A dinner or two ends the matter, where all the nations of the world may come —if they can.

"Thus, after we have tried to grasp this idea of universal benevolence, to place before our minds all

the world in aprons, or to conceive some countless 'deputations' from all nations marching to some monster hall on some monster festival, in coats, or skins, hats, or turbans, Hottentots and Turks arm in arm, the natives of Paddington and Japan, of Pimlico and Peru,—when we come down, after these conceptions, to a few matter-of-fact details as to the means of carrying out so magnificent a design, we find very little machinery provided for the purpose beyond flags and orations, compasses and waiters, dish-covers and white wands. It all ends in 'being social,' as it is called. This Universal Benevolence is no more than one of the bubbles of sentiment, a mere hollow phrase, an unmeaning motto, painted on banners, and mouthed by after-dinner orators.

"It is true that the Freemasons plume themselves on their charities, but their charity is of that peculiar kind which begins at home, and there ends. The body helps itself; the members pay, and the members receive. And when we consider the habits which such a body is almost sure to form among the middling classes, of whom it is chiefly composed, the support of a school and an almshouse is but a small atonement for the mischief which it most probably works. We are convinced much private ruin and derangement of affairs will always be found to follow the course of a society which, whatever its high-sounding professions may be, is neither more nor less than a convivial club. Such bodies are especial snares to the tradesmen of large towns."

The article embraces an interesting account of the supposed history of Freemasonry, and towards the close exposes in strong, energetic language the dangerous and false system of religion, if it may be so called, which it embodies and encourages among its members:—

"And now let us see what this religion is. We might suppose, we ought to suppose, that a body which can procure the services of the priests of the English Church as its chaplains, must needs be a Christian body; we ought to suppose that Christian priests would shrink in horror from giving their services to a professedly religious society, which was utterly, plainly, unequivocally antichristian, or unchristian, in its character. We grieve to be constrained to say, that all such suppositions are entirely false; what ought to be, is not. However fearful a thing it is to say, yet so it is, that clergy of the English Church are found acting as clergy to a body which rejects the profession of Christ's religion. In short, the religion of the Freemasons is neither more nor less than *plain, downright, undisguised, unequivocal Deism.* Whatever their Christian chaplains may say, or their Christian members —a deistical body it is; a deistical body we shall prove it to be from their own writers.

"First of all, we turn to the authorized 'constitutions' of the fraternity, the first rule of which proclaims the *religious* character of the body, for it is

thus headed,—'Concerning God and religion;' the rule itself, which is a formal and official exponent of their religious views, runs thus: 'Though in ancient times Masons were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country or nation, whatever it was; yet it is now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that *religion in which all men agree*, leaving their particular opinions to themselves;' i. e. an exhausting process is to be applied till all the distinctive features of all the various religions of the world are gone, till all the opposing dogmas are drained out, till we come down to the lowest form of religion, and accommodate ourselves to that lowest form, till, in short, we have come to that which can just be called religion, which is but one remove from atheism.

"All has to be pared away, and suppressed, and rejected, and lopped off, till we come to that one universal dogma, that there is a God: anything more than this would be a breach of their rule; anything less than this would be a breach of it: we must not rise above the most naked deism; we must not sink below it. We are not to be more than deists, we are just not to be atheists. This is 'the one religion in which all men agree;' and this is the religion of Freemasons. The Christian is to suppress all that is peculiarly Christian, the Jew all that is peculiarly Jewish, the Mahometan all that is peculiar to the Koran; and then casting off their peculiar doctrines of Christianity, Judaism, Mahom-

medanism, as hindrances and stumbling-blocks in the way of universal benevolence, as the mere excrescences, as it were, of the one universal religion, Christians, Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics are to join together in one *religious* brotherhood. Here we have the creed of the Freemasons; here is their grand religious basis; here are the features of a most complete deistical catholicity, which is to absorb all the great doctrines of the Christian religion, and, instead of placing before us a holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ, invites men to join in an unholy, deistical, catholic alliance. Truly, among the yearnings for catholicity that break out in an irregular and defective way, this is the worst.

"The same view, with equal distinctness and equal boldness, is still further expressed in the second rule of the sixth section, in which we read that there are to be 'no quarrels about religion, or nations, or state-policy, we being only, as Masons, of *the Catholic religion* above-mentioned.' And yet it is into this deistical catholicity that Christian men, nay, Christian priests, are found to cast themselves. It is this sort of 'Catholics' which wants to come in procession to our Christian churches, and on their show-days to have Christian services, and to be honoured by the Christian Church; and it is the withholding the Christian ministrations of the Church from this deistical brotherhood which is proclaimed as an act of narrow-minded bigotry."

Afterwards he touches on an important prin-

ciple that has a far wider bearing than upon the state of religious teaching among the Freemasons:—

"But while we are heaping proof upon proof of the Deism of Freemasonry, we find a thousand clamorous voices assail us with the question, 'Do we not honour the Bible? Are not the brethren exhorted to study the Sacred Law, to consider it as the unerring standard of truth?' 'Is not the Bible carried on a cushion in our processions, and kept open in our lodges?' It is this very so-called honouring of the Bible which we denounce; it is this outward show of respect to Holy Scripture, after all its peculiar and most blessed truths have been suppressed, which we emphatically condemn. It is like honouring the empty sepulchre where our Lord lay, and denying the Lord; for if the truths of the Gospel be expelled, as they must be, to make up a 'religion in which all men agree,' then the Bible is no more than an empty sepulchre; then the honour is bestowed upon the words and letters of the book, not on the truths which those words and letters are designed to teach. With all our strength we protest against this bandying about of the Bible, this hollow unmeaning mock-reverence, this profane cushioning of the Bible amid a company of Jews and Socinians, who trample under foot all the most glorious truths which it contains. We know no more prevailing stratagem of Satan at this present time than that of

persuading infidelity to pay a sort of homage to God's written Word, whereby many well-meaning Christians are deceived. The mere presence of the Bible is supposed to sanctify any meeting, and the purposes of the meeting, and the opinions broached. The struggle now is not what it was in the last century; it is a more subtle struggle, more dangerous to common minds; the Bible is *nominally* accepted now; all the varieties of infidelity now support themselves by texts from Scripture, and derive their systems from a perverted and blasphemous interpretation of the Word of God. It is the acceptance of the Bible, without attaching any distinct meaning to it, or attaching an heretical meaning, which is among the fearful signs of the day. We want no longer a host of 'evidences' for its inspiration; they have done their work; chameleon infidelity has changed its colour. *It is now the Bible against the Bible;* that is, the true sense against the false sense, the Catholic verities against infidel interpretations, the right interpretation against the wrong. It is now an internal war. Believers and unbelievers meet within Bible-ground, both accepting the Sacred Volume as the Revelation of God, but each disputing what that revelation is, and drawing from precisely the same words an opposite view.

* * * * * *

"For ourselves, we feel that while the authority of the Church as the interpreter of Scripture is so widely denied, it would be an easier contest for those

who hold the faith, if the Bible itself were denied by their adversaries. Better far that it should be denied than that Deism should be drawn therefrom; better far that it should be denied with all its true doctrines, than that false systems should be built upon it, that structures of infidelity should be made out of the material of the revelation of the mystery of Christ. When men see the walls of a temple of infidelity patched over and cemented with Scripture texts, they may be led to mistake it for a Temple of the true God. To extract the heart and the sinews from the oracles of God, and to boast of honouring those oracles, is the modern stratagem of the infidel, by which he at first disarms, and then poisons the unsuspicious and confused mind of unstable and unlearned men. He first puts their spirit to sleep by droning in their ears a multitude of texts, perversely applied, to 'prove,' as he calls it, that his is 'the religion of the Bible,' and then he pierces them through and through with heresies.

"And what sort of honour is that which the Freemasons bestow upon the Bible, and of which in the anxious justification of their chaplains we hear so much? On this, as on the other religious questions connected with their body, we will call one of the most celebrated of their chaplains, as the fairest witness we can find, that we may give the fairest representation of their case. 'As a Mason,' says the charge at initiation, 'you are to study the sacred law.' And what does Dr. Oliver say to this? We tremble to

quote his fearful words. '*In England the Bible; but in countries where that book is unknown, whatever is understood to contain the will or law of God!*' Yes, this is the Freemasons' honour of that book. It is but one compartment of 'the Sacred Law,'—the oracle of Delphi, and what we call 'the oracles of God,' are but different tones of the same divine voice sounding in the world. Here we have a Christian priest, a minister of Christ, actually belonging to a body, which, on his own plain confession, looks upon the Bible only as *a* revelation of God, and which recognises the creeds of heathens equally as portions of the sacred law. The Bible and the Koran are placed upon a level, as species and varieties of the genus of revelation; the Bible is the species here, the Koran is the species among Mahometans. 'Read the Koran,' says Dr. Oliver to the Turks, 'Read the Bible,' says Dr. Oliver to the Christian; 'both volumes are but parts and sections of the Sacred Law; and both of you, by suppressing the points of difference in your two revelations, can meet together, according to our Masonic principle, in one common religion.' Such treatment of God's Word, however it may startle us where it is so plainly put, is after all but the natural, the necessary result of those deistical principles on which the Masonic body rests. They cannot, consistently with those principles, recognise the Christian as the one true revelation, nor in their honour of the Bible can they insist upon the honour of its peculiar doctrines: so that theirs is an honour of the

Bible, *after* all those peculiar doctrines, which make it a revelation of better promises than other so-called revelations give, have been put out of sight and covered. As those peculiar doctrines, which we especially call 'the Christian verities,' go beyond the one 'religion in which all men agree,' so, when the Freemasons carry the Bible on their cushions in supposed reverence, they do not mean to include in that honour those Christian verities."

In another article on Mrs. Vidal's well-known tales, "Cabramatta and Woodleigh Farm," he expresses with his usual power and graphic truth what he, together with so many others, had keenly felt,—the alienation of the middle classes, who people our cities and towns, from the Church, and the momentous importance of increasing every possible means of reaching that intelligent and influential mass of men:—

"But one class has almost escaped our notice: we have walked amid the cedars of the mountains; we have laboured in the flats and levels at the bottom of the hills; but the half-way district, the middle region of men, the middling classes, have but slightly attracted the Church's toils. We have left this important class alone; we have let it increase amongst us without grappling with it in any deep or searching way; its internal life is almost as unknown as Central Africa; its internal codes, its principles, its habits, its modes of thought, its temptations, its

amusements, all lie like an unexplored desert or a frozen sea. The whole class of tradespeople and shopkeepers, with their maxims, their conventionalities, their usages, have been well-nigh untouched. We look in at the shop-windows; we traffic across the counter; we receive, as purchasers, studied civility; we look at the respectful outsides of men; we hold mercantile converse; but here all communication ends; it is a mere buying and selling intercourse,—a cold, stiff, business-like interchange of words; our talk is of ribbons, or grocery, or furniture, or plate, as it may be; it is mere shopping. But what foot has passed all those bales of goods, those long counters with busy customers on one side and pale shopmen or shopwomen on the other? What foot has pressed into the shop 'parlour,' or to the apprentice's room, or learnt the private life of the principal, or the private manners of the apprentices? Who knows anything, for instance, of the goings on, the recreations, the leisure hours of the young men in the large drapers' shops, who are measuring tapes, or silks, or calico all the day? The clergy, if the truth be told, have but little knowledge on this matter; and as they have little knowledge, they have little weight: they feel their tradesmen to be difficult parishioners to feel with or to know; and not unnaturally, though wrongly, they have somewhat shrunk from diving deeper into the character of this class, or from throwing themselves into their ways, and working themselves into anything like real commu-

nion. They pass into drawing-rooms; they mix with the higher orders, because they have come from them, and this is their natural position: it is true they are now acting upon the higher orders in a more ministerial way, and are obtaining a wholesome influence of a higher kind, but their position by birth helps them in this matter; there are many sympathies between them and the higher orders. They also find no difficulty in a free thorough intercourse with the poor; they lift up the latch of the cottage or of the houses in the back streets, and take their seat by the fireside, and are received with friendly courtesy; the intercourse on both sides is open, genuine, and unreserved, without artificial stiffness. But with the tradesman it is different. An occasional formal call, an occasional admission into the parlour, in which hang the portraits of the tradesman and his wife, an occupation of the bright mahogany arm-chair with its horse-hair bottom, is as much as many clergy can boast of, while the conversation is on both sides stiff, conventional, icy, and restrained. Neither party really knows each other; neither party talks freely; neither party thaws; and the visit ends with little fruit on either side.

"We do not mean to say that the ice is not thick, and that it is not a difficult matter to thrust the wedge into the thick-grained material of that peculiar class which, as it hangs between the high and low, just risen above the low and aspiring toward the high, wants the natural courtesy or freedom of the

one, and the more easy and conscious refinement of the other; it is a class somewhat touchy, sensitive, afraid of not doing 'the proper thing,' oppressed with artificialities, afraid of losing dignity, profoundly versed in mysterious and peculiar laws of etiquette, the occupants of a middle territory which they tremblingly hold, ever fearful of aggression on either side, neither at the top of the ladder nor at the bottom, suspended between earth and air, dreading to be pulled down by those beneath them or trodden down by those above them, the half-castes of our social system, too keenly alive to castes and grades, and ever suspicious of inroads on their position. But still, while many circumstances combine to make them a class of difficult access, hard intimately or closely to approach, yet enough has not been done to gain admittance among them, or to influence them for good. With all these freezing points among them, there is heart and feeling, and many excellent traits and tendencies are to be found beneath that crust of mannerism; there are sympathies that may be stirred; spiritual longings to be satisfied, when once the apparel, the artificial coating of the inner man of the heart, can be unstarched. And it is now time to be stirring in this cause; past neglects must be remedied; the Church must no longer withhold herself from the tradesman class; we must not content ourselves with gazing at shop-fronts; we must not creep round by the edges of the desert, but must plunge boldly into the interior life.

We have lost time; we have lost ground already; large parts of London, of Manchester, of our commercial and manufacturing districts, have slipped out of our hands, and must be regained. We owe it to them to go among them, if our Church is to be the Church of all; and we may be sure, that whatever class we may have neglected, therein we shall find the sharpest and strongest weapons that are formed against us.

"Not only have the clergy failed as pastors to obtain any real footing among those we speak of, of a decided kind, but other means of influence have been little used. Take our literature: has this been adapted to the middling classes? Has it described a tradesman's life? has there been anything between our 'Susan Carters' and our 'Margaret Percivals,' any midway works bearing directly on the peculiar state of life in these classes, shewing intimate acquaintance with their peculiar features? Of course there are many books which are of a general character, which are not for this class or that, and which suit all alike. But with the various modes of thought, tone, tendencies, pursuits, influences, prejudices, at work in each separate class, we want a certain degree of what may be called class-writing; and, as a matter of fact, we *have* written for different classes, though we have excepted this particular class. Of course we are speaking generally throughout: there are some books for this class; there are some clergy who have found their way into their interior life.

"And yet we see the leisure of the whole trading masses begins to be increased; the 'early closing' movement is an important one which the Church must not forget or overlook: the whole life is not given up to ribbons, and grocery, and soap; the streets in the evening no longer glitter with the light of busy shops, a glitter that was dearly bought, and that helped to burn out the minds and bodies of the shopmen so ceaselessly employed. Whether the time gained will be really gained, rests much with the Church; more time is not of itself a gain; it is a space that may be filled with poisonous weeds or fair flowers; it may give occasion to wildness and hurtful festivities, or to mental improvement sanctified by a religious spirit: never was good literature more wanted than among these freed apprentices and their masters; there is a taste for literature rising up among them; but it is not Church-like, or even religious; as yet, Chambers' books strew 'the parlour' table, and reign supreme."

It was the conviction of the necessity of influencing the middle classes through the press, as one means of acting upon their mind, that led him shortly before he left England to undertake a monthly publication called the "National Miscellany," which was intended to provide healthful reading of a light caste, to pave the way for what was deeper and more strictly religious. An article found among his

papers, (on "Almshouses,") written for this Miscellany, but never printed, is here subjoined, as a sample of the kind of subject and style of writing which marked the publication :—

"In wandering about the pleasant villages and older towns of England, I have been struck here and there by a low range of gable-ended buildings, with green lawns before the doors, and honeysuckle climbing about the old casements. Mostly in the centre of this little group of houses, clustered together, there is some inscription which testifies that a Miles Purvis or a Marmaduke Browning, merchant, erected these almshouses for six aged widows and six aged widowers of this parish, A.D. 1674, a little earlier or a little later. And on enquiring the history of these said calm retreats for old age, where feeble widows and helpless old men are able to husband the flickering flame of life in their native place, amid their old haunts, their old companions, and within reach of the old church where they have been wont to worship their whole life through, I have found that the history of these almshouses commonly forms some such tale as this. The aforesaid Miles, or the aforesaid Marmaduke, was the village tailor's apprentice, and whether from being well beaten by a hard master, or being of an adventurous spirit, started off to better himself with youthful hopefulness to London, or some great town, thinking the streets were paved with gold, and that the country lad had the world before him. Then

came want, friendlessness, years of servitude, many bitter looks cast towards the old village, the old home; then the patient spirit drawn out by trial; the persevering struggle; the gradual advance in life; the rise from step to step; the increased ascent; the changed tide of fortune; the prosperous days shining forth; the station and the wealth; and then, amid all civic dignities, and riches, and repute, the memory of the old village, the old folks in the one straggling street, the trials and the struggles of the poor, the hunger and the want,—and then Miles' heart, or Marmaduke's heart, melts beneath the alderman's robe, with its grand fur, and he recollects what he was, what he felt, what he endured. Though he has not for years visited the place, it all rises up before his mind. There it is, the old man who shook his head when he talked of going away, the old woman who for a crust of bread and the broken meat would come to scrub his master's shop, and often save him from a cuff, or bid him to be of good heart, when he was in a despairing mood.

"And as these things rose up in his mind, and all his boyish days stood before him, as it were, he resolved on doing something for the place of his birth and boyhood. This was thought of, and that was thought of, but at last Miles or Marmaduke, the rich merchant, remembering the aged and the poor, resolved to erect an almshouse in his native place for six old women and six old men, and to endow it out of his ample means. After his day of business was over,

he would go to his desk and there delight himself on winter's nights in drawing out a scheme for the governance of the whole. He would settle all about the dark cloaks of the women, and the allowance of the men; how they were to be elected, what they were to have a week; what rules of order were to be observed; what lands the endowment was to come from, what manner of building was to be raised; the size the chapel was to be of, and the chaplain's lodge. No pleasure was so great as that of settling the whole almshouse scheme; and there in his own hand was the scheme drawn out, so carefully, with such precision, and with such minute details, that we could see that no small space of time, no slight care was spent. And then, after this, the plot of ground was bought, and the townspeople or the villagers talked of the new almshouse, and some thought it dear and some cheap; some wondered how he could make so much fuss about the poor; some thought it a wise plan; some recollected all manner of tales about him when a boy, and always thought there was 'something in him,' and that he would rise,—though these prophecies were not delivered till after the event; and some thought it was all luck, and a dangerous thing to the State to have such 'upstarts' put into high places.

"However, while the gossips were having their say, wondering, or not being the least surprised, praising or making light of him, the work went on. And when all was finished the merchant came down,

and on the feast of St. Luke went to church with the first six poor men and six poor women whom he appointed, and the rector preached a good, affectionate sermon about the duty of loving the poor, and the blessings which the poor may bring upon the rich by their good-will and their prayers.

"Then in due time Miles or Marmaduke died, and he had left instructions to be buried in the old church at home, and to be followed by the almshouse folks, to whom he left a black cloak or a black coat apiece; and as they all stood round the grave, with their bent forms and wrinkled faces, as the coffin was lowered, many a tear made its way down their cheeks, and the merchant had some true 'mourners,' who did not put on, like 'mutes' at our fine funerals, a hired gravity and a professional look of woe.

"Since that time the almshouse has had, like other things, its changes of fortune, its ups and downs: sometimes the governors have been scrupulously faithful to their trust, most anxious to admit those most worthy of admittance, and to do the utmost good with the founder's institution; at other times they have put in their decayed butlers, whom they wanted to pension off at a cheap rate to themselves, and who had loved their cellars too well; or the appointments all went by interest, and favour, and intrigue, not by worth; sometimes there was peace and brotherly feeling amongst the almsfolks, sometimes a good deal of bickering and strife; but on the whole—and in this evil world, we must always judge

of things by their general effect, and not by their particular abuses for a time,—on the whole, it has worked well. Many a hoary head found shelter in time of need, and many a wrinkled hand was lifted up to the throne of grace in heartfelt thankfulness for such a quiet resting-place after hard and unsuccessful toil.

"Such, then, is the sort of history which I have woven out of the various accounts of these old almshouses, which are amongst the best ornaments of our old towns and villages. But where, I often ask, where are the modern almshouses; where that old spirit of love for the poor which those who have risen in the world ought to feel for those who are at the bottom of the hill? Where are those grateful offerings of the thriving tradesman, the prosperous merchant, who has carved out his own fortune, and by a good strong head has made his way upward in the world? Where the love of the village, or the native town, and any goodly proofs of care for the worn-out, the infirm, the decrepid, who have now to be dragged from their old haunts and homes, and crowded into dismal unions? Alas! it is but here and there, few and far between, that modern almshouses rise up, or that successful men think of providing for the last days of the destitute. It is more common to see the 'villas,' and the 'mansions,' and the 'places in the country,' absorbing the wealth amassed in the shop or the merchant's office, and the poor are left to Boards of Guardians and Relieving Officers, to that

legal provision which, however well managed on the whole, does not pretend to do more than keep body and soul together in the cheapest way.

"It always strikes me as a very sad thing to see old folks packed off from the place where they have spent their lives; and a quantity of old people from a multitude of places, each uprooted and torn from his accustomed home, huddled together, with all the physical and mental infirmities of age, strikes me as one of the most painful spectacles in the land. A place stripped of its old folks is a melancholy place, and a place filled with them equally melancholy. A park filled with nothing but young trees is but a poor concern to look at, and one filled with nothing but old and decayed ones equally wanting in excellence: what one likes is the mixture of the two; here and there the old oak, with its topmost branches bare, and its trunk hollow, and then some fine stalwart timber, middle-aged trees, rich in foliage, spreading their broad shadows over the grass. So with towns or villages. We want all sorts amongst us, young cheeks and wrinkled ones, the curly-headed lads and white-haired old men. This makes up the goodly picture of human life. But to weed out the old, to rend away all the hoary heads of the poor, to pack off the stooping forms of the aged, to bundle them into one great workhouse, as if they were so much waste material, choking up the way of younger life, to tell them, in so many words, we have no reverence for them, no care, no love or compassion,

but that they are in the way, and must be done for as cheaply as can be, is sad, sad work, which will make, at last, trade wither, and our wealth to turn into poverty, and all our commercial successes to be without a blessing.

"We want a different state of things from this; and those thriving men who have well-filled purses tinkling in their pockets, who have got on in life, who have risen from being shopmen to be shopkeepers, who have the highest stool in merchants' offices, and are now sitting in bankers' parlours, and have become partners in good substantial firms, whose name is worth so much money, and who 'stand high' among business men, would do well to consider what is here said to them about almshouses."

It is said that a man's character is better seen in his recreations, than in his more serious employments. The observation applies to these lighter pieces of miscellaneous writing; for the kindly disposition, and hearty, healthful English feeling, elevated by a prevailing tone of simple, genuine piety, which mark such fugitive compositions as that last inserted, make them to be very characteristic of the writer.

The other articles of any importance written during this period relate to the Church Penitentiary movement; but these more fitly will fall under our notice in connection with that great work, which requires to be dealt with in a separate chapter.

THE CHURCH PENITENTIARY CAUSE.

We have outrun the course of our narrative; for the incidents to be related in this chapter occurred during the latter part of the period which forms the subject of the two last chapters. It seemed important to bring together in one continuous history the rise and progress of the Church Penitentiary movement.

Mr. Armstrong's work on behalf of fallen women specially connects his life with that of the Church of England. It may justly be regarded as one of the greatest and most hopeful efforts of the present century, and one calculated far more than can now be estimated to influence the penitential discipline and practical condition of the Church. In some respects, Mr. Armstrong would have seemed an unlikely person to take a leading place in such a movement. His extreme sensitiveness and habitual shrinking from publicity in spiritual matters of a delicate kind, were hindrances in the way

of his coming so prominently forward as the origination of such a scheme required. And it is probable that it often cost him strong efforts to overcome the timidity and reserve of his nature during its progress. But there were other elements of character, springs of remarkable energy, which counteracted and overbore the reluctance caused by such tendencies. As already has been said, the secret source of his untiring ardour in this cause was the exceeding warmth and depth of his love for any object that excited his compassion. He was impressed with the deep misery of this class of sufferers, and the injustice their case met with. This strong feeling, combined with his ardent sanguine hopefulness, urged him on, and carried along with him those whose hearts God had prepared for this good work. It has already been pointed out how his thoughts had been occupied, as under a peculiar guidance, with questions affecting the weal or woe of different classes of society, and this habitual bent of mind now concentrated itself on one engrossing object, all the more keenly because of the prevailing neglect with which it had generally been treated.

Mr. Armstrong is unquestionably to be regarded as the originator of the Church Peni-

tentiary movement, although in this, as is the case in all great changes whether in the natural or the spiritual world, the thoughts of other minds were simultaneously drawn in the same direction. The then Archdeacon Manning had published a sermon, "Saints and Penitents," preached at the Magdalen, which had a very considerable effect. But this and other like expressions of the feelings and convictions then stirred were but insulated cases. There had been little communing together, no attempt at combination, and no awakening of the public mind; no sign of action. The cause needed a special instrument to gather together the scattered elements of sympathy, and impress on a wider circle the idea of a new effort adequate to the greatness of the cause. To effect this was Mr. Armstrong's distinguishing grace, given to him of God, and his praise now throughout the Church.

It is not intended in anything here said to disparage the work done by the old-established Penitentiaries. They alone had for many years stood in the gap to provide a remedy against the dreadful progress of perhaps the greatest spiritual curse prevailing in the midst of us. They had no doubt effected considerable good, and many admirable persons had been devoting

themselves to their support and management. But it was a general and increasing conviction, that some vital change was needed in the plans that had been pursued; that the root of the evil had not been reached; and that both greater powers of influence upon the inner life, and a fuller working out of the Church's system, were needed to promote any adequate and satisfactory results. Hence the whole work languished, and obtained little confidence. In the public mind there was for the most part either a complete torpor or a chilling hopelessness as to the possibility of any good being done.

Of the commencement of Mr. Armstrong's interest in this cause we have no record. The following letter from Mr. William Ford, of Gray's Inn, gives the first intimation we possess of his thoughts having been drawn to the subject, and from this letter we learn that it had attracted his attention for some years, and that he had already worked out in his mind the general principles of the new system which he was destined to introduce. His subsequent more defined views were but a development of what he hastily sketched in his conversation with Mr. Ford, on the evening which proved so eventful as the starting-point of this momentous undertaking.

The following extract, therefore, from Mr. Ford's letter, addressed to Mrs. Armstrong, in answer to an enquiry on the subject, has no ordinary interest:—

"*Highgate,*
"*Oct.* 28, 1856.

"My dear Mrs. Armstrong,

"It was in the spring of 1848 that my dear friend was staying at my house in Milfield-lane. We sat up talking after the rest of the family had retired. The conversation fell upon the melancholy position of females who had committed sins of unchastity.

"I shall never forget how his voice quivered with emotion as he descanted (with a pathos and earnestness which those who have heard him preach can understand) on their pitiable, almost hopeless, condition; how the same sin, when committed by men, is deemed venial,—when committed by women, unpardonable, whereas in the eyes of God the guilt of all is equal; how all egress from the practice of this particular sin seemed barred against the weaker sex; how feeble and unsuccessful were the efforts of existing Penitentiaries, and how the Church had neglected its duties towards her erring daughters.

"This led to the discussion of the remedy for these glaring evils. He mentioned that his mind had been at work for some years on the subject; that it specially enlisted his sympathies; that he was convinced no real good could be effected except through the

instrumentality of *self-devoted and unpaid ladies*, working upon *sound Church principles;* and that less attention should be paid to work, and more to gaining a religious influence over the mind of the Penitent, than prevailed in existing institutions. He felt that this experiment of Sisterhoods was of the greatest importance, as well as difficulty and delicacy; that many who were friendly to Sisterhoods generally, might shrink from entering, or encouraging relatives to enter, a Sisterhood of this particular character; that failure would be a very serious evil, because it would discourage the formation of Sisterhoods for any purpose; that it would be difficult to find ladies willing and able to devote themselves to this work, and not easy to procure funds, because the conventional usages of society almost forbade the open discussion of the subject; and without discussion and ventilation, how was interest in the cause to be excited, or called into action where it already existed?

"It was clear that the subject must be brought under the consideration of the public; but how? A book we voted too heavy,—newspapers unsuitable. The 'Quarterly' or 'Edinburgh' Reviews seemed to us the most fitting channels. It occurred to me that my neighbour, the late Mr. Thomas Clarke, then solicitor to the Ordnance Office, had been the solicitor, and still was the friend, of Murray the publisher; that I might obtain through him and Murray an introduction for your husband to Lockhart, the editor

of the 'Quarterly,' who might possibly be interested in the subject, and prevailed upon to insert in his 'Review' an article to be written by your husband, and revised by himself.

* * * * *

"I remain, my dear Mrs. Armstrong,
"Always yours most truly,
"WM. FORD."

From this time the cause continued to advance with a rapid progress. Mr. Clarke, at Mr. Ford's request, kindly communicated with Mr. Murray, and the article was quickly written and despatched, as the following letter records:—

"*Tidenham Vicarage,*
"*May* 23, 1848.

"My dear Ford,

"I am really very much obliged to you for your exertions in the Penitentiary cause. I packed off my article yesterday, as I had spun it to sufficient length, and got as great an amount of English statistics as I thought it advisable to give. Should the 'Quarterly' accept my MS., which is at best doubtful, I look upon it only as a pioneer, and fresh materials might be worked up for other channels. Should the 'Quarterly' reject my MS., I propose putting it into the form of a pamphlet, in which case I should be glad to improve it by additional information

The more I enter into the subject, the more I get interested in it. I confess to a certain *furor* in the cause.

"Believe me, in haste,
"Yours most truly,
"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

The news of the article having been accepted, together with increasing grounds of hope, and fresh plans for a further advance, were communicated to his friend in August.

"*Tidenham Vicarage,*
"*August* 17, 1848.

"My dear Ford,

"I know you will be glad to hear that my article has met with Lockhart's approval, and I have just been correcting the proof-sheets. This is a tremendous lift to the cause, as it will get it placed before a large number of excellent men, lay as well as clerical. Palmer, the editor of the 'English Review,' will also admit an article from my hand in the Christmas number of the 'English Review,' in which I shall go more into detail, and give a sort of sketch of my proposed Penitentiary. In the 'Quarterly' I have merely shewn the want of more Penitentiaries, and the duty of supporting them. I have greatly to thank you for getting the door of the 'Quarterly' opened. Now since I saw you, I have been able to interest many persons in the

cause, and as far as I can judge, there seems a strong latent feeling in the Church that something more ought to be done than has been done. My little private agitation has been in the highest degree encouraging. I am now busy in getting the names of such clergy and laity as would approve of the general idea of a good *Church* Penitentiary, for I feel that one must not content oneself with making general remarks, but must try to put forward some definite plan and proposal, and to band men together for the execution of such a plan.

"As I propose giving all the proceeds of the article to the cause, I thought it might be well to plunge boldly into a positive proposal for a new Penitentiary about a couple of months after the appearance of the 'Quarterly,' by advertising in the papers in some such way as this:—'Proposed Church Penitentiary. —All such clergy and laity as desire to aid in the formation of a new Hospital for female Penitents, are requested to communicate with the Honorary Secretaries, A. B., C. D.'

"In the meantime a considerable number of names will have been privately got. I am ready to undertake the office of Secretary in conjunction with any good layman thoroughly hearty in the cause, and resident in London, if such can be found.

"Immediately after Christmas, when the effect of the aforesaid advertisement has begun to be seen, and the article in the 'English Review' has made a certain way among its readers, I thought of printing

a good plain, strong address in the name of the Secretaries, with the outline of our plan, and (with permission) the names of all our supporters. Then in February (D. V.) I thought of coming to London and agitating as far as possible, and, if possible, getting a Committee afloat. Such is my Quixotic project. I have told you all this because I thought you might give me good counsel on any portion of my plan, and privately agitate yourself in such a way, and on such portions of the plan, as you approve.

"Of course the attempt would be really Quixotic, unless I believed there was a strong consciousness of neglected duty upon this point among a large class of Churchmen; but as I think I see a sense of this neglect, a child's hand may set such a cause afloat, which under other circumstances an army of giants could not move. This is my ground for moving so decidedly in it myself. Somebody must begin, and it little matters who that somebody is, though he be only a remote country parson. 'Is there not a *cause?*' The *cause*, I think, will tell in the present temper of the Church. At any rate, it is worth the trial. At your leisure, let me have your opinion: I shall esteem it a great favour.

"Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

Mr. Ford meanwhile had been active in discussing the subject with his friends in London,

and one fruit of his exertions was the following valuable letter from the Rev. John Lake Crompton, expressing his opinions as to the form into which the proposed Church Penitentiaries should be cast, thus drawing out in detail one portion of the idea which Mr. Armstrong had put forth in general terms.

"29, *Howland-street,*
"*August* 26, 1848.

"My dear Ford,

"I am not aware of the existence of any such institutions as that proposed in Mr. Armstrong's letter; and if there be none, it is certainly a desideratum. I believe the Romanists have such an institution at Bermondsey. If the attempt be made, I hope the founders will take the highest ground possible. It must be borne in mind every instant, that the idea to be realized is one of the *spiritual* works of mercy, and *not* one of the *corporal* ones; that in whatever degree the latter may enter into the design, it is only accidentally;—that the object is of a *missionary* character; that its Church character is not 'by the way,' but that the *one* end is to bring the Church and those for whom the Hospital is intended into contact. I dwell upon this, because in these days the public are not quick at appreciating it, and their actions will have a tendency to drag the founders into a line of almost *unconscious* compromise. The *popular* sense of the word 'hos-

pital' alone (much as I approve of it in the present instance) will confuse many; whilst many more will derive from it solely the idea of temporal benefit. How should it be otherwise, in days when large masses are wholly ignorant of the Church as a divine institution? And I think this distinctness of idea is of the greatest practical importance. For whence is the *authority* of the institution to proceed? Is it to be a body of well-meaning individuals, members of the Church, who club together to hire agents to recall sinning women from their course of life, some of these agents possibly being clergy without mission, chosen rather from an idea that they have served their apprenticeship in that kind of labour, than from any sense of their being thereto called? And is the Bishop of the diocese to be made PRESIDENT for the sake of his name, whilst the whole POWER resides in the majority of a self-chosen committee, or, what is worse, an annually elected committee? These things do very well where the object is merely of a temporal nature, but will not, I apprehend, suit the present case. A committee would, I suppose, be necessary to bring the Hospital into existence, and perchance to raise funds afterwards for its support. But I do not believe in its being able to carry such an institution to its highest degree of usefulness, to say nothing of the likelihood of its bringing it to nothing.

"I have read somewhere, lately, (I think in some extracts from Sewell's Journal at St. Columba, or

Radley Hall,) a strong expression of opinion that institutions of sundry kinds cannot succeed under the management of committees and trustees. Such an institution as that concerning which I write requires a FOUNDER, who need not have a penny, but who will forecast with wisdom and Christian piety in its fullest sense, the mould in which the matter is to be shaped: one earnest mind dwelling continually on an idea, and asking advice of friends, will do more and better than a dozen who meet for an hour once a-fortnight. And the same stamp of man who would frame such an institution would raise its funds, because he would have a deep sense of the value of his object, which would enable him to beg with zeal and importunity. I believe that many worthy women would gladly undertake such part of the conduct as was fitting for them, if one were found who had the faith to appeal boldly to the Church; and such would be worth an army of stipendiary officers, to say nothing of the economy. I believe funds would be obtained as easily for such an institution carried on in this spirit, as if you created a large 'ladies' committee;' and the same boldness would meet with such a response as would induce our bishops to venture to give their cautious sanction to it. Times, indeed, at present, are bad, and many have no money to spare; but in an ordinary period, I should not fear for the result of this course. Only there must be simple-minded earnestness, which speaks with no faltering tone. The

Bishop of Oxford's Bill, though rejected, will have in some measure facilitated the proposed scheme.

* * * * *

"I am, my dear Ford,
"Very sincerely yours,
"J. L. CROMPTON."

Mr. Armstrong's next letter shews how rapidly the cause was spreading:—

"*Tidenham Vicarage,*
"*August* 29, 1848.

"MY DEAR FORD,

"I was on the point of answering your first letter this morning, when your second arrived. For both of them I thank you heartily, as they are both most cheerful and inspiriting. Your suggestions are very valuable. I quite agree it would be best to wait till three months have elapsed after the next 'Quarterly,' before we commence a little vigorous advertising. I think it also decidedly best to get names privately from the present time, but not to form any Committee till the spring, at which time (D.V.) I will run up to London. We shall then see our instruments and material in the way of likely men for a good committee, and perhaps we might follow the example of the Nurses' Institution, and privately select a Provisional Committee, taking good care to pick our men: this provisional body might easily be

proposed at any general meeting, to be continued with a few additions. The first Committee is a most important matter, as the whole affair will derive its tone from them. The lay Secretary is indeed a great matter; a host of rare qualifications, coupled with leisure, is required. I only propose myself as Hon. Clerical Secretary *pro tem.;* i. e., till the spring, when the Committee is formed; then it strikes me as best to have two permanent Secretaries, *resident in London,*—one clerical, the other a layman. As the institution would be one for all England, and take Penitents from all parts, so we might have local secretaries also, by way of keeping up interest in good localities. I would gladly act for this part of the world; I have an active friend who would act in Exeter, another in Oxford, and your friend Mr. Williams in Cambridge.

"The thing is already getting on in the way of promises of support, and Mr. Chester's cheering letter is a fresh corroboration of the truth I feel more and more, that there is a chord in good men's hearts which has only to be touched. The more recruiting sergeants we can get like him, of his mind and spirit, the better. I use a very homely phrase, but it expresses what we want, i. e., a few warm minds, in different circles, to rouse minds to the subject. The 'Morning Chronicle' will do us good service, even by an allusion of the right sort, when the time comes. A friend of the editor of the 'Times' has promised his utmost influence with him. As to the

'Christian Remembrancer,' it is of great importance to get that on our side to take up the subject. Most willingly would I write for it; and in this case, as the 'Quarterly' is a very general article, I would make my article in the 'English' somewhat ecclesiastical and doctrinal, and then in the 'Christian Remembrancer' go into details of the project, and suggest in detail the sort of institution required. I deeply thank Mr. Williams for his exertions, and should be glad to know whether my services would be definitely accepted. I have written for that Review before, and thus by letter know the editor. . . . . .

"Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

The plan of an actual institution grew by degrees, and different portions of the scheme quickly assumed a definite shape. Mr. Armstrong communicates in September some further thoughts which he had been working out:—

"*Tidenham Vicarage,*
"*Sept.* 8, 1848.

"My dear Ford,

"I must now be somewhat merciful to you in the way of letters, as you are again under the harness of business. I am glad your mind has been at work upon the practical details and difficulties of the Peni-

tentiary, because before the time comes for positive legislation in the matter, we shall be able thoroughly to meet many points that would then arise. . . . . .

"I think it should be possible for, at any rate, a certain portion to continue *permanent* inmates: many, conscious of their weakness, would prefer staying where they felt their very position offered security. We might have a permanent ward; many offices of trust might be conferred on them; they might be placed as a sort of monitors. Again, I am strongly in favour of an auxiliary Hospice in some colony under clerical control, where we might draft off the promising Penitents, and secure them a fresh start in *good* places and families, instead of exposing them to the worse places at home, where bad pay and hard work might again break down their virtue. Again, there should be a probationary ward, and a very careful classification throughout the house. It should be in the country, not less than six, nor more than twenty, miles from London, in order to secure fresh air and capacious grounds for exercise, (a most important point, both spiritually and bodily). . . . . .

"As regards 'the constitution' of the Penitentiary, I do not see how we are to do without a council, though without an annual election. The Warden clearly must not only have statutes, but some overseers to see that the statutes are observed. I suppose it would be best to get the modes of management of various bodies where councils exist, and to see their powers. Some of the public schools seem to

have the sort of council we want. They do not usually interfere in any way, but they elect the master, and leave him pretty much to himself as long as he well manages the school. Yet while he is independent he is not irresponsible, but can be called to order in case he should break the traces. By examination and comparison of statutes and governing bodies, we might be able to get an idea of a proper constitution; and I quite agree with you in thinking that no set of statutes should be sealed, say, till two years of trial were over. At the end of the first year we might have a thorough examination of the working of the first draft of statutes, and a thorough revision; at the end of the second year, a second revision and formal confirmation. So, again, as regards the internal management: we might get the apportionment of hours, of work, modes of discipline and punishment from existing Penitentiaries both here and abroad, and then insert a warmer and more thorough religious system. I doubt not the existing bodies, with their experience, could furnish us with good plans of *secular* management, if I may so speak; and we might ourselves well weigh the additions that should be made, in order to render it a more decidedly religious house than those that exist; and in this case, too, we might have a two years' trial. I think it would be no bad plan to open it gradually, so as to feel one's way the better, and get discipline well fixed before the whole house was full..... Mind, I like to hear all your

thoughts; it is well thoroughly to think over the whole subject, from its very deep and solemn importance. I feel great pleasure in all your communications.

"Believe me,

"Most sincerely yours,

"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

One most interesting point in these details is the fact that so many ardent minds were conspiring together, each bringing out of its treasures some important feature of the general idea, and adding its contribution to the sum total of intense thought and affection which was now being more and more concentrated from so many different quarters on this one subject. One of those with whom Mr. Ford had corresponded was Mr. Brett, of Stoke Newington, and it elicited from him a response which shews what deep and stirring thoughts were at that time awakened in men's bosoms, waiting only some slight touch to kindle into energetic life.

"*Stoke Newington,*

"*Sept.* 13, 1848.

"My dear Mr. Ford,

"I hope you will excuse all faults, as I sit down late after a fatiguing day to make a few remarks on the very interesting letters which you have sent me. The subject of them has long so touched my inmost

heart, that if I had possessed time, money, and influence, I should have made some effort to rescue those unhappy beings from their sin and degradation. . . . . Archdeacon Manning has already expressed his feelings on this subject. He says, in his sermon preached at the Magdalen Hospital,—'It is urgently necessary, 1st, that these institutions be *greatly* enlarged, for the reception of Penitents in London alone; 2ndly, that institutions of the same kind be formed in *the country:* for instance, in *all our large and more populous towns.* A Magdalen Hospital would be of the greatest benefit in *every diocese;* the parochial clergy would feel thankful for such an efficient auxiliary to their pastoral ministry,' &c. How remarkably the same thoughts have occurred to Mr. Armstrong. Is it not a voice from God? . . . . . I would therefore exhort your worthy friend to go forward in the love and might of Him who has enkindled the desire in his heart; go forward in the resistless power of calm, unwavering faith, and the work will prosper in his hand. Let him use the instrumentality already enlisted, and then, instead of advertisements, let him put forth an address full of burning thoughts and burning words, offering himself and asking for support, and the means will assuredly come. I would put away all thoughts of a fine building and a large number of inmates, and begin in a small way, so as to let the institution gradually expand. To commence with a house full of such women would break

the heart and spirit of any man. There would be no difficulty in procuring a commodious and suitable house near London, or, at least, one which a few hundred pounds would fit up for the purpose. Having thus far organized the institution, it would be well worthy of serious consideration how far a well-selected council might be necessary to give stability and permanency to it. But on this matter we will talk on Tuesday.

* * * * *

"Thursday morning.—How would it do to have a Warden, Sub-Warden, and Sisters, governed by a body of fixed statutes, and subject to the *visitorial power of the diocesan?* I think it would be very unsafe in most cases to give recommendations after so short a period as two years, unless in such cases as mentioned in page 6 of Magdalen Report. In other cases, you have not only to break the strength of the most powerful and soul-enslaving sins, but you have to impart new life and power to a palsied soul, which will be repeatedly borne down by the fierce assaults of a strong temptation. . . . . I must apologise, my dear Sir, for this rambling and prosy letter, which I trust you will excuse. I hope I need not say how ready I shall be to throw the energies of a loving heart and resolute will into the cause, which has so long dwelt upon my conscience; I will spare no pains to enlist the sympathies and obtain the support of all good people.

"With the highest admiration of Mr. Armstrong's

zeal, energy, and self-devotion, and with earnest prayers for his success,

"I remain,
"My dear Mr. Ford,
"Yours sincerely,
"R. BRETT."

Among other questions that came under consideration at this time was that of endowments. Some persons entertained doubts of their expediency. It was feared lest they tended to generate inactivity, by removing one great stimulus to exertion. These doubts drew forth some judicious remarks from Mr. Armstrong, in a letter which also contains the fuller expression of an idea already slightly mentioned, viz., that of providing in the proposed houses the means of permanent shelter for such Penitents as seemed to be too weak ever again to bear the difficulties or temptations of the world. In a letter of later date, Mr. Armstrong speaks again of such a provision, as "a point in my mind of the highest importance."

"*Tidenham Vicarage,*
"*Sept.* 16, 1848.

"MY DEAR FORD,

"Your zeal in our cause is perfectly refreshing, and truly your friends seem to have good hearts

too for this great work. It is of infinite use to have the subject thus working in many minds, and thus looked at in all possible lights. The very difficulties of the undertaking claim earnest deliberation; its awfulness as a religious work rises before me in increased and increasing size. When, indeed, one considers the *immense mass* of wanderers who are yearning for such a house, I do feel anxious that some *great* work should be set on foot: as so many souls are perishing every year, *time* is indeed important; if one hundred women press for admission, it is sad to be compelled to drive them back. Again, are we not to consider the duty of *male* penitents? I can imagine great penitential offerings coming from individuals by way of restitution, when the subject is put before them in a plain, strong way. I feel that, for the sake of such male penitents, we should ask help for a *great* institution. It is this consideration that prompted me to speak of 'advertisements:' surely we should give *publicity* to our work, that male penitents might know where to give alms. From most unexpected quarters such alms might often come. There is a difference between 'puffing' and really giving the members of the Church *knowledge* of our proposed institution and opportunity of aiding it. *Size*, too, is required in the House of Mercy, if we are to have *permanent* inmates, who may there be sheltered from the 'slippery places' of the world. And my feeling deepens of the importance of not only allowing, but *encourag-*

ing the Penitents to stay, instead of hurrying them out to make way for fresh applicants, as, I fear, is the case in the confined and imperfect institutions now at work. Of course, if we have a large institution, we must increase the staff. Thus, supposing it is to hold one hundred, there should be a Warden and two Sub-Wardens, and a sisterhood of ten widows; that is, allotting ten of the women to each of the Sisters, and about thirty to each clergyman. I am supposing two branches, one of permanent, the other of temporary inmates. I cannot myself see the objection to endowment for such an institution, nor quite go along with the idea that faith is weak when endowment is desired. We must remember that the *divine* system of tithes is a system of endowment: and though, of course, the Wardenship might be looked upon as a 'piece of preferment,' we should not get rid of that idea by refusing endowment. Take, for instance, the existing Magdalen Hospital: a post of some £300 or £400 per annum, made by subscriptions, might be sought for by men not sufficiently devoted to the work. We shall not escape this possibility either way. On the other hand, moreover, in a post of such intense anxiety as that of the Warden, I think it a great matter to remove by a reasonable and moderate endowment, all monetary anxiety from the mind of the Warden. With the weight of such an institution on his soul, he should have little to think of as to worldly means, and have a fixed unfluctuating

income. My idea is, there should be sufficient endowment to support the officers of the house, and that the rest should be supported by subscriptions. I happen to know that the head of an existing unendowed institution cannot always meet demands on his private purse, and has his monetary trials: you little suspect who it is. Give a fixed and not ambitious stipend, and then monetary trials are the faults of ill-managing Wardens, and are not chargeable to the character of the institution. I also regard again the *male* penitents. I can fancy many bent on offering endowment, and wishing by this means to secure *permanency* to such a house. Under any circumstances, there will be fluctuations in the zeal, devotedness, and fitness of the presiding powers. Neither endowment nor non-endowment will secure us from these spiritual fluctuations. Mind, I am not speaking in an interested way on the subject, for I assure you I do feel, as the whole awfulness of the question comes nearer to me and in a stronger light, my own unfitness for the Warden's post. I say this in no mock humility,—and God forbid that I should shrink from any *call;* but while I would labour with all my heart and strength for the establishment of such a House of Mercy, and am feeling an increasing intensity of interest in the cause; while I am prepared to ask the Church to trust me, and to devote myself, with such friends as seem rising round us, with all the powers God has given me, to the *formation* of this House of Peni-

tents; yet I do tremble at the thought of undertaking myself so very great a spiritual work as that of being the guide of the Penitents. I think a devoted man might be found, of mature piety, combining tenderness and strictness, who might be appointed to the post when we had got all things ready. I think you will recollect that in one of my former letters I felt myself in a 'strait between two,' feeling that the duty of remaining here, in the peculiar position of this parish, was to be considered, and yet not knowing whether there were a call to this different work. This is to me personally a *most anxious* question. At present I can, however, at least devote myself, with my friends, to the present formation of the institution. I think it might be of use to come up to Town, and have a good thorough talk of the whole matter with yourself and your friends. It certainly appears to me that God is opening the way to us to do something on behalf of our erring members. You could tell me what is the most convenient time for a consultation. Your own letters and those of your friends quite excited me this morning, and my pulse has not yet quite returned to the even tenor of its way. With all kind remembrances,

"Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

"On consideration, I am inclined to qualify my

remarks as to size. Perhaps it would be best to begin with thirty inmates and a well-proportioned staff, so that individual character might be thoroughly cared for and understood, and not to let it ever admit of more than one hundred. That is enough for any single Penitentiary, and sister Penitentiaries might spring up in various parts.

"I wrote all this on Saturday night. I seem to have spoken almost too much about endowment. Let me not be misunderstood; I do most earnestly want it to be a work of faith."

Mention occurs in some of the letters written at this time, of emigration, as affording one important means of future provision for reclaimed Penitents. It is to be observed, that, at least on the scale then contemplated, experience has hitherto failed to verify such expectations. The unsettlement and difficulty of supervision during the voyage; the uncertainty of proper care on landing; the fact of a lower standard of morality prevailing, at least in many parts of the colonies, in comparison with that of the mother country, and the risk of finding due spiritual care, together with the certain cost of the passage and outfit,—combine to render the experiment hazardous, and have hitherto prevented its being made, except in a few rare cases.

On the other hand, experience has altogether disproved the fears which existed, and were expressed in these letters, of unmarried women entering a Sisterhood for the care of Penitents. That the sisters must needs be widows was perhaps a not unnatural feeling, before the experiment had been made. But the clergy who have been subsequently engaged in this work, unanimously agree in feeling that such fears were groundless. Mr. Armstrong's views changed, as he gained more experience.

Shortly after the above letter was written, he speaks on the subject in an altered tone. In a letter dated Oct. 3, 1848, he says,—"As regards the Sisterhood, I somewhat prefer widows to single women, though, perhaps, it would not be desirable positively to exclude them." He was still speaking theoretically, and the writer of this Memoir had the opportunity of knowing that subsequently, when these communities began to be formed, he perceived that there was neither any risk to single women themselves, nor any deficiency of power in their dealing with Penitents. As a necessary safeguard, a very stringent rule is always observed, that the Penitents should not speak to the Sisters of their past sins,—a rule which is the more easy to enforce, because the Penitents

instinctively shrink from such disclosures before the Sisters. The only knowledge which the Sisters have, is that they are dealing with sinners whose faults, as they appear in their conduct within the house, they have to correct, and to whose minds and hearts they have to impart the knowledge of a pure religious life.

The proposed meeting in London was now urged to take place without delay, as appears from a letter of Mr. Ford's, in which he says, —"I should say the earliest day would be the best for your visit to London, as nothing is to be gained by delay. Please give as long a notice as you can of your plans, that I may secure Chester, Crompton, Butterfield, and Dalton, to meet you. Do not hurry your visit, I pray you, for nothing is well done that is hastily done, and surely the most momentous consequences may be expected from the course you may eventually decide upon." Mr. Ford's observation, that at the proposed meeting the selection of a Warden for the House of Mercy, and the question of his (Mr. Armstrong's) offering himself for such an office, would be taken into consideration, led to the following letter in reply. The strong sense of duty, and close watchfulness over his own im-

pulses and inclinations, in this perhaps the most exciting question that ever pressed upon his mind, as well as the lowly sense of his own powers, and love of his parish, which habitually influenced him, come out very strikingly in this letter, and invest it with peculiar interest:—

"*Tidenham Vicarage,*
"*Friday, Sept.* 22, 1848.

"My dear Ford,

"No letter can convey what I want to say, yet I will just ease my mind of a few thoughts, till I can talk out the several points that rise before me. And first of all, I will call to your recollection what I said in one of my former letters, as that is a sort of text of all my present remarks. I told you, if you remember, that when my heart was warming with this cause, I had an impulse to offer myself to the work as a sort of founder, and as something more—as the conductor of the work when fairly launched; but that after this impulse, I had my doubts how far I was justified in quitting my present post, or in going beyond a sort of originatorship of a good Penitentiary, i.e. how far I ought to offer myself as conductor of the institution when formed.

"Now these doubts still meet me. I do not see my way plain before me, and yet I desire most strongly to put aside all worldly considerations what-

ever, and simply to search out my line of duty. There is much on each side that seems to draw me; I am in a strait between two. Now as this is the case, it seems a matter of *duty* not *at once*, or *suddenly*, to offer myself to the post of Warden, for that would be *cutting* the knot which deliberation, prayer, and the strict counsel of my most religious and free-speaking friends, are the most providential means of untying. I think it would be best to keep the Wardenship a *reserved* question, a matter to be settled by-and-by; and I am more inclined to take this course, because I think 'the cause' should stand *on its own merits*. If the thing is good, if the neglect of the Church has been great, if the system of a most religious Penitentiary, with all the proposed apparatus of Warden, Sub-Warden, a Sisterhood, &c., in which the doctrines and practices of the Church shall be thoroughly and warmly carried out, is worthy of the support of good men, surely all of us should put this cause before the Church in faith; we should not be a whit less ardent in carrying out so great an enterprise on behalf of souls, because the point of Wardenship is not at once settled. If we bide our time, and work this cause with all our hearts, and cast it upon the Church in perfect trustfulness, should it not be enough to say both to ourselves and others, 'We will do our very best to get as Warden one who will thoroughly devote himself to the work, and thoroughly carry out all its intentions.' And I am still more impressed with

the belief that the cause itself, without reference to persons, is worthy of trust, and would have trust, from the fact of the ardour already shewn in the few minds which it is now leavening. Take, for instance, yourself: what interest had you in this question a year ago? May not many *clerical* minds be touched with like ardour, and may not many warm friends, now unthought of, rise up admirably fitted for the Wardenship? The chief qualification that stands out to the eye in my own case is simply ardour and heartiness in the cause; but I see the likelihood of other far more mature and pious minds catching this very warmth. For this reason, I do not see the necessity of my committing myself at once.

"If, indeed, I thought the immediate and voluntary offer of one mind warm in the cause as mine is, were necessary to its success, then certainly I would come to as quick a decision as possible. Mind, I am not shrinking from a post of anxious duty. If I felt it my duty, I would at once stand forth. But as regards pressing the cause upon the Church, with the pledge that the best Warden shall be got whom we can get, I see a *plain decided duty;* in short, something I really believe to be a *call.* Though I have already spoken so much of myself, I must continue so to speak. Soberly judging myself, I do not see any peculiar fitness which I have for conducting such an institution. I am speaking now not so much of spiritual fitness as of what I may call constitutional fitness, or an aptness in managing, and calmly

guiding, a corporate body or fellowship. The power of originating is a very different gift from that of conducting. I would not venture to speak of spiritual fitness, though persons might trust me *because* I originated the institution. I know those infinitely better qualified for the conduct of it. But now I come to those Providential circumstances which have all along raised doubts in my mind whether I am justified in offering myself as first Warden: I allude to the peculiar position of this parish. As you know, this parish has not only been singularly subject to change of pastors—residents of ten years' standing seeing in me the fourth vicar—but it has gone through a considerable religious change, I might almost say shock. From a single service on a Sunday they have got to one daily service, to weekly communions, communions on festivals, weekly offertory throughout the congregation, and other such things; and not only this, but a new school is now just about to be opened, and I am already engaged in negotiations for a chapel-of-ease at Tutshill, near the new school, in which an afternoon daily service will be observed. Burr[a] was with me last week, for the purpose of granting a piece of land, and getting Beachley lopped off, and made a separate ecclesiastical district. Besides these coming events, the minds of the people after a great shock are settling down, cordially, on the whole, acquiescing in all that is done, and get-

[a] The late Rev. Henry Scudamore Burr, his predecessor at Tidenham.

ting habituated to the altered system. Now if I was at once to offer myself as Warden, all would be doubt and unsettledness in the people's minds. The chapel-of-ease would not improbably fall to the ground, and when the time of my departure came, I much doubt whether the movement would not be backwards. Now, I confess these thoughts oppress me; I can hardly bear to think of these 1,200 souls either losing privileges, or not having that increase of privileges which it is my heart's desire, by God's blessing, to offer them. Add to which, the place has so agreed with me, that I have been capable of far greater exertions than in any portion of my life. Now when I set these things before me, I do feel a hesitation in at once giving up the rule of this flock. I assure you, by God's help, I only want to see my way. Could I be subsequently convinced that many of my thoughts about a backward movement here were imaginary, or that I ought to undertake the Penitentiary, I will, by God's help, take the post. I feel I am too much speaking of myself, for I think in six months' time our little body of friends will see many instruments rise to their hands, who will at once strike them as best fitted for the presidency of the House of Mercy. I have not talked of my private circumstances; of these I will speak more at length when we meet. I will only say, my own private means are next to nothing. As regards wife and children, a point on which I will also speak more at length when we meet, and am most

anxious on, yet I may now say that, whatever is a father's Providential course, I believe is the Providential course of wife and children. I am ready to trust them into God's hands, and I can even see amid some trials, and disadvantages and points of difficulty, there might be something in their father's post in such an institution, which would help more entirely to separate them from the world. Abstractedly, perhaps, I should say a childless married clergyman would make the best Warden, but of course it is not always easy to find one in such circumstances. Having done my best to express by letter what it is difficult thoroughly to go through on paper, I will only observe, in conclusion, that I have not dwelt at any length on the reasons which seem to draw me to the Wardenship, as they would more easily be seen by yourself.

"Believe me, dear Ford,

"Most sincerely yours,

"JOHN ARMSTRONG.

"I, of course, write this with the view of having your candid comments on my position."

Among other subjects which were necessarily pressed on Mr. Armstrong's mind in connexion with this great movement, was that of confession; for it was impossible to contemplate any earnest dealing with Penitents, without laying down some principles of private

spiritual intercourse between them and the Chaplain. The subject was not new to Mr. Armstrong. In the "Sermons on the Festivals," preached at Exeter, he had expressed himself with his wonted earnestness on the loss incurred through lack of spiritual discipline and confession of sin, in the case of those whom the Spirit of God has stirred to repentance after grievous sin.

In Sermon XXIII., on "Christ's Ministers Sons of Consolation," he thus speaks:—

"Does not our impatience for the consolations of the Gospel strongly mark the religion of the day? We are all in haste to escape the sight of sin, and there is little to check us in our hasty steps towards peace with God, when we have felt the deceitfulness and hollowness of the peace of the world. Our Church confesses to this impatience; for while she long since expressed her desire to restore some penitential discipline, to put grievous sinners to some open shame, she contented herself with such an expression of her desire, feeling that she spoke what she could not effect. And now the case is even worse; men are less disposed to submit to any such abasement for their sins. We are almost without discipline. Men join the Church, or leave it, or return to it again, without reproof, without trial, without any act of reconciliation, without any confession of sorrow. Notorious sinners are suffered to remain; the sores of

the body are not cut out and excommunicated, but visibly bring it into disrepute; our borders are loosely kept; there is laxness, and want of rule, and a readiness to admit or retain without enquiry, without care. When notorious sinners seem to be desiring to repent, they are allowed to yield to their natural desire to escape pain; they are not schooled to their great work, nor set tasks of penitence, nor restrained from the fullest privileges of the Church, but are suffered to step on ever so boldly, according to their own will, without any course of humiliation. And though individuals, by rules and tasks of their own, by keeping themselves under the yoke of godly sorrow, and by striving against impatience, may by God's grace perfect their repentance, in others the inward work is rendered imperfect from very haste. The whole work of repentance is unwatched and undirected, without system, or deliberateness, or a sufficient space for its full performance; every man repents according to his own fashion.

"And yet the formal confession of sin, when it has been dark and grievous, is a wholesome task for the soul from its very painfulness; it is humbling, it is a breaking of the heart, it is the active subjection of natural pride; we are all conscious how hard it is to confess faults even when we feel them; it is something beyond feeling them, it bespeaks a more thorough repentance, it is the act of a deeper sorrow to make confession, and to overthrow that pride which would refrain our lips."

About the time of which we are now speaking, he also expressed, in a popular way, his sense of the need and the benefit of reviving the Church's rule of confession for burdened consciences. The passage alluded to occurs in the fourth number of the "Tracts for the Christian Seasons," one written by himself:—

"Suppose you have committed sin, and the sin sits so heavily upon your soul that you cannot rest; that though you make confession to the Lord, yet you feel it would be a relief to confess it also to some man of God; your Bible sanctions such method of relief, for St. James expressly says, 'Confess your faults one to another.' But to whom could you the better lay open your sores, to whom could you better unbosom and unburden yourself of this load, than to him who is set over you in the Lord, who is appointed to keep watch over your soul? Not only, too, would he give you ease, by tenderly hearing the confession of your sins, and by keeping all you confess within the depths of his own heart, but he is gifted with still greater powers of consolation; he is empowered to pronounce, in the Name of God, the absolution and remission of sins to 'all them that truly repent and unfeignedly believe His holy Gospel.' You might tell your sins to other friends, but other friends would have no such power of removing your burden. In the exhortation to the Holy Communion, after being pressed to confess your sins unto

God, you are told in your Prayer-book, that 'if there be any of you who by this means cannot quiet his own conscience herein, but requireth further comfort or counsel, let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, and open his grief; that by the ministry of God's holy Word he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience, and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness.'"

It became necessary, in forming plans for the spiritual guidance of the proposed House of Mercy, to decide on a definite course to be pursued in this important particular; and in the course of the correspondence which was now going on, Mr. Armstrong thus expressed his views to his friend:—

"As regards confession, I quite think with you that the Penitents, who ought all to have been excommunicated, should make a formal confession, and receive absolution, before they should be allowed to receive the Holy Communion; and that with the Sisters it should be an open question."

The writer had the opportunity of knowing, from private intercourse with Mr. Armstrong, that he felt the need of great caution and soberness, to prevent the possible abuse of this means of grace, and that experience alone

could decide to what extent it should be encouraged.

The difficulties of a real and effectual work in dealing with the Penitents evidently grew on the minds of these friends the more they contemplated it. It is a remarkable proof of the keen practical sense with which they were preparing to carry out their plans, that they had perceived the fallacy of the common idea, that those who apply to become inmates of Penitentiaries are already Penitents, as their name would betoken. Mr. Ford, in one of his letters, thus expresses what experience shews to be the real, though often little suspected, truth:—"I cannot conceive that the persons who would apply for admission to the House of Mercy would be *Penitents* in any real and saving sense, but merely weary of the town, disgusted with the hopeless misery of their plight, and anxious not to be outcasts from friends, relatives, and the respectable part of the community. Real repentance and sorrow would have to be produced after their admission."

But to return to the progress of the cause. Mr. Armstrong's articles appeared in quick succession: one in the "Quarterly," in September, 1848; the second in the "Christian Remembrancer," in January, 1849; and the third in

the "English Review," in March, 1849. They were followed by an "Appeal for a Church Penitentiary," early in the year 1849[b]. At the close of a letter to Mr. Ford, in which he speaks of the "Appeal," he alludes again to an object continually present to his mind, that the efforts they were making should be directed not merely to the case of fallen women, but also of those who had sinned with them:—

"I will only add," he says, "that, as you know, I want to do good to male penitents at large, and to give them an opportunity of testifying repentance. A published appeal would reach many who might be glad to see a way open to satisfactory assistance to a satisfactory Penitentiary,—such gifts rebounding to their own good."

Mr. Armstrong had been exceedingly anxious for the sanction and support of his bishop, and not long after the publication of his "Appeal" the following encouraging letter was received:—

"My dear Sir,

"I have read your tract with great interest, and while I thoroughly sympathize with your feelings towards the miserable portion of our fellow-creatures

[b] The Articles and Appeal here alluded to will be published together uniformly with the Memoir, in a separate volume, the Proprietors of the several Reviews having kindly given their consent.

whom you wish to benefit, I cordially admire the forcible and eloquent terms in which you urge their cause upon Christian readers.

"I shall be happy to advance your project according to my power, and am ready to contribute in both the ways which you mention,—by donation towards the foundation, and by annual subscription to its support. But I must know more of the details of your project, and its probable cost, before I can name any amount.

"Believe me to be,
"With very sincere respect, my dear Sir,
"Very faithfully yours,
"J. H. GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL."

The good news was rapidly communicated to his friend in the following hearty expression of thankfulness:—

"MY DEAR FORD,

"The inclosed glorious letter from the Bishop will doubtless fill your heart with gladness, as it has mine. It is indeed a Bishop's 'God-speed;' no cold assent, but warm and substantial sympathy. Is it not cheering? God seems putting it into the hearts of our bishops really to meet and foster the endeavours of the Church in these institutions, which are new in our own land, and yet so greatly required. Pray make the fact known where you can, as it will strengthen our hands. The same post brought £5 per annum from the Dean of Exeter.

"Yours, in haste, J. ARMSTRONG."

To the articles above mentioned, and the

appeal which so quickly followed them, may be distinctly traced the growth of the wide-spread sympathy with which the cause of Church Penitentiaries has been supported. They deserve to be studied by any one interested in the cause, not merely for their historical value in connection with this great movement, but for their important practical details and enlarged views of the subject. They met with a response far beyond what was anticipated by the writer. It was the realization of what he himself said, in a letter quoted above:—

"I believed there was a strong consciousness of neglected duty upon this point among a large class of Churchmen; and as I think I see a sense of this neglect, a child's hand may set such a cause afloat, which, under other circumstances, an army of giants could not move."

He was himself destined to be "the child's hand" to whom power was to be given to call out into earnest and combined action these latent energies of the spiritual life of the Church of England.

There is perhaps scarcely an instance on record in which the successful realization of a theory so rapidly followed upon its enunciation, as in the present case. The "Appeal" appeared in March, 1849. In June the House of Mercy at Clewer, near Windsor, was com-

menced, and in the autumn of the same year a similar House was opened at Wantage also in Berkshire, and a move was made in Gloucestershire, within Mr. Armstrong's own Diocese, which eventually led to the establishment of the House at Bussage.

The works at Clewer and Wantage arose independently of the plans and consultations which have been above recorded, though under the influence of the same idea,—remarkable instances of that concurrent quickening of many hearts, without mutual communication, which is one special mark of Divine influence. Mr. Armstrong at once threw all his energies into these works, as each needed his assistance, and, although having offered in his appeal to carry out the proposed scheme in his own neighbourhood, he hailed these commencements as an answer to his prayers, and gave himself with the most disinterested zeal to aid in the establishment of institutions in which he could take no personal share[c].

[c] One of the first Penitents received at Clewer was rescued by Mr. Armstrong himself, from the streets of London, the first-fruits of his earnest efforts. In a letter written about a year afterwards on one of his visits there, he says,—"Had a most satisfactory visit at Clewer; all going on well. I am to go down on Friday-week to receive Holy Communion, when —— will receive it for the first time ..... It will be an affecting day."

In August of the year following, (A.D. 1850,) Mr. Armstrong became acquainted with Robert Suckling, of Bussage. Their earthly intercourse was scarcely of more than a year's duration, but it was one of those deep intense friendships which have only their beginnings in this world, to be ripened in the world to come. On many points of character, they were singularly unlike. Mr. Armstrong was reserved in the expression of his religious feelings; from Mr. Suckling they gushed forth at the slightest touch. The one looked at every thing with a sanguine buoyant hopefulness; the other took a much sadder, and even a desponding view of things. The sympathies of the one were of a wider, more expansive kind; those of the other, as deep, but more concentrated. The one found his vocation in directing the mind of the Church at large, and establishing the system of Church Penitentiaries; the other in moulding and guiding one special House of Mercy. Both were gifted with an entire self-devotion and great energies. When they met, there was an instant response of heart to heart in the one common subject which had brought them together, and the differences of character seemed to bind them the closer, from the mutual aid which each in his separate characteristics was

able to give to the other. They first met at the house of one of the curates of Tidenham; but it was during a short visit to the late Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol that they had a "midnight talk," when the idea of the House at Bussage was fully discussed, and Mr. Suckling offered to undertake its spiritual superintendence. Mr. Suckling about this time alludes to his friend in a letter to a clergyman who had condemned the proposed institution:—"As you mention Mr. Armstrong, I will add that he is a personal friend, with whom I have often held sweet counsel, from whose eyes I have often seen tears flow, as we have spoken together of this blessed work for reclaiming sinners. Alas! must I throw in my lot with him, and take the opprobrious term by which you call him to myself?"

A letter of Mr. Suckling's to Mr. Armstrong, dated March 10, 1851, has been already published in Mr. Isaac Williams' Memoir. The next letter of Mr. Suckling's which has been preserved is dated March 15, and in it he says,

"I trust that whether the House of Mercy be placed here or not, yet the love of the work will unite us with no common tie, for I assure you I have never found any one with whom I felt my opinions so to harmonize as yourself."

It was at last decided that Bussage should be the site of the proposed House, and the work was commenced in a small cottage belonging to Mr. Suckling, in April, 1851. On the sixth of October of that same year, Mr. Armstrong was present at the anniversary festival of the consecration of the church at Bussage, when Mr. Suckling was far from well, and depressed in spirits. It was their last meeting. Not long afterwards came the sad and unexpected intelligence of his brief illness, and death. His sudden loss involved the House of Mercy, of which he had the charge, in great difficulties, and Mr. Armstrong occasionally visited it, supplying Mr. Suckling's place as far as he was able, till a successor was appointed.

In the spring of 1852 a still further advance in the Penitentiary cause was made in London, the Bishop and many of the clergy combining to form a central Society to carry out the new principles on a very extended scale. A comprehensive plan was sketched, embracing two kinds of Houses: (1) Refuges, or Houses of Penitence "of the first instance," into which sinners from the very streets of the city might at once be gathered; and (2) Penitentiaries, or Houses of Penitence "of the

second instance," to be situated in the country, to which the more promising cases might be transferred from the Refuges after due testing, for the purpose of a more complete training. The Society formed to carry out this plan took the title of the "Church Penitentiary Association," its object being, not to found or superintend Penitentiaries, but by grants of money to assist local efforts in the formation and maintenance of such institutions. The Association is ancillary to all who are engaged in such works, and forms a centre of communication and bond of union between the various Houses and friends of the cause scattered throughout England. Two points of detail marking this Association are worthy of being noticed. One is the rule, that the members meet once every year to partake together of the Holy Eucharist, as the one true bond of union in Christ. The other is the principle of personal service which, either with or without contributions of money, constitutes the ground of membership; many of the associates being actively engaged in seeking out the lost, finding situations for Penitents when reclaimed, providing for the sale of the work of inmates of the Penitentiaries, or in other similar means of assistance.

Mr. Armstrong's joy at the establishment of this central association in London, is expressed in the hasty notes which conveyed to his home the report of his proceedings:—"Only time to say we had a glorious interview with the Bishop (of London). He has given the plan his formal consent, and gives it heartily; promises to bring it before the archbishops and bishops. The matter is clenched, thank God. My joy is tremendous." Again, noticing the first public meeting of the Association:—"It is a grand feature that we should receive the Holy Communion together. I think it is an era in Church Societies," (alas! that this should have to be acknowledged!) "as well as in this great cause of the Penitent." And afterwards follows his report of the first meeting:—"It was a striking day yesterday; all went off admirably. There were 167 communicants; a large crowded meeting afterwards, and a good hearty spirit throughout: above £70 collected, and several fresh subscribers besides. The Bishop of Oxford's was a grand sermon, and, at the Bishop of London's request, is to be printed with our Report. I dine with the Bishop of London to-morrow. All the houses are full: much more must be done." Bishop Blomfield's steady support and hearty co-operation, combined with

the Bishop of Oxford's earnest and powerful advocacy, were among the chief means of giving to this cause the position it now occupies among Church works[d].

In the course of the afternoon of the day on which the meeting was held, Mr. Armstrong had the opportunity of rescuing an outcast from the streets of London,—the second whom he himself gathered in as the first-fruits of his labours. The following extract from a letter to Mrs. Armstrong is characteristic:—

"I feel very confident about her case. It really made my heart ache to hear her talk. The only difficulty is where to place her. Every House is crowded and crammed. Now, though you may think me rash and Quixotic, I am really disposed to make a venture, and rather than let her sink back, to take her home with me on Saturday for a fortnight, and then try to get her at the first opening into one of these Houses. This day, being our great day, struck me as though it were Providentially designed for her rescue; and as I had been speechifying, I desired to act up to my speech. There is nothing in her appearance to suggest suspicion,—indeed, quite the reverse,—and we might really make trial of such a case once."

[d] In March, 1854, the Association numbered 399 associates, including fifteen bishops.

Some difficulties occurred on the poor girl's part about going as was proposed, and she was placed under the care of a friend in London. Afterwards, when in Africa, he heard of her still going on well.

Between the London meeting and his setting sail for Africa, little more than a year elapsed. But before leaving England, he saw in addition to the works already mentioned, two Refuges established in London. He also attended a meeting at Norwich for the purpose of forming a Penitentiary at Shipmeadow, near Beccles; and gave his aid in the establishment of the London Diocesan Penitentiary, subsequently fixed at Highgate. He also assisted Bishop Denison in his efforts to infuse a higher principle of management into the Salisbury Penitentiary. During the same time the Houses originally formed were extending their borders. New buildings on a large scale were being raised at Clewer. At Wantage the foundations of a new and enlarged House had been laid, and the new buildings at Bussage, planned in part by himself, and erected on the site of the old cottage, were completed just before he left England.

It might well have been thought a serious risk to so great and difficult a cause, that its

master-spirit should be withdrawn, when it was still in its infancy. But it was part of the Providence of God to combine together at the very commencement of the movement so large a number of earnest-minded men pledged to extend and develope what had been so successfully begun, and, under God, Mr. Armstrong's large and loving heart in giving the first impulse to combined action, tended to impress upon all who were associated with him a generous co-operativeness which has survived his own immediate personal influence.

Much, no doubt, remained to be done after Mr. Armstrong's removal, to extend the Church Penitentiary system throughout England; but though at work only in a comparatively narrow circle, it had already become an integral portion of the organization of our Church, and its practical effects, wherever it has been tried, have been so satisfactory as to encourage the hope that ultimately it will win the sympathies and confidence of the Church at large.

Time also is yet needed to complete the system, for a work depending so much on practical experience necessarily requires opportunity to test and methodise many of its details. One important principle in particular has

yet to be fully developed. It has been already stated, that the main distinction of the new, in comparison with the old, Penitentiaries, is the employment of self-devoted women serving for Christ's sake, instead of paid matrons. The difference in the treatment of the Penitents in the two cases, and the introduction of a higher Church element, depend on this primary idea. But at first it was expressed only in general terms. The idea had to be formalised, so to speak, in the actual progress of the work, and Sisterhoods, or the system of religious communities, was a legitimate and necessary, but yet a developed advance upon the first simple theory. It is manifestly impossible for ladies to bear the burden of such works single-handed: they need the sympathy and support of others like-minded. Moreover, where even a few are constantly working together, some order is requisite to give unity and power to the work. There must be constituted authority and fixed rule, and this according to some Church form. Hence Sisterhoods arose out of the Church Penitentiary movement from the very necessities of the case.

It may be hoped that, in time, general confidence will be given to a mode of service which, though until lately unknown amongst

us, has been long valued, not only in the Church of Rome, but by all the Protestant communities on the Continent[e], and has already given to those who have had the opportunity of observing its effects amongst ourselves in this special cause of Church Penitentiaries, a very deep conviction of the blessings it is calculated to effect.

[e] In an account published some years ago of the "Institution at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, for the practical training of Deaconesses," it was stated that there were then 100 Sisters in that Institution, and Branch Societies in fifteen places. There were also at the same time thirty Sisters in the Mutterhaus, in Berlin; at Charenton in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, Paris, a society of twenty-four Sisters; a similar society in Strasbourg of twenty-four Sisters, and another at Echallens, in the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, consisting of fifteen members.

APPOINTMENT TO THE BISHOPRIC OF GRAHAMSTOWN.

The years 1852-3 pressed heavily on Mr. Armstrong. His accumulated and unremitting toil was evidently overtasking his strength. The services and other plans for the good of his parish had been gradually increased. The House at Bussage was still in its infancy, and entailed much correspondence as well as anxious thought. The Church Penitentiary Association was being formed. In 1852 the Chapel-of-ease at Tutshill, a hamlet of Tidenham, bordering on Chepstow, was commenced, and to raise the money, overlook all the proceedings, &c., involved of necessity much care and anxiety. In 1853 an unexpected increase of parochial work came upon him. The district of Beachley, situated within the parish of Tidenham, had been made a separate cure; but the patronage was not as yet transferred, as was intended, to the Bishop. The clergy-

man who had hitherto served it was at this time obliged to leave, and until the new appointment could be made, the care of the district, with its two Sunday services and schools, fell on Mr. Armstrong and his curates. Moreover, he still continued to write for the press. A series of articles on the Penitentiary cause, which appeared in the "Morning Chronicle," were written at this time. He also published some single sermons; one preached on Lord Somers' death, at Eastnor, Oct. 1852, another in Gloucester Cathedral, for the parochial schools, in June, 1853. During this period also he was preparing materials for the "National Miscellany." The "Parochial Tracts" and "Sermons for the Christian Seasons" were not completed till Advent, 1853.

In August, 1853, Tutshill Chapel was consecrated. It was an event that occasioned intense thankfulness, the consummation of ardent, long-cherished hopes; but from that very day the decline of his health began to appear. No sooner was the excitement of the consecration over, than he shewed signs of being greatly worn, and a cough from which he had been long suffering became worse. As soon as he could leave home, he went for a few days' rest to his aunt's house at Clifton, where he had

the pleasure of meeting his friend the Bishop of Lincoln. They were sitting at tea, when the Bishop enquired whether he had heard from the Bishop of Capetown. On Mr. Armstrong replying that he had not heard, the Bishop said that it had been decided to offer him the new Bishopric of Grahamstown. The tidings came as a shock to his weakened nerves, and the fortnight's suspense that followed was in his exhausted state trying to him. On the 8th of September the Bishop of Capetown's letter arrived, asking whether he would allow himself to be nominated for the See then intended to be created.

Mr. Armstrong at once felt that the invitation was a call from God; but conscious of his inability to judge of his own fitness, he wrote to six of those whom he regarded as his most thoughtful and religious friends, for their counsel. The following is one of the letters written on this occasion :—

"*Tidenham*,
"*Sept.* 10, 1853.

"My dear ———,

"As I have now reached the most momentous crisis of my life, I apply at once to you as one of my warmest and most candid friends for your help and counsel. The truth is, that I have just been

offered the new Bishopric of Grahamstown, at the Cape; and the tidings have so startled me, that I am wanting all the aid I can get from others to help me to decide. Will you then freely tell me what you think I ought to do, as a matter of duty to my Heavenly Master and to His Church. While the offer seems, as is the case of all colonial bishopries especially, a Providential one, if I may venture so to speak, do you see any other reasons which should make me shrink from so interpreting the offer in my own case? I will not write at any greater length, as I can but ask the same thing—help to decide. I know, at such a time of trial, I shall have your prayers: ask your wife also for hers.

"Believe me,

"Yours most affectionately,

"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

Some days of anxious deliberation passed, during which the question of his appointment was pending. The result was communicated to the same friend in the following note:—

"*Tidenham,*

"*October* 5, 1853.

"My Dear ———,

"I thank you from my heart for your affectionate letter and your counsel. The matter now may be considered finally settled, though the formal assent of the Archbishop has not come. The Bishop of

London has just sent to congratulate me. Your advice took the same direction as that of all the friends I consulted. I myself felt it a direct call. I need not say what a trial it is to go, but I hope and trust I shall go with a good heart; and it will cheer me to think of the warm friendship of my affectionate friends in England, among whom I have to reckon with thankfulness yourself and your wife.

"Believe me,

"Your affectionate friend,

"JOHN ARMSTRONG."

To another friend about the same time he writes as follows:—

"After consultation with a few of the friends I could most readily ask, (as I was pressed for a prompt decision,) I have agreed to accept the office. It came in so Church-like a way, was so utterly unsought for, and instead of being riches, will be so decidedly poverty, that I myself felt it as a direct call, though I wished my friends candidly to tell me whether there was anything in my particular case which would modify that view. The answers were all of one kind, telling me I ought to go."

The formal appointment came at length from the Duke of Newcastle, then Colonial Secretary, in a letter which alludes in a kind manner

to the great work in which he had been engaged:—

"*Downing-street,*
"*October* 25, 1853.

"Dear Mr. Armstrong,

"Having, with the assent of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and of the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, had the honour of submitting your name to her Majesty as that of the first Bishop of the newly-created See of Grahamstown, in South Africa, it has now become my agreeable duty to inform you that her Majesty has been pleased to signify her gracious approval of my recommendation.

"In becoming the means of inviting you in the first instance to occupy so important and responsible a position in the Colonial Church, I was alone influenced by a desire to aid the best interests of that Church, and the steady increase of true religion in a valued and interesting portion of her Majesty's dominions. And when humbly representing to her Majesty your qualifications to be so placed, I had much satisfaction in referring to your early labours in the cause of the Church, and in reclaiming those who had erred from its precepts.

"I trust you will have found in the experiences derived from these labours, and from those ministrations of the Church in which you have been so long and faithfully engaged, a fitting preparation for that

rule, and for those labours and trials, which you are now about to enter upon.

"It only remains for me to express an earnest hope that a more extended usefulness being thus open to you, will be supplied by your energies and watchfulness; and that you will at an early period enter upon that good work and solemn charge which I am entrusted to place under your keeping and guidance.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Armstrong,

"Yours very faithfully,

"NEWCASTLE."

It was shortly before the arrival of this letter, that, being very unwell, and his cough assuming an alarming character, he was persuaded to consult Dr. Symonds of Bristol. Then for the first time he learnt that he had a slight affection of the lungs. The announcement was the more serious, as his father had died of consumption. He resolved at once to see Dr. Watson of London, and referred it entirely to his decision, whether he might reasonably hope to be able to fulfil the arduous work of a colonial bishop. Dr. Watson decided in favour of his going to Africa, believing that the climate would be beneficial to his health; but advised him to abstain from preaching, as far as possible, for one year. The

disease was in so early a stage, that hopes were entertained of its being removed by rest, the influence of the voyage and change of climate. This opinion proved in a great measure to be correct. The disease in the lungs, though never entirely removed, lessened considerably, and there is reason to believe, that even at the time of his death it had not advanced beyond the stage which it had reached when Dr. Symonds first saw him.

The following letter was written to a dear friend after seeing Dr. Watson:—

"Dear Miss ——,

"Dr. Watson, thank God for His mercy, tells me I need not think of abandoning Grahamstown; that the flaw is at present slight; that I must rest, and that the change of climate when I do go out in the spring may be of great service. I need not say, after feeling almost hopeless, what light this is to me."

His letters after this time speak continually of improvement:—

"The air is foggy, but still I am wonderfully well, though my chest is a little weak with the talking. I go up-stairs capitally, which I regard as the surest test.

"It is only three weeks yesterday since I saw

Dr. Symonds. How deeply thankful we ought to be for God's great mercy."

A week later he says,—

"I feel really well as regards my chest, and as I have still three weeks before consecration for perfect rest, I expect, by God's blessing, to be quite myself again. It is only four weeks to-day since I reached London, and the change is immense."

Early in November he planned a visit to Bussage, and on the 7th writes to Mrs. Poole:—

"Would you kindly send your carriage for me, as I am not able to walk up your hill? It was a very great pleasure to me to hear of your kind intentions concerning a set of robes, as it certainly will often carry back my memory to Bussage, and I trust stir up my spirit, when in remote South African stations I robe myself in vestments made in a place which is endeared to me so much, and which is always connected in my mind with a great spiritual work. I often think, at the present time, of our dear friend[a], now parted from us, and of the warmth with which he would have prayed for me, and given me a God-speed. However, we know not what is in his power now."

The robes mentioned, he always carried with

[a] He alludes to Mr. Suckling, of Bussage.

him on his visitations, and in the rochet made by the Bussage Penitents he was buried.

One Sunday night, Nov. 13, while at Mitcheldean, whither he had gone to stand godfather to a friend's child, he thus expressed in a letter to Mrs. Armstrong the thoughts which were at his heart:—

"I have been feeling very deeply the altered position we are *all* about to occupy, and the awful spiritual responsibilities which will rest upon our whole house. I feel that we must give up ourselves afresh to God, and seek really to devote our lives to Him. I must not, however, write more on this point, otherwise I should be up till midnight."

From Oxford, Nov. 15, he writes home:—

"All safe here;—enjoyed Bussage very much. Dined with Tweed, Dr. Jacobson, (Regius Professor,) Marriott, Eaton, &c., &c. You will be delighted beyond measure to hear that Marriott and others are raising a fund to place at my disposal. Other Oxford people are going to present me with a pastoral staff. Dr. Jacobson, in his speech with which he presented me, made very touching remarks, very emphatically delivered, about my Penitentiary labours. Altogether, these acts have quite overcome me, as they took me by surprise."

About this time he engaged himself to spend Christmas with his relatives at Tidenham, when

he discovered that it was expected he should preach a farewell sermon. He at once writes :—

"Will you please *beseech* the curates to tell the people the Christmas visit will not be the last, and that it will *not* be a farewell sermon. It quite makes me tremble to think of it. I am not up to it in nerve."

He never was able to bid his parishioners farewell in person, and when he found he could not bear it, he wrote a letter which was printed, and a copy signed with his own hand was left at every house in the parish.

On the 28th of November, Mrs. Armstrong, with the elder children, joined him in London. "He came to the train to meet us," writes Mrs. Armstrong, "and was happy and cheerful; but notwithstanding all the improvement in health, I was startled by the extreme transparency and delicacy of his appearance."

On St. Andrew's Day he was consecrated Bishop of Grahamstown, at Lambeth Church. The friends who had worked with him in the Penitentiary cause gathered in numbers. No one who was present can readily forget the crowded church, the concourse of clergy, the impressive sermon of the Bishop of Oxford on the burden of a bishop's heart and the power which sustains him, and the first

three English bishops of South Africa ministering the blessed Sacrament. Many were struck with the peculiarly earnest and impressive tone in which he made the promises in the Consecration Service. His voice was heard distinctly at the farther end of the crowded church.

After his consecration, he made frequent journeys, being compelled by means of personal appeals to obtain aid for his future work. After attending meetings at Oxford, Southampton, and Bridport, he went to Exeter, and thus records his visit to a friend:—

"We have had a delightful, but of course, in some sense, a melancholy visit at Exeter, and as I had to speak and preach over-much, I am somewhat overdone at present, and feel I have used my lungs too much. However, I have a week's rest before me at Tidenham, though it is somewhat trying to see all our old friends again, and our dismantled home."

The weather at this time was extremely severe, but it seemed to have no ill effect upon him: damp, not cold, did him harm.

From Tidenham he went to Clifton, where he was constrained to give himself entire rest. At Bath he received a very kindly reception, and found great interest shewn in his work by

many of the clergy who held views very different from his own. It was a peculiar joy to him, for he was always most anxious to seize upon points of agreement, and hold Christian fellowship, wherever it could be had without conceding principle, with men of discordant opinions.

He attended meetings also at Durham and Sunderland, the scene of his father's earlier life:—

"A very warm reception," he writes from Sunderland: "church crammed in the evening, and collection much larger than usual. Old friends of my father's came into the vestry, and I was somewhat overcome by all that was said."

On his return, he attended at Norwich a meeting in aid of the proposed House of Mercy at Shipmeadow. On the 13th of March he writes from Oxford:—

"Though very much tired, I am very fresh today. Yesterday was a long day: service from 9 to half-past 11, then St. Mary's at 2, with sermon."

It was the Bishop of Oxford's ordination, at which he preached the sermon which was afterwards published in the volume of "Parochial Sermons," on the text, "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you:"—

"Then service at St. Mary's, at half-past 6; then a very large and pleasant party at Merton common-room; then a wind-up at Archdeacon Clerke's, to meet the Bishop."

During this journey he attended a meeting at Gloucester, at which he spoke with the warmth and earnestness which so characterized him. A clergyman who was present said at the time to a friend, observing how ill the Bishop looked, "There is a fire burning in that frail body which must before long consume the vessel which contains it." He preached also at Yatton-Keynell, and on March 16 writes thus from Eastnor:—

"A service and meeting to-day here, Lord Somers presiding. A splendid congregation at Yatton-Keynell. . . . I was very glad I went to Gloucester. The Bishop himself suggested a special fund. A meeting to-morrow at Ledbury; then on Saturday to Cheltenham. I still keep wonderfully fresh, though I am really going through hard work."

Again from Eastnor, March 17:—

"All went off beautifully here: a large congregation, then a crowded meeting. Lord and Lady Somers very kind: they are going to give me plate for Holy Communion. It was rather hard work, preaching first, and almost immediately afterwards

speaking in the schoolroom; but I am fresh and well to-day, quite up to the Ledbury meeting."

On the 21st of March his youngest child was born, and from London, which was at this time his head-quarters, he writes to a friend to ask him to be one of the godfathers:—

"We purpose calling her Ruth: we think the name rather fits one whose lot it is to be taken from her own land."

The unconscious Ruth could not say, "Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried;" but so it was ordained. She now "sleeps" by her father's side in the cemetery of Grahamstown. She is not the only one of his children, who is with him in "the land which is very far away." Little Frank, but eighteen days old at his death, was the first of the "store" that grows for him in Paradise. His body rests in a peaceful corner of the churchyard at Tidenham, literally "within the church's shade."

On Good Friday (April 14), he writes from Micheldean:—

"I arrived here safely last night, after a very nice visit at Culham, (the Oxford Diocesan Training-School for Schoolmasters). They are training a pupil for Grahamstown, and intend always doing

so,—a nice link with us; and I was very glad I went. I am feeling particularly well."

On Easter-day he writes from Eastnor:—

"I preached twice, as I found it was thoroughly expected of me. After the afternoon service the whole parish adjourned to the schoolroom, where I was somewhat overpowered by the exhibition of feeling on the part of all the people when the holy vessels were offered. It really is very refreshing to have such a gift from such a place."

From Kemerton he writes on Easter Monday:—

"It is late, and I am tired. Chalice veils came as a present this morning, so the Communion service is complete. Had a good meeting at Malvern, and a tremendous congregation here of poor folks."

After attending meetings at Bussage and Thornbury, and services at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, Wantage, and Dursley, he returned to London, greatly worn and exhausted. On the evening of his return he attended a parochial missionary meeting at Christ Church, Regent's-park.

He was engaged to preach on Thursday, the 27th of April, the second anniversary of the Church Penitentiary Association, and on the previous evening, though very much over-

worked and tired, had no doubt of being able to keep his engagement; but while dressing the next morning he was taken, as it was feared, seriously ill. The sermon was never preached, but was published in the volume of "Parochial Sermons," already alluded to. After this he was constrained to give up preaching and travelling during the rest of his stay in England. His stay was unavoidably prolonged. He intended to have sailed at the end of April or the beginning of May, but was detained till July 22, in consequence of not finding any suitable vessel sailing on an earlier day.

On July 19, three days before he sailed, he attended the great meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, held at the Mansion-house, in the City. He was unable to speak at any length, but the following extract from his speech gives some idea of the work which was before him, and of the vision which rested on his heart when leaving his native land:—

"I go forth in a few days with the very first missionaries of the Church of England for that Kafir race with whom we have been in intercourse for the last fifty years. If the Kafirs abound in the diocese of Grahamstown by thousands, the Church of England has yet done nothing for them. She has not yet

spent one farthing: she has not sent one missionary; she has not formed one mission-station. Look at the religious state of these Kafirs. It is not an ordinary state. We cannot go among them as the apostle of the Gentiles in olden days, and point to the altar to the Unknown God, and beginning with natural religion, already confessed among them, unfold to them from that the blessed mysteries of Christ. They are without a God, true or false. They have no worship whatever. They have no word in their language which represents any idea, however imperfect or however mistaken, of any Supreme Being, that has love and goodness as His attributes. And therefore is there not given to us the glorious privilege of teaching them that there is not only a God in heaven, but One too Who, in the fulness of His unspeakable love, has sent forth His only-begotten Son, that dark souls may look up to Him for light, and life, and immortality, and resurrection from the dead? This is the condition of the Kafirs, and it is from this fearful, unnatural, and godless condition, that it is our privilege to raise them, if we will only do our work in time.

"And then, can any thoughtful mind for a moment look at the edge of South Africa, where God has placed the English, and think that our mission is to be fulfilled simply by keeping, as it were, a fringe of gold to that dark and benighted land? Do you think I go forth thinking the diocese of Grahamstown is to be the bound and the limit of Christian enterprise?

God forbid. Africa is given to us, if we will first do our part. It is sowing the small seed, that shall by God's blessing be a mighty tree. Africa lies before us as a great field for spiritual enterprise, and the day I trust will come when native ministers, taught by us, will again teach the tribes beyond them, and so go on widening and widening the blessed empire of our Lord and Saviour, till the light reaches from north to south, and from east to west."

NOTE.—Before his leaving England, the following address was presented to Bishop Armstrong by the Council and other Associates of the Church Penitentiary Association:—

"RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD;

"We, the Council, and other undersigned Members of the Church Penitentiary Association, looking forward to your approaching separation from us, cannot suffer you to depart without expressing to you our feelings of mingled regret and thankfulness—regret at the loss which we are about to sustain, thankfulness at seeing you raised up to exemplify and uphold as a bishop those great principles of Christ's holy Catholic Church to which, in your humbler sphere of parochial labour, you have been so earnestly and so consistently devoted.

"We tender you the offering of our heart-felt respect and affection, which you have so well earned; for, when it pleased God to stir us up to new zeal and charity in seeking to gather in the lost sheep of His fold, that they might be saved through the mercy of Christ for ever, you were foremost in doing the work of the Lord, awakening in the hearts of your brethren the love which burnt so ardently in your own.

"To us it will be a cause of joy if, in the toil and care, or, it may be, the peril and distress, which now await you, the

assurance of the warm sympathies of many hearts, and of their earnest interest in your future course, impart to you that consolation of which they only know the power who believe in the Communion of Saints. We ask of you in return that you will remember us in your prayers, that thus, though separated in the flesh, we may still work together in the fellowship of the same Spirit.

"We shall follow you to your distant home with our best wishes, and with our fervent prayers that He Who has called you forth to this arduous enterprise of building up and extending His Church in Southern Africa, may Himself make you sufficient for these things; that He may strengthen, direct, and comfort you, and so bless your labours that, in the gathering of all nations before the Throne of God, you, together with the rest of our fathers and brethren who, moved by the love of Christ, have left behind them all that was dear to them in their native land, and gone forth to do His will, may 'shine as the stars for ever and ever.'"

GRAHAMSTOWN.

The first Bishop of Grahamstown embarked at Gravesend July 22, 1854, and on the Festival of St. Michael landed at Capetown. The weather was remarkably calm during the voyage, so that a service was held upon deck every evening, and during the latter part of the time every morning also. The Bishop thought it right to avoid all risk of fatigue, that he might be fitter for his work on his arrival in Africa, and therefore did not venture to take any part in the service, beyond saying a few collects and giving the blessing. He also administered Holy Communion every Sunday, when possible, in his cabin, for his own party and any others who were willing to join.

On the 6th of October he writes from Capetown, giving an account of his arrival and first impressions of Africa:—

"My dear ——,

"We are all, thank God, safe so far, after a long voyage; and we are greatly struck with the extreme

beauty of the country, with its fine mountains, and countless flowers. It is a most striking place:—we are crushing geraniums and arums under our feet, and we are looking up on the fine cliffs which the clearness of the atmosphere shews off to their full height. We are not, however, long to dally among these glorious scenes, but start to-morrow for our own less beautiful country of Grahamstown. Port Elizabeth, where I first touch my diocese, is full of Church troubles, though with many bright features presenting themselves in the midst of them; but there is something sad in beginning with internal strife. Two of our missionaries who sailed before us took possession of mission-ground last week, so that the Church of England has at last begun missionary work, and the staff with me go as quickly as they can to the same station for the present, till we can divide our forces. The work before us is immense, and the roughest work is for us, if we choose to enter upon it. As regards health, I am very much stronger; though my cough has not yet quite gone, it is much less troublesome, and I feel very hopeful about my recovery. . . . . .

"Yours very sincerely,

"JOHN GRAHAMSTOWN."

The opening prospects of his mission the Bishop thus describes to Mr. Hawkins on the following day:—

"*Bishop's Court, Capetown,*
"*Oct.* 7, 1854.

"My dear Mr. Hawkins

"I am thankful to say that we are all safe, so far, after a long voyage, and sail to-morrow for Algoa Bay. We found the Bishop and Mrs. Gray quite strong and well; and with true episcopal hospitality they have entertained our whole party of sixteen in their house for the last week, as we could not get on. The Church in this district is evidently getting on. There are signs of increasing strength and vitality on all sides: in my own district more has yet to be done. Thank God, however, the first Church of England Mission among the Kafirs was commenced by Mr. Clayton and Mr. Garde last week at temporary quarters, near King William's Town, in Umhalla's country. They both preceded me, but were not able to get any place to shelter them earlier. Archdeacon Merriman thinks they are admirably qualified for their work, and have already shewed great earnestness, though not directly employed till now. I think, too, the Missionaries who sailed with me will do very well. They got on capitally with their Kafir during the voyage, and worked very hard. There is an immense field open to us, especially in the rougher districts, where, alas! we are the very last to take the field. I think we ought to take these rougher parts. We shall want a great increase of help from the Society if we are to do anything at all. The great expense of travelling in this country

is swallowing up the means at my disposal. By the time all our party are placed out, I shall have spent the £300, and more, that was the grant for this year; and then I have to begin to support them. We ought with our staff to have three, or at least two stations at once; and others are waiting for us. Unless we take a good stand at once, and enter vigorously upon Missionary work, we shall be a bye-word in this country, and shall only be exposing our spiritual feebleness. I cannot, however, but hope that the movement which began at the Mansion-house will have done, and be doing, great things, so that we may look for a great increase of support. Pray remember me to Mr. Vernon and Mr. Bullock, and to any of my friends whom you may see.

"Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN GRAHAMSTOWN.

"I am much better in health.

"The Rev. E. Hawkins."

From Capetown the Bishop quickly passed on to Port Elizabeth. His arrival, and further progress, and first entrance into Grahamstown, will be best given in his own words:—

"The moon was up when the good ship '*Natal*,' on the 11th of October, 1854, steamed into Algoa Bay. About two in the morning the gun was fired, the anchor was let down, and our voyage was at an

end. As I hurried upon deck, I saw the town of Port Elizabeth glimmering dimly along the shore, and then felt the reality of having found another country, henceforth to be adopted as one's own. In the morning, when after some delay it became our turn to leave the ship, a strong surf-boat carried us towards the shore; but as it could not get within many yards of it, a group of half-naked Fingos—strong, lusty fellows—dashed through the surf, with a chair for my wife, while our other friends and my children were carried in their arms. As for myself, it was certainly impossible to land with dignity. I had to sit on the shoulders of a strong Fingo, grasping his woolly hair as the waves at first seemed to make him somewhat stagger; and at last he pounced me down from his dusky shoulders amid a group of clergymen and laymen who had kindly come to the beach to welcome me. We were enabled in the evening to go up to the house of God, and so humbly to return thanks for a safe and prosperous voyage.

"The next day the clergy, churchwardens, and vestry presented me with an address, congratulating me on my arrival, and touching many topics of interest. Though I had now to deal with some troubles, and tried in vain to heal differences that had arisen, yet I was pleased with the general tone and temper of the laity. There is ground both for thankfulness and hope. The town itself is thoroughly English, with good large English-looking

warehouses and 'stores,'—a 'store' being a wondrous receptacle for all manner of goods, from silks and satins down to ploughs and saddles. The population is English; and at first one hardly fancies oneself so far away from home, till one suddenly swallows a mouthful of African dust, or sees a line of African ox-waggons moving drowsily through the streets, or comes upon a group of Fingos basking in the sun, with their brass armlets and necklaces and blankets. The Fingos—who pitch their cluster of 'hives,' if I may so designate their huts, about a mile or so out of the town—form a numerous body, beginning to partake of the good and of the evil of their masters, the English; some learning their religion, others their drunkenness. I found, alas! that the Church of England had not made any attempt as yet to teach them. The Independents have a chapel in the midst of them; and as they are first in the field, we must for the present stand aloof, lest we should confuse the half-trained, half-disciplined nature in any endeavour to shew him what we believe the more perfect way. The clergy now deal with any individual cases brought before them, without trenching on what has been taken possession of by others.

"On the 18th, St. Luke's-day, I laid the foundation stone of a second church, which will be well placed, as the town straggles a long way on; and on the 19th I held my first confirmation, a solemn and impressive day. I was struck with the seriousness of

the candidates; the wholly different position of the Church in a country where it has no temporal or worldly advantage, gives it advantages of other kinds. A good deal of unsatisfactory adherence is lost to it; people belong to it from real attachment; at least, there is less mechanical adherence, if I may so speak. The effect of this position I have noticed in almost all the confirmations: as there is more independence of action, so there are fewer who seek confirmation simply because it is expected of them; it is more thoroughly voluntary, and hence a larger number of the confirmed have become communicants than usually happens at home.

"On the following Sunday there was a special Communion, first, that I might myself partake of this feast with my brethren, both clergy and laity, on my arrival, and also because I determined, wherever it was possible, to take part in administering the first Communion to those whom I had confirmed, that in the young persons' minds the one act might be connected intimately with the other. The old clerk told me he had never seen so many communicate at one time before, though I have been glad to learn that at Christmas there was even a greater number.

"The rest of our time was spent in receiving and returning visits, in accepting many acts of hospitality, and in making personal acquaintance with the members of the Church. We thus received our first insight into colonial life—a life distinct from

English, with its own peculiar gains and losses. The scantiness of servants struck us much, and seemed a great drawback on one's accustomed comfort. On calling one day on the clergyman of the new church, his wife, who 'roughs it' with a cheerful and buoyant spirit, told us that the butcher's boy had brought in the breakfast, and that on going into the kitchen she found her own black girl gone, and two strange blacks in possession of it instead.

"After a fortnight's sojourn, it became time to make our first experiment in South-African travelling. General Jackson, the Commander of the Forces at Grahamstown, and now our Lieutenant-Governor, as the first of many acts of considerate kindness, sent us a good mule-waggon, with a span of eight excellent mules and two excellent muleteers, one of them a picturesque, handsome, Spanish-looking personage. Having packed ourselves into this vehicle, the fastest that travels on African roads, we commenced our journey. The first effect of the jolts, the jars, the bumps, the tossings to and fro, over these wondrous roads, made us inclined to groan or shriek; but at last it turned to laughter, and we proceeded pretty cheerfully, though an elbow or a head occasionally got a good hard blow. The first idea of the country was its boundlessness. After the confined, fenced, hedged state of England, we seemed to be at sea, with a boundless expanse around us. Nor was it so African-looking as we expected; it was less arid, less sandy, less dry—as

the year had been singularly rainy; the flowers were countless, and our waggon-wheels crushed whole greenhouses, as it were, in a perfectly reckless way. In some parts the herbage was of an aromatic kind, and we pressed sweetness and fragrance out of the earth to scent us on our way, as the good mules jolted us along, and as the skilful muleteer twisted them about to avoid holes and steep descents, with the influence of his long bamboo whip. Driving in England cannot be compared to this for skilfulness. Then we came to 'the bush,' which instinctively suggests to an English mind the rushing out of wild, dark Kafirs, with guns and assegais. In this part of the colony, however, there are no Kafirs in time of peace. The bush itself attracted our attention; it is totally unlike the thickest copse or brake, being closer, thicker, more utterly impenetrable, as if the earth in these parts had thick, matted hair, quite uncombed and uncombable, and as if all the various plants and shrubs had become perfectly clotted together.

"About mid-day we stopped by the banks of Sunday River, or rather, in African language, we 'outspanned;' and after 'knee-haltering' the mules, the muleteers let them loose, to get their dinners, while we spread our viands, somewhat smashed and huddled up together, on the grass, under the shade of some fine shrubs. It was a lovely spot, and we greatly enjoyed the picturesqueness of the scene. We reached a 'house of accommodation' at

night, like a humble village inn. I longed to restore that good and expressive word 'inn,' which tells so much, instead of this colonial circumlocution which everywhere prevails. The next day, as we had done half the journey, about forty-five miles, our muleteers were resolved to take us into Grahamstown. We had some fine views on our way; and in splashing through one river, the mules, indulging in their one defect of not facing water well, in the middle of the stream turned straight round, and looked us in the face. However, a flank of the wondrous whip put all things straight, and we landed safely on the other side.

"It was getting dark when we reached Grahamstown, and we found that our proceedings had been so rapid as to have prevented a considerable cavalcade of Church people, who had intended, on the following morning, to have ridden and driven some twelve miles out to welcome and escort us to our new home. I was sorry to have unintentionally frustrated this kindly design; but, as an intended act of kindness, it was not lost upon us. Archdeacon Merriman hastened to greet us the same evening.

"Soon after our arrival, an address was presented to us in the schoolroom, by the Rev. J. Heavyside, the colonial chaplain, on behalf of himself, the other clergy, and the laity. After I had made my reply the evening was spent in pleasant social intercourse; and the large number of Church people present con-

vinced me that the Church was not asleep or dead.

"On the first Sunday after my arrival I preached from the text, 'Grace be to you and peace from God the Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father.' (Gal. i. 3, 4.) The congregation was very large and attentive; and I could not but be moved at thus, for the first time, entering the cathedral church, the heart and centre of all future wanderings and labours.

"The exterior of the cathedral is plain and uninteresting in the extreme; it occupies a noble position, at the end of the broad main street; and though I see vast works of a more needful kind, as regards their direct spiritual bearing, to which I must first put my hand, and for which I must, with an earnest voice, plead with my countrymen at home, yet I do trust I may be spared to see a better and a worthier structure reared as our cathedral, through the joint offering of brethren in the colony and at home. The interior, through the successful exertions of Archdeacon Merriman, the colonial chaplain, and the vestry, has been made as comely as possible, and has, on the whole, a reverential and church-like aspect.

"The city of Grahamstown struck us agreeably. There is one broad, handsome street, lined on either side, to a great extent, with Kafir booms, oaks, and

other trees, with the Drodsty-house and the barracks at one end and the cathedral at the other. The gardens attached to the houses are beginning to be well planted, and most of the other streets have lines of the blue gum-tree or oak, which give a green and refreshing look to the town. The hills round it are well formed; and though, generally, we ought to relieve the bareness of them with planting, in one direction there are still some remains of shrub or bush. Flowers, as usual, may be found in multitudes the moment one leaves the town. Like Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown is thoroughly English, and there is plenty of good English feeling. About 3,000 Fingos, and Hottentots, and Kafirs form the native share of the population, and there, as at Port Elizabeth, have their 'hives' outside the town. The Wesleyans have erected a chapel for the Fingos, the Independents for the Hottentots; and as the Church has hitherto done nothing, and the Kafirs, not mixing with the Fingos, have been left alone, I am just about to erect a school-chapel for them, with our Governor's monetary aid.

"On the second Sunday after our arrival, November 5th, there was Holy Communion and a large number of communicants. Since then the number has still further increased, and I hope soon we shall be enabled to have it weekly. We have given many special Communions on various occasions, so as to multiply them in this way first, and have invariably been rejoiced to see a good attendance.

"We were glad to find a good grammar-school at work, under the charge of the Rev. F. Bankes, who thoroughly loves his school and scholars, the true source of all success."

The journey from Port Elizabeth to Grahamstown proved fatal to his youngest child, Ruth. She suffered severely from the effects of the jolting in the waggon, and a sickness came on which never ceased till she died, on the 13th of December.

The account of the journey is taken from "Notes in South Africa," a journal written by the Bishop, and published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, from which also other accounts of his subsequent journeys are taken. The following history of the Church troubles at Port Elizabeth, which has been kindly supplied by a very trustworthy authority, seems necessary to be here added:—

"Archdeacon Merriman, who had the temporary charge of the parish during the interval between the death of the previous chaplain and the arrival from England of his successor, the Rev. W. H. Fowle, introduced, in accordance with the rules of the Prayer-book, the Offertory throughout the congregation, and the prayer for the Church Militant; he also used the surplice in preaching, which was speedily discontinued, as a matter of no real moment. These changes were much resented by a small por-

tion of the congregation, some of whom set up a congregation of their own in an unlicensed room, the number assembling being about sixty, including children; laymen said the prayers and read printed sermons. They commenced a subscription for a church of their own, claiming the right to appoint their own minister, for whom they required a license from the bishop. The dissidents, as they called themselves, appealed to the Bishop of Capetown, and added charges against the archdeacon's doctrine which they refused to substantiate when called upon to do so. Mr. Fowle, on his arrival, carried on the service in the manner appointed by the Archdeacon, and as it was strictly in accordance with the rubric, the Bishop of Grahamstown, on his arrival in his diocese, would not alter it, though he made many efforts to reclaim the dissidents, but in vain. Those who remained faithful increased in love and attachment to the Church, and the outbreak, sad as the position of the seceders is, seems to have drawn out the hearty love and zeal of many."

In a letter to a friend, the Bishop speaks of the state of Church feeling at Port Elizabeth and in Grahamstown, and the last sentence deserves to be recorded, as containing a wholesome lesson to those of us who are apt to complain of the Church's troubled state in England:—

"As regards Church matters, we found good heart

and good Church feeling at Port Elizabeth, and there is evidently the same here, but the Church has a severe struggle, and we occupy a very different position from that in England. There is an anxious life before me, but I hope I may have strength given me for the work. You cannot tell how *calm* the aspect of England seems to be to one's imagination, compared with the state of spiritual things here."

The opening of the first mission to the Kafirs, to which allusion was made in a letter already quoted, and the remarkable manner in which aid was provided for the mission in its first serious difficulty, is recorded by the Bishop in the following words:—

"In a humble temporary chapel near the kraal of the chief Umhalla, to whom the Bishop of Capetown had promised a missionary, the white flag, the token both of Sundays and of divine service, was for the first time hoisted, and the first call given by the Church of England to the gentiles here. When Mr. Clayton, the first missionary, told me of this great event, I need not say how full I was of thankfulness and rejoicing. Soon, however, after this daybreak, as it were, in mission-work, a cloud came on. Circumstances compelled Mr. Clayton to return home. There was not a clergyman who could be sent to fill his place. We seemed just to be beginning in order to leave off, and to hoist that emblem of peace in order to pull it down. Mr. Green-

stock, who sailed with us in order to share Mr. Clayton's toils, could not be ordained deacon till Christmas; and thus a break in our work seemed to be inevitable; though Mr. Garde, a catechist, as the sole representative of the English Church, was prepared, as best he could, to hold the ground. It so happened, that when Mr. Clayton started on his way from Umhalla's to Grahamstown, the rivers were up, and after some hesitation he resolved to take a longer but less watery route. It so happened, also, that as he took this longer road he fell in, providentially, with the Rev. J. Hardie, a clergyman, who was travelling through the country for the sake of his health. The talk was soon of the mission. The result was, that Mr. Hardie turned his horse's head towards Grahamstown, journeyed thither with Mr. Clayton, came to see me, and, thank God, was soon installed in Mr. Clayton's place. I have since made him my examining chaplain; his health has considerably improved, and I have the greatest reason to rejoice in his devotion to missionary work, in which he shews no small measure both of discretion and zeal. Thus, at the most depressing hour, when the plough was in the ground, and no one seemed at hand to drive it through the soil, a labourer was given us. The heaviness that endured for a night was succeeded by the joy that 'cometh in the morning.' The white flag was not hauled down[a]."

[a] Mr. Hardie, who is here spoken of, became the Bishop's

Shortly after Christmas-day the Bishop left Grahamstown on his first journey into Kafir-land. He has given his own account of his first Christmas-day in Africa and his subsequent journey :—

"Christmas-day was, outwardly at least, most un-Christmas-like, and it is difficult to resist the power of outward things. With an overpowering sun, with a hot, scorching walk to church, with flowers looking languid from the heat, with no evergreens in church, with the flowers and green boughs that we hung about our rooms dead upon the walls even by mid-day, it was difficult to believe that it was indeed Christmas-day. Flowers, sunshine, birds, all looked out of tune; and one longed for the clear frost, the frosted trees and grass, the hard, crisp road, the church bright with the glossy leaves and berries of the holly. However, thank God, it *was* Christmas-day, though stripped of its accustomed outward associations. To the colonist it has not of late brought happy thoughts and memories; for Kafir wars have been wont to break out about this time, and many English graves have been dug for those whose unconscious kindred were hanging up the holly happily

valued friend, and when Archdeacon Merriman was obliged to relinquish missionary work, he took in his stead the superintendence of the missions. On the death of the Bishop, Mr. Hardie was made Commissary of the diocese by the Bishop of Capetown, Archdeacon Merriman being in England.

at home. At this very time there were no slight fears of another outbreak. A general dread of another Kafir war began to arise, and to cloud every man's spirit; the dark rumours ran rapidly through the whole country, and deepened as they ran; the alarm was soon so great that many farmers 'tracked' at once, as it is called,—that is, got their flocks and herds together, packed up their goods, and left their homes on the border for safer territory. The Fingos, on whom Sir G. Cathcart had relied, and whom he had placed as a kind of living wall of enmity along the Kafir border, were said to be leaguing with the Kafir. There was good reason to believe that some such combination against the white man was going on; and it certainly seemed but rash to build hopes of peace on the idea of a prolonged and necessary enmity between different portions of the same tribe, even though the feebler portion had once been ill-treated and enslaved by the stronger.

"However, when these rumours began somewhat to subside, and no outbreak actually occurred, I resolved to visit our mission-station, to take several towns in the way, and to make my first excursion into Kafir-land. General Jackson was again prompt in obliging us; and as Mrs. Armstrong was much weakened by domestic trouble that had fallen upon us, I resolved to take her with me, and to introduce her into these new scenes, especially as the General put a good mule-waggon at our disposal, and also gave us an escort through such parts of the country as we

desired. Packing ourselves and three children into the said mule-waggon, and attended by two mounted police, we started on January 2nd. After nine miles of uninteresting country, we came to the grand Ecca Pass, a good military road, as roads go here—a kind of narrow ledge that the soldiers have sliced out of the side of a steep mountainous ridge. The views were fine in the extreme; though when one looked down the precipitous crags, shaggy with bush, one's head was inclined to swim round, or one thought of the mule-waggon toppling over. The Euphorbia, that grew thickly in the bush, gave an Eastern look to it; while geraniums fringed the road-side, and beautiful creepers were rambling gracefully over the rocks.

"When it began to wax towards evening, we drew near to the river Koonap; and as we had fully reckoned on reaching the inn on the opposite side, and had made no provision for a night in the bush, we were by no means gratified to find that the river had risen, and that our muleteers dared not cross. There was no help for it; so the remains of our luncheon made up our scanty meal. . . . Nor is a mule-waggon a very spacious bed-room for five. However, we crumpled ourselves up as well as we could; and after an uneasy night we gladly saw the sun rise, and looked anxiously towards the river. It had gone down a little, but the muleteers did not seem quite comfortable; and as it was a dangerous 'drift' in bad weather, we did not much fancy the crossing. However, as some ox-waggons, which are larger and

higher, happened to have been detained also during the night, and were now about to cross, the owners kindly lifted us on the top of their goods and took us over, while the mules had to swim for it. We breakfasted at the inn, and our regrets at the loss of our tea were not so great when we found so thick an atmosphere of flies in the house. We seemed to eat them, drink them, breathe them; and right joyfully we got into our waggon, and again jolted along the craggy road, with flowers and shrubs beautiful as ever. When the rocky pass was over, we saw some fine extended views stretched out before us. On the calm, quiet day, as we were travelling along so peacefully, the rumours of war could not but come back to us, as our drivers pointed out the spots where many a bitter struggle for life had taken place, and especially where a body of poor Sappers had been surprised and slaughtered by the Kafirs in the late war.

"We outspanned at mid-day at Liew Fontein, the Lion's Fountain—a significant name, that has now happily ceased to be alarming, as the lions have moved far northwards. At night we reached Fort Beaufort, a town prettily situated, with fine hills around it, in the midst of a rich sheep-farming district, with a good river running near; but as no efforts have been made to cool the ground with irrigation, it is hot and dusty in the extreme. The expenditure of a little capital on machinery for raising the water would alter the place. We were most

hospitably received by the Rev. J. Henchman, the active clergyman of the place. On Friday, the 5th, I held confirmation; twenty were confirmed, and all seemed serious. On Sunday, the 7th, I preached, and took part in administering the Holy Communion, while seventeen out of the twenty who were confirmed became communicants. On the Monday I received the heads of families, and we had much interesting conversation on parish matters and on the general state of the Church. In the evening we were invited by the clergy and parishioners to tea in the Government schoolroom. The room was hung with flowers, and the evening passed pleasantly away; it gave me an opportunity of making personal acquaintance with the parishioners. I was sorry that I had not time to visit Heald Town, one of the largest and most successful of the Wesleyan stations. The exertions of the Wesleyan body, both among the English and the natives, have been very great. The only pity is, that a body which did not separate from us upon any doctrinal point, and which did not design at first to exist as a separate body, should not be re-united. It seems now a division without a cause, and both the Church and the Wesleyan body are necessarily weakened by divided action.

"On Tuesday we left our hospitable friends, with an escort of two Cape mounted riflemen, and, accompanied by Mr. Henchman and the churchwardens, proceeded towards Alice and Fort Hare. About the middle of the day we stopped at Mr. Bury's house of

accommodation, and found what, to African travellers, would be called a sumptuous luncheon prepared for us, and no charge made for it. The house itself shewed both the present fear of war, and also the ordinary state of the country; it was flanked by two projecting buildings with loop-holes, and all the front windows were strongly barricaded. In the afternoon we reached the neat little town of Alice, where as yet the Church has done nothing; and, splashing through the river, reached Fort Hare, a considerable fort which lies just outside the town. Immediately I arrived I held a confirmation within the fort, and then I proceeded to Alice, with Mr. Henchman, to hold consultation with the members of the Church. At this meeting it was resolved to raise a building which should be licensed for divine service on Sundays, and used as a schoolroom in the week, till we were strong enough to have a church. This building has since been raised, a school has been opened, many scholars received, good congregations on Sundays, and thus another instance given us of that wondrous reviving power contained in the Church, even after long past neglects.

"In the evening I dined with Colonel Jephson and the other officers of the 2nd at the mess, and had a pleasant evening, missionary subjects being far from unwelcome as topics of discussion. Captain Wolfe kindly got us quarters; and though the rooms even of the colonel and his wife were but wattle-and-daub, with mud floors and rough beams across

the rooms, and calico ceilings, still it was wonderful how the hands of English ladies had contrived to diffuse an air of comfort, and how contented under these rude roofs they all seemed to be.

"The next morning, when the mules were caught, we again got under way, accompanied by the Rev. H. Beaver, the military chaplain. The country gradually grew in beauty as we journeyed on, and we found ourselves approaching the very choicest portion of the diocese. Distant views of the Amatola mountains had been already seen; but now we were creeping into the lovely country which they either enfold or bound. And here, too, we began to see the strange reality of real savage life. There is something striking in seeing man, for the first time, in his wild and rude state; and as here and there we caught sight of groups of black youths on the plain or in the bush, watching their cattle, I had feelings which I cannot describe. All the youthful stories and youthful books about savage life that one had gloated over with so intense an interest in one's youth, seemed fulfilled before my eyes.

"We outspanned at Middle Drift, a small military post, and the officers kindly received us. Kama, the only Christian chief as yet, and one whom the Wesleyans have been the honoured instruments of converting, lives close to the fort; and as he had paid me a visit in Grahamstown, I gladly returned it. He is a tall, fine-looking man, with a mild, pleasing countenance, and he is always spoken of as

a sincere and consistent Christian. Some coloured Scripture prints which I had given him hung on his walls, and he had carefully covered them with thin paper, as if he only occasionally indulged himself in looking at them.

"Captain Houldsworth joined our party on leaving Middle Drift, and rode with us towards Fort Cox. We seemed to be driving through the most exquisite shrubbery, the pet piece in some exquisite park, though it extended for miles and miles; while in the distance rose the grand range of the Amatolas, with their rounded folds or plaits, which gave a peculiar softness to their grandeur. Though the space between these rounded folds is called a kloof; I suppose, in English, it means cleft; yet cleft describes something rather abruptly cut. Not such, in reality, are these green and wooded hollows. We outspanned at Fort Cox, and the officers did their best to provide a quick repast, and to shew us hospitality. The fort, which looks out on one of the grandest views, is memorable in African story as the place in which the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, was cooped in by the Kafirs. On the road, I was struck with the appearance of some Kafirs. Mr. Beaver told me they had evidently just undergone the rite of circumcision. It appears that for a certain space they are parted from their fellows, as being unclean, and build temporary huts for themselves, to which they retire; and as if in token of an act of purification, they whiten their faces during

this separation. They have no religious interpretation of the rite they perform. It seems a tradition which has lost its soul, an unexplained and unmeaning act, or one which has no other meaning with them than the accidental one that they have reached manhood.

"On we journeyed, Mr. Duff of the Engineers riding with us, as Captain Houldsworth turned back. We were overtaken on the road by a Kafir, riding fast, whose sole apparel consisted of a pair of Wellington boots and a blanket. We crossed the beautiful Keiskamma times innumerable, and we envied the mules the cooling which they got in these several passages of the river, as we were undergoing the broiling inflicted by an African sun. Colonel Nesbitt was drowned in one of these drifts last year; but the water that had then rushed down in torrents within the steep wooded banks, now only babbled musically over the stones. Some of the dips we had to make in the road were certainly rather startling at first; and as the mules rushed down perpendicularly, I fully expected the pole to run fast into the slosh and mud at the bottom, and there to stick, with the waggon suspended in an upright position. How we went down these pitches, and how we got up again, was a mystery.

"The road along the celebrated Boma Pass was exquisite, though the scene was saddened by the account of one of those sudden massacres at the beginning of the last Kafir war of our soldiers, who

were passing, with unloaded muskets, entirely off their guard. It was here that Colonel Bissett was desperately wounded, being left by the soldiers in their flight. After they had carried him a little way, he contrived to crawl with one leg and one arm, the other side being wholly disabled, a considerable distance, scarcely indulging in a hope of life, till at last he saw a Hottentot sergeant, who conveyed him to a place of safety. About five o'clock we reached another military post, called Keiskamma Hoek, and found comfortable quarters prepared for us, thanks to Mr. Duff, and the Rev. G. Dacre, the military chaplain.

"I dined at the mess with Colonel Barnes and the officers of the 6th; and in the morning, after breakfasting with the colonel, I visited with Mr. Dacre the military school, which appeared to be well conducted, and then took part with Mr. Dacre in divine service among the sick soldiers in the hospital.

"I had been especially anxious to visit the 'Hoek,' which by the way seems to mean a piece of land hooked in by hills, because I understood that there were some Fingos in the neighbourhood who were within the range of no existing mission. Accordingly, in the afternoon, Mr. Dacre, Mr. Croker, of the 6th, Mr. Finn, the Government interpreter, and myself, mounted horse and rode off to the kraal of a petty Fingo chief. The ride was beautiful, and we had to clamber down a somewhat precipitous

path, so narrow that I thought some of us must have been fairly skewered by the long white teeth of the Mimosa bush, which threatened our legs at every step. On reaching a picturesque spot, we sent off a Kafir for the chief, who was attending his melies. When he arrived a conversation commenced, and I proposed, through the interpreter, to form a mission among his people. He himself, now an oldish man, stood somewhat in front of his people, his counsellors squatted on the ground near him; the people, with the children, silently listened with the greatest attention, while the counsellors, acting thoroughly as such, prompted the chief, and seemed voluble in their advice. Altogether, it was a new scene to me, and an interesting one, and I could not but feel, as we all stood together, Christian and heathen, how many souls might be hereafter acted upon through this one day's meeting. When I explained my object, and described, first, the religious teaching which we desired to give, and then the aid we desired to render them in the tillage of their land and such-like industrial operations, the chief gladly caught at the latter part of the offer; and of course I felt that as 'by all means we ought to gain some,' we might well be thankful if any interest we took in their temporal welfare were the means of inspiring that confidence which might afterwards incline them the more to listen to the very Word of Life. When it was fully agreed between us that a mission should be formed, we had to ride sharply

home, as the night was coming quickly on, and in this country we have no pleasant thoughtful time of twilight. On gaining the Fort we again dined at the mess, and I was glad to find that the officers seemed inclined to take considerable interest in our missionary plans. Since that time, Mr. Dacre, who then volunteered his aid, has toiled with remarkable success as a conductor of the industrial operations, and as an energetic manager of the Fingo mind. He has spent every spare minute among the Fingos, has gained great influence over them, and has paved the way for the missionary whom I hope soon to place as a resident at the station.

"On Friday, the 12th, we left the Hoek, not without regret. It was a spot that singularly charmed us; and to take the first step in a new mission was a matter of no slight interest. As Mr. Croker kindly lent me a horse, I rode ahead of the mule-waggon with Mr. Dacre, the road winding through soft green sloping hills, covered at the top and down the kloofs with bush; great blue patches of the Agapanthus brightened portions of the road, and it would take a page to enumerate the green-house flowers that were 'as thick as blackberries' on either side. One English-looking brook delighted us, overhung with dark massive trees that shielded us for a moment from the fierceness of the sun. When the heat had become most intense we reached a small military post called 'Baily's Grave;' and we were no sooner safely housed and hospitably received

by the officers, Captain Bligh and Mr. Williamson, than a terrific thunder-storm burst over our heads, and forked lightning played about in terrible propinquity. After this storm was over we again set out, and found the air considerably cooled. Mr. Dacre was here obliged to turn his horse homewards, and I had to climb into the waggon, where, after the extreme heat of the ride, I fell asleep, notwithstanding the great jolting.

"As we got near King Williamstown we perceived a group of horsemen approaching us, and found that Colonel Pringle Taylor, the Commandant of British Kaffraria, with some officers, Mr. Bell, the military chaplain, and Mr. Parker, the churchwarden, had kindly ridden out to escort us into the town. We dined with Colonel Taylor, and had the use of the Government House.

"On Saturday, the 13th, I confirmed twenty-four persons, and on Sunday there was Holy Communion. The chief part of the congregation were soldiers, and I preached to them plainly. The new church is still unfinished, though the most beautiful building in my diocese; it is beyond our colonial means, and now it is too small for the admission both of military and civilians. For many years to come King Williamstown must be an important military position; and by the time the military can be safely dispensed with, the civilians will have become too numerous for the church. I wish much for means to throw out an aisle.

"On Monday we resolved to visit the chief Umhalla, near whose kraal the first mission of the Church of England had been formed. Colonel Maclean, the Chief Commissioner of Kaffraria, who kindly called on me before my departure, was evidently uneasy about a Kafir war, and especially uneasy about Umhalla, who, he thought, was now inclined to look darkly upon our mission, and to wish it away. Not without anxiety, therefore, did I start on this visit. Mr. Taylor, the resident magistrate, Mr. Fleming, the former valued military chaplain of King Williamstown, and an interpreter, rode out with us. After these horsemen had got somewhat ahead, we saw them cantering back towards our waggon, and were agreeably relieved to find that they brought the intelligence that Umhalla, with a group of followers, was on his road to meet us. We accordingly drew up, and the first great Kafir chief I had seen soon reached us, accompanied by a considerable group of wives and followers. As we alighted from the waggon they all dismounted, and our first conference commenced. It appeared that Umhalla had designed to catch me in King Williamstown before we started. He was an old man with a shrewd countenance; and though his wives and followers were all clothed—that is, to a certain limited extent—after Kafir fashion, the chief had confined himself in European clothing. The greeting, to our surprise and pleasure, was a kindly one, and our anxieties were speedily set

at rest. After a satisfactory chat we distributed tobacco among his wives and counsellors, who thankfully regaled themselves thereupon. The women were pleased with our fair-faced children, and Umhalla seemed glad to see my wife, as it appeared a mark of confidence thus bringing her into his country at such a time. He seemed a little afraid of the mules bringing the dreadful lung sickness, now raging so widely in the colony, into his kraal; and we found, such is their police, that he had known exactly where the mules had slept even as far back as Fort Beaufort. Paris in this respect, in this noiseless observation of all that is going on, does not beat Kafirland. As Umhalla was so near King Williamstown, and had other business, he thought it best to go on, promising to return immediately to his own place. Much relieved, we hastened on. As the wives of the chief were about to mount, a Fingo passed, and, as if by instinct, the Kafir women beckoned him to stop; and, as if by instinct, this member of the once enslaved tribe knelt on one knee, the women in turn placed their feet on the other, and using it as a step gracefully leapt upon their horses, riding after male fashion, though shewing considerable modesty. The action of both parties struck us, and was highly characteristic of the two natures in these portions of the one great Kafir family.

"Mr. Taylor soon turned back. Mr. Fleming still accompanied us. We outspanned at a pretty

spot, and Kafirs were seen approaching with their baskets of sour milk,—a liquid I can only contrive to swallow in times of extremity, though our children took to it directly. Further on we saw valleys streaked with Kafir population, among whom no missionaries toiled. Towards evening, as we reached the top of a considerable hill, we saw nestled modestly under an opposite hill the first little mission-station of the Church amid these heathen tribes. It was a scene not to be gazed upon without emotion; and as we stood near the ruins of old Fort Waterloo, we looked thankfully on the house of peace below. The structure was indeed a simple one — mere wattle-and-daub — only one end of it looked at all finished, but that was the chapel, and there was a wooden cross at the east end, which thus visibly declared that the preaching of Christ crucified had commenced among these darkened people, and that in His Name we had taken spiritual possession of the land.

"The Rev. Mr. Hardie, Rev. F. Bankes, the Head Master of our Grammar School, who was taking a holiday tour, reached the mission soon after us; and together with Mr. Fleming and Mr. Greenstock, the missionary, we found ourselves forming a goodly company of clergy, while we had also Mr. Garde, the catechist, and Mr. Mullins, a youthful catechist of promise, whom I had brought with me from England, thus gathered together in the wilderness.

"We ourselves, with our little girl, were placed

in possession of the best Kafir hut; our boys wrapped themselves up in the mule-waggon; the other clergy slept, some in an ox-waggon—some, I believe, in Nature's lap; and as the night was extremely hot, the mosquitoes abundant, none of us seemed very fresh in the morning. After breakfasting in the unroofed portion of the station, we soon saw the Kafirs—men, women, and children—pouring down to us. Umhalla himself, who had ridden some twenty-eight miles back, was not long in coming; and as I thought our first intercourse should in this place be solemn, I proceeded to robe, as the other clergy also did, and we walked in our robes from the hut into the chapel. We then allotted a front place to Umhalla, while his people squatted on the ground, filling the chapel; then, through an interpreter, I told Umhalla that we were come to teach him the truth in God's Name, that I put the missionaries under his charge and protection as chief, and that I hoped both he himself would listen to the good words which they would teach, and also urge his people to give heed to this teaching.

"After wishing that peace might be with him, we left the chapel; and after unrobing, we proceeded to have a business talk with Umhalla, who seemed excellently disposed to do what we wished, and was really kind. I gave him distinctly to understand that we did not wish to interfere with, but to respect, his temporal authority, and that we

should look to him as the chief in temporal things, requiring in return his good-will and guardianship.

"While we were conferring with Umhalla, my wife, surrounded by Kafir women and children, went into the chapel; and bidding them sit down quietly, she played solemn tunes on the harmonium we had brought with us, they sitting like things entranced, with earnest faces and motionless limbs, evidently shewing that sacred music might become a powerful instrument in influencing and softening them. I heard afterwards that one Kafir said, that 'where there was music, there could be no war;' and another, listening one Sunday outside the chapel, thought that 'heaven must be there;' and another, a very bad fellow, said that he 'could have almost cried.'

"After this, we were still in the midst of the multitude, who seemed bent on having 'a day of it.' Our children then set to work to entertain the youthful part of the company, and hit upon the strange idea of keeping a play-school, though neither party understood one word of the other's language. However, with great quickness and great delight, the native children entered into the game, submitted to be placed into classes, and to be ordered to say their lessons, repeating, with excellent imitative powers, 'd-o-g, dog, c-a-t, cat,' after my children. This game lasted a long time, and created a great deal of laughter on both sides. Other amusements followed; and it was really somewhat both

of a touching and of an amusing sight, to see the sudden friendship between the white children and the black. I was also struck with the extreme good-temper of the young Kafirs. Through the whole of that long day, I did not see a push or a blow, nor hear one angry word. My wife entertained the women with the marvellous operations of the needle on their bags, and karosses, and blankets, while Mr. Fleming gave us beads to distribute, which the chief himself was not above soliciting.

"In the afternoon we had divine service for ourselves in the chapel. As the chapel walls were mere mud, some of our party had previously gone into the neighbouring bush and brought in green boughs and branches of flowering shrubs, with which they beautified the mud walls, and turned the whole into quite a comely place. My wife played the harmonium, and for the first time the Psalms were chanted, and the hymns of praise went up, amid these wild hills. The solitary deacon and the catechist, strengthened by their brethren's presence, offered thankfully Christian worship, and took heart, while the heathen stood outside, listening to the music with the deepest delight.

"After this, accompanied by Mr. Hardie, I returned Umhalla's visit. Creeping through the door of his hive, I saw, through the smoke and darkness, a multitude of bright, glistening eyes; and then, as I got accustomed to the atmosphere, the swarthy

forms of himself and a dozen or so of his friends, all squatting round the hut. At one time a dark figure stood accidentally in the little doorway, and I could not but feel, as the rumours of war had not yet died away, how completely one was in this chief's power. Confidence, however, in a chief and a chief's word, are strong protectors. When some black-looking meat began to be fingered and handed about, thinking it might give offence if I did not put my hands into the unsavoury dish, I prudently made my retreat.

"As the night drew on, we were all fairly tired out; and in defiance of heat, huts, mosquitoes and all, we got a fair night's rest.

"Early next morning, Umhalla was at the door of our hut, telling us that he had killed a cow in honour of our arrival, and wanted us to stay for a two days' feast. This, however, we were unable to do, as our new Governor, Sir George Grey, was expected in Grahamstown, and I was anxious to be there to meet him. Accordingly, after much shaking of hands, we again mounted our mule-waggon and set off, thoroughly gratified with our visit; and though not daring to hope too much, with such uncertain and fluctuating minds as savages' to deal with, yet indulging thankfully in some hope of a future spiritual harvest from that field.

"On our way back we passed by numerous groups of Kafirs, some quite naked, others wrapped up in thin blankets, which lose, by-the-bye, the look of blankets, by being stained a kind of reddish brown.

Some of them kept up by the side of our mule-waggon, running at great speed and with great powers of endurance. In time of war they perform prodigious journeys, and in an incredible short space of time. We made a short pause at Mr. Birt's station, about eight miles from King Williamstown—a station connected with the London Missionary Society, and celebrated for its industrial operations. It is certainly one of the most successful missionary undertakings, and reflects great credit on the zeal and energy of Mr. Birt.

"I must candidly confess that the outward effect of the first stage of civilization, such as these Kafirs exhibited, is by no means attractive. The natural Kafir, giving him his blanket, is a most picturesque object; his form is fine in the extreme, his movements graceful, his face intelligent, his attitudes animated, his language melodious, reminding us of soft Italian. Group after group, taken in their natural attitudes, would have been perfect models for the sculptors; and I often gazed at them with warm admiration. Nor is the artistic capacity of a stained blanket in the least degree understood until it has been seen. I have seen no Grecian statues that excel native Kafir groups, with the graceful folds of these aforesaid blankets.

"When, then, passing from the graceful freedom of pure savage life, one beholds them be-trowsered, be-jacketed, waistcoated, with old wide-awakes and forage-caps and corderoys, one recoils instinctively

from this first ungainly unsightly development of civilization. The anklets, the armlets, the assegais, the elegant bands of shells round the head, the necklaces of wolves' teeth, skilfully and artistically arranged, beat the dirty, gaudy 'tie,' the clod-hopping shoes, &c. Such was my impression on seeing Mr. Birt's Kafirs, though I doubt not solid advantages are obtained; and, though not without a sigh of human weakness, one must abandon the picturesque for the useful and industrial.

"We reached King Williamstown before dark, and left it the next morning for Grahamstown, stopping the first night at the Tamacha Post, a fine situation, and receiving, as usual, great kindness from the officers. The next day we had to descend Line Drift Hill, a kind of rocky staircase, which is called a road. Dreading a state of general dislocation, we walked down the staircase, enjoying magnificent views, and the children revelling in the flowers by the road-side.

"There is a small military post at Line Drift, after passing which we reached the plain of the Gwanga, where, for once, the Kafirs were caught in open field, and were so hotly pursued and put to the sword by Sir H. Darrell and the 7th Dragoons that the river actually ran red with blood. Then we reached Fort Peddie, another military post, where I stopped to baptize a child, and reached Trumpeter's Drift at night, another small military post on the Fish river. The next day, after a hot and rough

day's journey, we found ourselves safe again at Grahamstown. Mr. Fleming, I should have said, accompanied us all the way home and rendered us good service. In this journey we had not visited a single town or village that was not reared under the shadow of the bayonet. It was a region of forts, and yet by far the loveliest part of the eastern province.

"And now let me give my first impression of the Kafir race, formed from my own brief observation of them, and from the varied opinions of all sorts of people that have been breathed round about me. They seem to be essentially a noble race, noble outwardly, noble as regards intellectual power, and also as regards many moral qualities. They are a happy, healthful, good-tempered people, not naturally cruel; even in time of war not more cruel than many Christian armies have been even in modern wars. A Kafir's word is truth itself—the moment that peace is proclaimed the English traveller might journey from one end of Kafirland to another without the slightest risk. They are never angry; and from their great command of temper, and their natural argumentative powers, many an able Englishman has been fairly worsted in disputes. Though, like our worthy Christian ancestors on the Northern Border, they have been great thieves and cattle-stealers, a glance at the map convinces us that after all we English have been the greatest gainers by these thefts, and have succeeded in gaining considerable territory. It is true that the Kafir is

himself an invader—but still we ourselves should sigh were we English invaders driven from the fair plains of India which conquest had made our own. Their laws seem, on the whole, equitable and good; and though they believe in witchcraft, and cruelly put to death those convicted of that art, we really do not know what Satanic powers may be exercised among them; and even if theirs is an unreasonable credulity, we have only to remember all the fortune-telling that is still going on in England, and the success even among the higher classes at home of such awful impostures as spirit-rapping and the like.

"Though but few of them have as yet embraced any form of Christianity, they have always respected the missionaries; and when war has been determined on among them, they have in every instance given safe convoy to the missionaries. Not a hair of a missionary's head has been ever touched. Their religious state is peculiar. They have little of their own to shake off, and their souls seem a kind of void. Certain outward rites that have evidently a religious significance, are not religiously understood. There is no altar to the unknown God. The reports of the missionary bodies that have been at work do not really speak of many converts. There are many listeners. A chapel will be full every Sunday, and yet but very few converted and baptized. It may be that they have so lost the remains of natural religion that we can hardly expect any great and immediate change. It may be that they have to go through a

transitional state; that is, giving, as they do, a kind reception to missionaries, respecting and looking up to them, listening to their words, but not at present embracing the Christian faith in any numbers. As a fact, there are very few Christian Kafirs. The Church of England, indeed, is only just beginning to do her part. She is the last in the field. Her missions, more perfect in form, may have greater success; but while the field is vast, and the door is open, and the Kafirs disposed to receive us, we must not be impatient of success. I myself expect no sudden fruit; and though longing for help from home, for devoted men, for larger means, that we may enter energetically on the work, I believe it to be a work that will need patience, that will try our steadfastness, that will make a strain upon hope; and in appealing warmly to the English Church for help, I enter a solemn protest against the impatience of the age, which requires, in spiritual as in commercial matters, 'quick returns,'—glowing accounts of great triumphs, no depressing tale of failures and disappointments."

At this period extensive missionary prospects opened upon the Church, through the noble Christian policy of Sir G. Grey, then, as now, Governor of Southern Africa. The Bishop gave the following details of Sir George Grey's plans in a letter to Mr. Hawkins:—

"*Grahamstown,*
"*Dec.* 28, 1854.

"My dear Mr. Hawkins,

"I believe that the Bishop of Capetown has already told you what a great and golden opportunity for missionary work, on a great and noble scale, is presented, by God's mercy, to the Church of England in South Africa, through the plans of the new Governor, Sir George Grey. When I see the utter and complete neglect with which all the native tribes have been hitherto treated by our Church, and the exclusive application of all funds, and of all ministerial action, to the English population, I am certainly filled with wonder and with thankfulness that God should be dealing with us at all, much more that He should open out the way, after all our spiritual neglect, to a vast spiritual work. Sir George Grey proposes to expend no less a sum than £30,000 a-year on missions, the missions to extend beyond the limits of the colony, and the grants being intended to call forth and be met by corresponding efforts on the part of religious bodies prepared largely to enter on the work. With such grants and such designs, it is impossible to over-rate the importance of the crisis as regards the Church of England. I feel that I am not pleading for my own diocese alone, but for the Church of England at home, when I ask her through the Society to offer noble offerings, both of men—earnest, self-devoted men—and of money, at such a time as this. Half-measures at such a time will not

do. We must make a great *stride* in missionary efforts; and I must ask the Society at once to *dare* a good deal, though they may not see the way to do a great and extraordinary work. I must ask them to run a great risk, and I feel sure if they commission you to give me great and immediate aid without seeing their way to pay it, that the Church, stirred up by a special appeal, will not disappoint them, or leave them in the lurch. It is just that one opportunity upon which our whole character and career as a missionary Church, loving and seeking the souls of the heathen, may in all likelihood rest. If, to use a homely expression, we only nibble at this opportunity, and enter on a feeble work, my heart will indeed sink as regards our existence here as a Church. I had intended, before this great news of Sir George Grey's plan had arrived, to have addressed a very urgent appeal to the Society for increased aid in mission work; but now I must learn to enlarge my own views, which were not, I think, at all diminutive before. I must say, too, that our first mission (which has commenced since my arrival) is looked upon with considerable interest by all parties; and I have a strong conviction from all I have now heard and seen, that there is something in what I may call the genius of the Church, her tone, her spirit, her order and discipline, which is specially suited to the Kafir character.

"Of course the first great want is that of men, and I hope you will be able to make this want known,

and at once to send off any clergy or catechists whom, on examination, you may think qualified for the work. As regards money, I boldly ask for an additional four thousand a-year; only adding that if this is given for five years, the mission by that time will be to a considerable extent self-supporting: at any rate, half that income will then do. I can only say again, that I believe, if at the very first meeting of the committee, on a holy impulse, and without examining the pockets of the Society, this grant is made, and then followed up by a special appeal, the Society will be backed up, and their courage in giving well rewarded.

* * * * *

"As regards our general work, I am thankful to say that six churches are in the course of erection. I held my first ordination in this cathedral on Dec. 24, and had the pleasure of ordaining a most excellent Berlin missionary, who labours among the convicts, and has for some time desired to enter Orders in the English Church; also Mr. Greenstock, (of the mission,) who came out with us, and has made most rapid progress in Kafir; and Mr. Smith, of the University of Durham, who will have work among the English. A Wesleyan teacher has been for some time anxious for ordination, and from what I hear of his character, I am inclined to ordain him, D. V., on Trinity Sunday. I made it known that I was anxious to train the sons of colonists who knew the Kafir tongue, for holy Orders as missionaries among the

Kafirs, and two excellent religious youths, who speak Kafir like their own language, and one the son of another Berlin missionary, have of themselves wished to offer themselves, and the parents have heartily consented: they will be at once of the greatest value as teachers and interpreters. A third youth I have heard of, but the matter is not quite settled. All this, I trust, will shew you that there is life in the Church in South Africa, signs indeed of increasing life. May the Church at home now put forth her strength to strengthen us in this strange land, and put the Cross on herself that we may be enabled, by the gift of some of her most earnest sons, and of her substance, to preach the saving doctrines of the Cross. If such a response is made as my hopes lead me to expect, I shall indeed go on my way rejoicing, and devote myself to the blessed work of furthering the kingdom of our Redeemer with gladness of heart. With my whole heart I commend the proposals I have felt it my duty to make to the Committee of the Society, asking their prayers.

"Yours, believe me, very sincerely,

"JOHN GRAHAMSTOWN.

"The Rev. E. Hawkins."

In consequence of these proposals, the Bishop convened a synod of the clergy of the diocese, to take counsel as to their future plans. Owing to the rapid rise of the rivers, several of the clergy were unable to reach Grahamstown;

but twelve assembled. After receiving the Holy Communion together, they took the subject of missions into earnest consideration, and the result was communicated in the following letter to Mr. Hawkins:—

"*Grahamstown,*
"*February* 10, 1855.

"Dear Mr. Hawkins,

"Since I last wrote I have had several interviews with our Governor; and, without being able to wait till I could hear from the Society, I have been required to make a formal statement as to the amount of mission-work which the Church of England will pledge itself to undertake this present year. I confess that I could not give a pledge without great anxiety: as on the one hand, I am perfectly convinced that the very existence of the Church of England here depends on our occupying considerable missionary ground, and on our dealing boldly with mission-work; and on the other hand, I undertake responsibilities which the Church at home may not support me in. Happily, however, I had a meeting of the clergy of the diocese; and they felt the crisis to be so momentous to the whole interests of the Church, and that the Church of England was altogether so completely put upon her trial before the whole colony, that they cordially and unanimously assented to the scheme which I am now laying before the Governor. I have pledged

the Church to undertake this present year, missions—

"I. To Umhalla, the great chief; this mission to consist of a central school, &c., with a sort of outpost about ten miles off.

"II. To Kreli, another great Kafir chief across the Kei.

"III. To Sandili, another great chief.

"IV. To the Fingos at Keiskamma Hoek, with an outpost.

"V. The formation of a school in the Kafir location close to Grahamstown.

"The Governor on his part will immediately pay into the bank for the erection of buildings on these several missions, the total sum of £4,000 this present year; intending also to make some further addition next year, that the buildings may be completed. I myself start at the end of this month on a journey to Kreli and Sandili to obtain their leave to commence missions. Umhalla I have already visited, and he gave me a promise of land to erect larger buildings upon than those we had commenced.

"As regards men for the work, I think we may lay claim to the support and sympathy of the Church at home, when I tell you that the clergy of the diocese are prepared to send some men out of their own number to these missions, on the conviction that their offer of service will draw out some brethren from England to aid them in the work. We

are not going to call upon England for all the sacrifice, but out of our own body will send out labourers into the wilderness. Thus, first of all, Archdeacon Merriman has undertaken the headship of the mission at the chief Umhalla's, in all respects a most important point of action; and he will move thither with his family the moment a residence is built. I propose also creating him Archdeacon of Kaffraria, and having a separate Archdeacon of Grahamstown for the English, in order that he may visit and superintend the various missions. Mr. Hardie, a presbyter, with Mr. Greenstock, a deacon, have offered to give their aid at the same mission: as it is important that it should be a centre of operation; and it is proposed to itinerate round the country, which is very thickly peopled. Mr. Lange, lately a Berlin missionary, a most excellent man, whom I ordained at Christmas, and who has a perfect knowledge of the Kafir character and language, has offered to take charge of the proposed school of Kafirs at the outskirts of Grahamstown; and as we propose making it a kind of chapel-school, he will also hold divine service in it on Sunday. I have also secured two catechists, one for Sandili, and one for Kreli, and I want two clergymen for these posts immediately.

"I have now told you what mission ground I felt bound to pledge the Church to undertake this year; and in so doing I have doubtless pledged it to an expenditure of £1,500 this year. Next year, each

of these missions will have to throw out off-shoots, as these are but the beginnings of mission-work. I hope that by thus making a gradual progress, the Society will gradually increase its grants till they reach £4,000 a-year. When this sum is reached it will not require to be given long: for the land attached to the missions will gradually become productive, and the £4,000 a-year will gradually decline.

"Unless I had pledged the Church to the occupation of such mission ground, the grants of the Governor would have been within reach of other religious bodies, who already have got from him their proportion; and not only should we have lost the great benefit of so much monetary aid for the erection of the buildings, but we should have lost for ever mission ground. Already I find whole tracts of country peopled by the Fingos, in the hands of the Wesleyans and Independents, so that we cannot make any effort at present, or find room for the sole of our foot; and unless we bestir ourselves to meet this crisis, large and more important districts full of Kafirs would slip out of our hands. In such a case I am convinced the Church could not keep her ground many years as a mere Church of the English. While, therefore, I have committed the Church to this large and immediate expenditure, I hope the Society will cordially approve of the steps I have taken, and enable me to meet this expenditure at once, promising also to aid me in more

extended efforts next year. The Society must not think that these efforts will be confined to the legal boundaries of my diocese: the surrounding country calls for our care, and is closely connected with the various tribes under British rule.

"Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN GRAHAMSTOWN.

"In my last letter I asked for £4,000 a-year at once; but as we shall not be able to expand greatly till nearly half the year is over, I have limited my request to £1,500 to be paid within this year.

"Rev. E. Hawkins."

The Bishop resolved to make a second expedition into the scenes of these prospective missions, and has given the following detailed account of his movements.

"Having thus resolved on embracing at once this extensive area, I determined on going myself to the chiefs Sandili and Kreli that I might secure their permission to plant our missions among them. Previous to my departure I held my first Confirmation in Grahamstown, when fifty candidates were confirmed. We had a special Communion on Sunday, when above forty of the confirmed partook of it—a great addition to our numbers. Altogether the number of communicants was unusually large.

"I now set up my carriage; that is, I bought a good strong waggon and a span of good strong oxen, and I hired a couple of Hottentots, as driver and leader, determining not only to go to the Kafir chiefs, but to make a visitation of those parts of my Diocese which I had not seen—a visitation that would probably occupy some three months. On Friday, February 23rd, I commenced my journey, driving in a gig down to Southwell, having one grand view on my way which involved the descent of a long and dreadful hill, and holding a Confirmation immediately on my arrival. There were twenty-three candidates gathered together from a thinly-peopled and scattered district, where Mr. Waters has toiled hard, and with good success. The next morning, Mr. Keeton, a considerable landowner and farmer, kindly lent me a horse, and Mr. Waters and myself had a beautiful ride of about fifteen miles to Cowie Mouth. Here we were hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Cock; and after dining with them we proceeded to a room attached to his extensive works, where we held Divine Service, and I confirmed two candidates. When Service was over, accompanied by the Rev. J. Barrow, who had come to meet me from Bathurst, we crossed the mouth of the Cowie in a boat, again mounted horse on the other side, riding another ten miles through a pleasant, bushy, undulating country,—but just as it got dark we reached Bathurst. The Southwell district, under Mr. Cock's management, yielded more corn

than I had yet seen, and it was really quite refreshing to see good English-looking stacks. An illustration of Scripture met me on the road, as I observed the oxen treading out the corn.

"The next day being Sunday, I held Confirmation, when nine candidates presented themselves. I also baptized Mr. Barrow's little child, and three others. I preached and took my part in the administration of the Holy Communion. In the afternoon I preached again. Bathurst is a pretty English-looking place, though, I fear, owing to the wars, it is drooping much. It was sad to see nice farm-houses on all sides turned into black and roofless ruins. Such sights gave a melancholy air to the whole country; and the scantiness of the population in so rich a scene, added to the melancholy feeling.

"My waggon met me at Bathurst, and on Monday we started for Cuylerville, a kind of outpost of Bathurst, where Mr. Boon, a catechist, is placed. A good congregation of farmers and their wives and children were waiting for us, though really the people are but few in these parts. The people seemed in earnest. I baptized one child, confirmed one person, a nice married woman, preached, and, aided by Mr. Barrow, administered the Lord's Supper to ten persons,—one old man of seventy receiving it for the first time, and the mother of the child I had baptized kneeling down to receive it with her infant in her arms. There is something very refreshing in visiting these out-of-the-way distant places and

bringing all the ordinances of the Church even to a few—for it is evidently the Church's part to shew great regard even for the very fewest sheep of the fold. In such places, too, I often found a very warm response. Mr. Boon, the catechist, has happily preserved English cleanliness and tidiness—things a good deal wanted in colonial life. Everything, both in the school-room, chapel, and in his house, was beautifully clean and well-ordered. After Service some women, who had been sitting with their children near the door, found that an adder had been all the while coiled up close to them—they had had a great escape.

"The next day we started off towards the Fish river. I baptized a child on the way. On reaching the river we crossed on the Pont, while the oxen got a good swim by our side. We then reached what Sir G. Cathcart intended to be the town of Newcastle, but as yet not a house is built. This whole district, extending about twenty-five miles or more along the sea-coast between the Fish river and the Keiskamma, has been recently parcelled off in small farms, about 1,000 or 1,500 acres each, and many of them were already occupied. It was something to feel that in this case, at least, the Church of England was the first to care for these people's souls. On my arrival I found that no religious teacher had set foot in the district, and no religious service had been held, and it was something to feel that the Church was for once the first in the field.

Hastening to the temporary farm-house of Mr. Loyd, a wattle-and-daub structure, we there found a little congregation gathered together, and with great thankfulness we commenced divine service. I confirmed two young farmers, preached, and, aided by Mr. Barrow, administered the Holy Communion to eight persons,—two mothers kneeling with infants in their arms, the wives of the farmers I had confirmed. After service we discussed the necessity of erecting a church. We all agreed that we had better immediately raise a church of moderate cost, instead of waiting for the distant day when we could indulge in architectural grace. Mr. Loyd offered four acres of land; about £30 was subscribed on the spot, and we propose not to spend above £100, if that can be got.

"The next day the waggon was again in motion; as the drivers turned round to look at a large snake, the waggon went with its whole force against an ant-hill, which it failed to knock down. What are the pyramids, after all, as compared with ant-hills, if we consider the size of the builders? Passing through a grassy, undulating country, and somewhat pinched for food during the day, we reached a farm of Mr. Tainton's at night. I noticed a swallow's nest in the thatch, and was struck with the neck or passage which the swallow had constructed to preserve the brood the better from the snakes. That same swallow, such is instinct, flying to a particular farm or cottage in a particular village of a parti-

cular county in England, constructs his nest there without this appendage.

"The next morning we reached Fort Peddie, where I held divine service, which was well attended both by military and civilians. Here the Rev. C. R. Lange, the Berlin missionary whom I had ordained at Christmas, joined me, having got leave of absence, as he was not well. Being both a Dutch and Kafir scholar, I felt that he would be of great value as travelling chaplain. He had indeed to combine many other and secular qualities in the course of our journey, as he was often commissariat-officer, cook, carpenter, driver, &c. Captain Tainton, of the Fingo Police, a splendid Kafir scholar, also joined me, having obtained permission to aid me in my interviews with the Kafir chiefs. Captain Espinasse of the 12th, and Mr. Monsell of the Cape Corps, rode with me the next day to Line Drift, the latter officer kindly mounting me. At Line Drift I borrowed a trooper's horse, and rode to the Tamacha post, where I slept; the waggon and Mr. Lange catching me up. We dined at the mess, and finding my proposal of holding service the next morning was cordially received by Major Preston, we repaired in the morning to a room prepared for us, and had an attentive congregation of officers and men; Mr. Lange reading prayers, and I preaching. Major Preston then lent me a horse, and I rode on to King Williamstown, where, being again hospitably received by Col. Taylor, we spent the Sunday.

"On Monday we started towards the chief Sandili's. The road was tolerably good, and about one we made our fire in the bush, cooked our dinner, and gave the oxen a couple of hours' rest and pasture. We had not long got under way again before a violent thunder-storm fairly forced us to stand still, and this forced delay cost us very valuable time. It was quite dark when we heard the sound of rushing water, and found ourselves close to the Kabousi river. Our Hottentots went down to see how high the river was, and soon found that it had risen rapidly, and that it was utterly impossible to risk a passage in the dark. All was slosh and mud where we stood, and we had to pass a miserable evening, unable to light a fire on the ground, and sitting in our waggon eaten up by mosquitoes. The next morning, when we got up, the river seemed still too high to pass. About mid-day Mr. Brownlee, the Gaika Commissioner, and Mr. Liefeldt, of the Berlin Mission, appeared on the opposite side. They then sent some Kafirs to sound the river, and to shew us the shallowest part; fastening strong "riems" to the leading oxen, and half-swimming, half-wading, they led them through the shallower water, whooping and hallooing to keep the oxen up to the mark, lest they should be borne down into the deeper water. At last we were safe on the other side, and were soon safely sheltered in Mr. Brownlee's house.

"Mr. Brownlee, knowing the terror that was spreading among the Kafirs about the cattle-sick-

ness, kindly offered to send one of the Kafir police to ask Sandili to come and meet me at his house, that he might thus be saved any risk of injury from my oxen. As Sandili was not at home, some delay was occasioned, and I used the time in visiting the Döhne Mission Station; a mission which has been sadly injured and sadly weakened by the wars. As we were anxious to get some good religious youths well acquainted with Kafir, who might be useful to our missionaries, and might be trained up by them for the ministry of the Church, I found Mr. Liefeldt, one of the Berlin missionaries, was desirous of placing his son in our hands, and having him trained for holy orders in our Church. Theophilus was a nice fair German boy; and though his mother, in true motherly spirit, had a little momentary hesitation in parting with him, it was soon settled that he should go to Umhalla's; and at the present time he is at St. Luke's Station, conducting himself very well. As he has spoken Kafir from his youth, he is of considerable service.

"On Friday a group of horsemen were seen galloping towards Mr. Brownlee, and the chief, with a troop of followers, was speedily at the door. The conference soon began, after some preliminary talking upon common matters, and some smoking. The result filled me with the deepest thankfulness; Sandili at once consented to receive our missionaries, to let them place themselves near his own kraal, and to choose their own site. Considering how recently

we had all reckoned on a fierce and bloody war, it was with feelings of solemn joy that we heard the chief of this large and powerful tribe breathe words of peace and welcome. What an opening was thus given to us among this large multitude of dark souls!

"Mr. Brownlee was of great service to us in the interview, as he, like Captain Tainton, knows Kafir as well as he does English. Sandili himself is a fine tall young man, though injured in appearance by a withered leg. He has not a strong, but a good-tempered countenance. He may certainly be ranked among Kafir dandies. We have heard of our grandmothers sitting up whole nights before a ball to have their heads duly daubed and whitened by powder and pomatum, but even in Kafir huts like sacrifices of sleep are made at the altar of fashion. Sandili's head seemed to be studded with rhubarb pills; that is, the woolly hair, pomatumed as it were with red clay, had been twirled and twisted into small balls. This operation had probably made him sit upright for a night, if he wished to shew the pills unbruised, in all their fashionable and fresh rotundity. After presenting him with a blanket, and giving him and his followers some tobacco, we took our leave of him, and the dark group was soon over the hill again.

"We determined on leaving Mr. Brownlee the same afternoon, having had every reason to be grateful both to him and Mrs. Brownlee for much kindness

and much intelligent counsel about Kafirs during our stay. About six we arrived at a few Kafir huts, and found the commencement of another small Berlin Mission, under the guidance of Mr. Rhein. My companion, Mr. Lange, was not a little rejoiced at the prospect of a German evening. We stopped our waggon, and wended our way to Mr. Rhein's hut. Here we saw in a moment the presence of a woman's hand. Though a mere hut of reeds, everything was so nicely and so neatly arranged, that it looked quite bright and comfortable. Mrs. Rhein, a happy, bright, contented-looking woman, clearly fitted for a missionary's wife, soon had a beautifully white table-cloth spread, a nice tea prepared, and we all became cheerful together over our refreshing and simple meal. Two German artificers formed a part of the mission. After tea, one of the artisans took out his accordion, while the rest of the party sang with taste and feeling their fine German hymns. Though to me it was 'music without words,' yet thoughts were suggested by the music, and with the understanding I trust that I also sang. Then we had a lesson of Scripture read in German; then German prayers, and then I went to bed in my waggon, heartily pleased with my kindly host and hostess.

"We were off early next day, and travelled into an uninteresting country, utterly bare and sometimes boggy; we saw planks of wood strewn along the road, which waggons had reluctantly cast overboard,

in order to enable them to get through the bogs. At last we ourselves stuck fast; but after unyoking the oxen, and tying them behind, so as to draw the waggon backward, we hit on a better piece of ground, and moved on again. Not a human face, not an animal, was seen all day,—scarcely a bush; while a hot sun glowed down upon us. I was lucky enough to have a Kafir police horse lent to me, which saved me the jolting of the waggon. At night we outspanned on a bare leafless plain, with the prospect of a hot Sunday before us, and the wilderness for our church. However, it so happened that we had halted only about a mile from a station of mounted police, who guard this frontier. This was a happy circumstance, for these poor police never get a service except by accident, being far removed from all ministrations.

"I sent word in the morning that we would come down and hold divine service. On our arrival, we found the men all prepared to receive us; and as their wattle-and-daub huts were not large enough to receive the little congregation, it was agreed to hold service under the shade of a fine mimosa thorn. It was indeed quite a wilderness service, and I greatly enjoyed it. Not wishing to force anything upon the men, I told them that in the afternoon we should have service near our waggon, and that we should be glad to see any who were inclined to come. Mr. Thompson, the captain, returned to dine with us; and as the hour fixed for service drew near, we

were rejoiced to see a considerable number of police hastening towards the waggon. There was some thunder and rain: indeed, now for about ten days we had an afternoon thunder-storm every day.

"On Monday we journeyed into a pleasanter country, but there was the usual inspanning and outspanning, while our provisions were neither abundant nor luxurious. I got used to every possible variety of water, from the rarity of a pure stream to the chocolate-looking contents of a road-side puddle. Good or bad, it was always gratefully received. At first I preferred drinking without looking, but at last I got over this fastidiousness, and drank nature's chocolate in its thickest state without wincing.

"In journeying through the Bolotta, we found a considerable number of Kafirs, who, whenever we outspanned, brought us baskets of sour milk and a kind of sweet cane, which is refreshing on hot days; and Captain Tainton always contrived to produce some pleasant talk. Indeed, they seemed quite to scent him out, and to cluster round him by a kind of instinct, while I silently studied the manners of these loquacious visitors. Their powers of talking are unrivalled. Captain Tainton often sat by the fire till midnight, with his group of dark friends fighting all their battles o'er again, and recounting various incidents of the late war. We found some Kafirs in these parts who had never seen any Englishman, except a soldier or a 'winkler,' i. e. a petty Kafir trader. One set seemed quite puzzled with

us, because we had nothing to sell. They pryed and peered into the waggon, thinking we could not be in earnest, renewing and again renewing their request, and probably thinking we had what is known as 'onion-seed' in reserve (that is, gunpowder), which we were rather coy in disposing of. At last one of them was overheard to say that 'we were not common people.' As for myself, being silent, I was pronounced to be 'deaf.' No missionary had ever been among them.

"The night after we had met this group we outspanned by some fine large mimosa thorns; and as a good large fire was soon blazing up, and a considerable group of Kafirs was soon clustered round us, talking in their animated way, I was struck with the picturesqueness of the scene. As they had evidently mingled little with the English, I shewed them common English things. My watch, when the works were opened, greatly interested them; and as again and again I opened it, and still and still the wheels were going round, one of them expressed his surprise that 'they were not tired.'

"The next evening two messengers arrived from the chief Kreli, to announce his approach. They were remarkably fine, handsome young men, looking like the young aristocrats of the tribe, which I believe they were. In their company we had another pleasant evening. As the whole party lay stretched along the ground by the fire, the conversation turned on war. One of the young men, in a

thoughtful kind of way, put a decidedly puzzling question:—'You missionaries,' he said, 'are always preaching against war, and telling us to listen to you. Now, why do not the English listen to you themselves, and give up war?' Then, after musing with himself, he said, 'He wished the missionaries had a river of their own, and then he would go and live with them, apart from the English and the Kafirs, who love fighting.' The river, the missionaries, and peace—such was this poor native's ideal; and yet how often have I been told that the Kafirs are a hopeless race!

"We were now close to the banks of the White Kei, and Kreli's own kraal only about seven miles off. As he was afraid of the lung-sickness, it was agreed that I should not cross the river into his country, but that he should pay me a visit where I was. Accordingly, in the afternoon, as we were resting by our waggon, we saw a large group of natives descending towards the river. The river was soon crossed, and then the group, about fifty in number, with Kreli in the midst, approached us. After the usual shaking of hands, we offered the chief and his counsellors seats, while the rest of the party squatted on the ground. Enquiries about 'news,' and smoking, consumed some little time; then we set to work, and again I had cause for thankfulness, as Kreli readily allowed me to send missionaries into his country. As he is in no sense under British rule, and has an entirely independent

position, with 60,000 people under him, the permission was in all respects an important one, and I only trust that God may fit us for such a momentous work, and give us good instruments for effecting it.

"After much friendly conversation, the chief and his followers took their leave. Kreli quite looks a chief, and both in stature and in bearing was evidently the prince among his people. One great object of my journey being thus fulfilled, I need not say with how light a heart I betook myself to my waggon that night.

"The next morning we set out for Queenstown; making our way, not without regret, from the social territory of the Kafirs, into pure English and Dutch ground, with lonely outspannings and inspannings, and lonely evenings before us. Captain Tainton, having fulfilled his part, turned his horse's head homewards. We were very sorry to see him depart.

"We were soon overtaken by an awful storm. The road, in about a quarter of an hour, became literally a river, and the oxen unwillingly splashed through it. At last we were compelled to stop while it was still broad daylight, and we had a most dreary evening in the waggon; everything wet and clammy around us; no fire, and, as regards myself, no tendency to sleep. The next day was bright and sunny; indeed, as I walked somewhat ahead of the waggon, the sun seemed to be striking one as with its hand. I looked round for shade,

and tried to hide myself behind a small rock from the amazing power of the sun,—thoroughly realizing, as the text came to my mind, the refreshment of 'the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.'

"About mid-day, the Rev. E. Green met us, and we found ourselves only five or six miles from Queenstown. This town, formed by Sir G. Cathcart, is finely placed in the middle of a considerable plain, with fine ranges of mountains all round. It promises to be a most successful settlement, both in a commercial and a military point of view. Sir George divided the country round it into moderate farms, seldom exceeding three thousand acres each; giving them chiefly to young men capable of bearing arms, and bound to assemble once a-year well-equipped; and thus, with the town in the centre, and this large population of young farmers round, able to defend themselves in case of need, and possessed of good farming-ground, it is regarded as one of the safest districts in the neighbourhood of the Kafirs, and likely to yield much produce.

"It was some refreshment to find oneself in a house again. Though Mr. Green had only been a few months in Queenstown, and there had been no clergyman to precede him, I was greatly gratified by the state of things. On Sunday, March 18th, the day after my arrival, we had very considerable congregations in the Court-house, and I found a good Sunday-school at work in the afternoon. The plans for a church were completed,

a little parsonage was rising from the ground, and the people were giving liberally towards the church.

"On Monday we left Queenstown, Mr. Green kindly lending me his horse, and borrowing one for himself, so that he might accompany me. We had a pleasant ride through a pleasant country, and passed through a Wesleyan mission station, Lessington, abandoned in the wars, but now just about to be re-occupied. I was struck with the tidiness and good manners of the natives. In the afternoon we reached a station of the Frontier Mounted Police, called 'Andrew's Neck,' where Mr. Green ministers once a-month. He has no less than four stations besides: one at Whittlesea, about eighteen miles from Queenstown; another at this place, about eighteen miles; another at a group of farms in one direction; and a fourth at a group of farms in another direction.

"Immediately on my arrival we held divine service. It was but a wattle-and-daub room, with rough poles and sticks, but the congregation was a most attentive one. I always feel peculiar pleasure in ministering in such remote, out-of-the-way places, in the midst of such wilderness scenes. My heart seemed that day quite to burn within me, and I preached from the fulness of it to that little group of English, whose occupation it is to rove amid the wild places of the earth. After service, I was surprised to find, not only something to eat, but a very excellent repast, prepared for us by the

police. They seemed, with the aid of a farmer of the neighbourhood, to have consulted our comfort in everything, and to have taken great pains to please us.

"The following morning it rained too hard to start. As it cleared in the afternoon, we got all things ready, and then, as the oxen were put in, a considerable portion of police mounted, and of their own accord escorted us some miles on our way. I need not say that this fresh act of kindness greatly pleased me. At night, after eighteen miles of sharpish riding, we reached an inn at the bottom of the Storm-Berg. My bedroom had no windows, but plenty of fleas,—and I wished for my waggon as a pleasanter apartment. The next day it again rained heavily. About two, however, it cleared, and we proceeded to climb the Storm-Berg,—a hill, or rather mountain, with a zig-zag road leading to the top of it. The country had been gradually changing its features. We had been gradually leaving tree and bush and shrub behind us, but on the top of the Storm-Berg the change was complete. All was bare, not a tree nor shrub, though for a time we retained the grass. At night we reached the farm of Mr. Boardman, the son of an English clergyman, who hospitably received us. In the morning, Mr. Green was compelled to return to Queenstown, and to take back his horse. Up to this point I had contrived, by borrowing, to indulge in the luxury of horseback, and only to fly

to the companionship of Mr. Lange, in the waggon, under stress of weather or fatigue. As, however, borrowing was at an end, I asked Mr. Boardman to sell me one of a large troop of horses that were round the farm. He bade me mount the horse, and he set out with us, and then refused all payment. His gift proved a most valuable one, and eased me greatly on my journey.

"Nothing remarkable occurred in our journey, except that we found ourselves getting into the 'Karoo' country, losing the grass, without any wood to make our cheerful fire at night, picking up with greediness any little piece of stick that any previous travellers had left, any remnant of a broken barrel that had been used for firewood. We found ourselves also in a thinly-peopled district, with no sociable, loquacious Kafirs crowding round us at night, with but few English farms, with Dutch farmers some eight or ten miles from each other, and these mostly with poor, comfortless houses, on bare, hot flats, and offering to a stranger like myself no hospitality.

"On Friday night we found ourselves close to the town of Burghersdorp. Having fallen short of all provision, we sent into the town for bread, &c.; also for letters. I was sitting outside my waggon, on the lonely and silent and barren waste, with a bright, calm moon above, when the messenger returned, bringing me a large batch of English letters. It was almost too much for me. After

a dreary fatiguing journey, in the midst of a desolate plain, England, with all its old cheerful homes, its familiar faces, its friends and kindred, its well-loved scenes, all rushed upon me, and I was overcome.

"The next day we drove into the town, and a friendly Dutchman kindly lent me an empty house, where we spread our mattresses. The town, originally founded by the Dutch, is now chiefly inhabited by the English, who are more skilled in commercial life. The Dutch church is large, the Dutch parsonage singularly large: there is a small Wesleyan chapel, and the Church of England has neither church nor clergyman. I called a meeting of Church members in the afternoon. A good many assembled, and I was especially pleased to see several of the working classes. I told them plainly that I had not a farthing granted or given me for their aid; that out of my own scanty means I would try to do a little; that they must really give liberally themselves; and that as there seemed a dearth of good education, I would try and get from England a clergyman who might unite scholastic with ministerial duties. There seemed a considerable desire to do what they could, a considerable attachment to the Church, and a love for its services, if this does not get weakened and deadened by our inability to supply them with Church ministrations. On Sunday, through the kindness of the Wesleyan minister, I had the loan of the Wesleyan chapel.

The congregation overflowed the building, and a large body of persons remained standing outside throughout the service. With Mr. Lange's aid, I administered the Holy Communion. The evening service was also largely attended.

"On Monday morning we started northwards, not without melancholy thoughts concerning the neglected state of our Church-people in Burghersdorp, and not knowing how a clergyman could be fully sustained, even if he could be procured. The difficulty of all such places is, that that kind of romantic feeling, if I may so speak, which helps to sustain the spirit of a missionary amid woods and forests, wild people and wild scenes, has nothing to live upon in a small town in the midst of a monotonous, uninteresting country. The sense, too, of making a great sacrifice for the sake of doing great good is also non-existent in such a case; for if even half of a population of a thousand can be won to the Church, or retained within it, greater work, a greater multitude of souls, can be found pressing upon a clergyman close to the doors of his own English home. It is such towns as these that have impressed me so deeply with the necessity of raising a clergy from the midst of the colonists themselves. With kindred in these towns, used to the outward aspect of the country and to the mode of life, with strong local ties, a colonial-bred clergy would have the very sphere suited to their providential position. I am making every exertion to turn the thoughts of

religious-minded colonial youths towards the ministry, and to secure the approval of parents. A college at Grahamstown is indispensable, though, of course, it will be always in the highest degree desirable to have a large mixture of clergy from home, and at present we must rely entirely upon them.

"Our starting was not very successful. One of our Hottentots asked for a shilling to get some tobacco. He ran into the town to get it, and came running back, not with tobacco, but all the worse for a shilling's-worth of brandy suddenly quaffed off. Two or three miles out of the town he fell off the waggon-box, and the wheel was close to him, when the other Hottentot leaped out, and rescued him. He fell, however, himself, and one of the wheels went over him; so that we had a lame and a drunken Hottentot. Mr. Lange, on this occasion, shewed his powers as ox-driver. In the afternoon, after all these morning delays, a very heavy storm burst over us; torrents of rain fell, the thunder and lightning lasted for hours, and we were forced to stop and spend a damp, dreary evening in the waggon.

"The next morning we came to a very awkward drift, which the rain had filled, and which was formed at the junction of two streams; in the middle, forking the stream, was a mud-bank; on the other the mud was very deep. I confess I felt uncomfortable, though Mr. Lange, with his greater

experience, thought we should get safely through. Mr. Lange was right.

"For the first time, we now came across quantities of game. The one thing that has struck me in Africa is the absence of animals. The birds are beautiful; not gaudy, but of intenser colours and more graceful forms than the English; not so melodious, nor indulging in song, yet yielding pleasant and cheerful sounds; suffering one also to approach very close to them, and to study them well. Animals of all sorts, however, till now, seemed singularly scarce. It was, therefore, no slight pleasure, in this thinly-peopled country, where in the week's journey between town and town so little of life had met one's sight, to see hundreds of spring-boks bounding gracefully along; while herds of gnus, happy, merry fellows, were galloping in circles, swishing about their tails, and bending their thick necks to the ground. When we outspanned at night, and the moon was up, a tremendous storm of wind arose, as sharp and piercing as it was strong. Though I heaped coats, cloaks, everything I could lay hands on, I could not get warm the whole night through; and a waggon is certainly but a thin, shivering habitation at such times. Add to this, we were still without wood, and had to conduct our fire on most economic principles. We had the same kind of weather for some days—very cold at night, very hot and scorching in the day. I turned my face a considerable number of times on the journey. Some-

times a few minutes were quite enough to scorch the skin off one's cheeks and nose; and I often thought, with a kind of envy, of the pictures of the bearded bishops of the olden time.

"Our commissariat department was not splendid; we were far removed from inns, even of the humblest and roughest sort. A Dutch farm was the butcher's and baker's shop. We used to rush out of the waggon as we passed one of these lonely homes; there got a tough piece of kid or sheep, killed perhaps an hour before; bought some milk where it was possible; cooked the aforesaid kid, as soon as we outspanned, with all its native toughness; and often found the milk of the consistency of blanc-mange by the time we stopped for tea. However, the open air the whole day through gave us the luxury of a goodly appetite, which made many things taste sweet.

"On Thursday, by a great push, we reached Colesberg: as the next day was Good Friday, we were necessarily most anxious to escape the desert, and to join our brethren in the town. The approach to Colesberg is very curious. There are large, not rocks, but heaps of huge loose stones, scattered about on every side; as if some race of giants, having undertaken some vast contracts for the Macadamising of giant roads throughout Africa, had collected a great deal of their material at this spot. The road wound through these curious heaps, and I certainly little thought that a town could

have been placed in the midst of such a barren and unfruitful scene. On rounding a corner, I was struck with the immense number of conies which were running about the rocks; and the Scripture expression of the 'stony rocks for the conies' seemed to supply me with the exact description that I needed, for they were not rocks, but 'stony rocks.' The town itself lies in a narrow gully, backed and walled in on either side by a hot range of these rocks, which narrow both the street room and the garden-ground of the inhabitants; while a broad and deepening 'sluit' cuts the town in two—one side of the main street looking at the other side, across this perilous sluit. We had had experience of these sluits upon our road, and they often make very awkward work for travellers, as a sudden violent storm sometimes rapidly widens or deepens them. The word 'sluit' probably is synonymous with *slit*. At any rate, slit precisely describes the thing. Imagine yourself travelling along a smooth road, and suddenly you come, not to a ditch, or trench, or river, or cutting, but to a sharp, abrupt slit. In some cases the road is quite striped with these sluits, and they vary from one foot in depth to thirty; the width also varying. I have seen nothing like them at home, as there are neither the same tremendous torrents of rain, nor the same peculiar kind of soil.

We were extremely thankful that we had so pressed on; for on entering the town we found the

prospect of an absolute dearth of all ministrations for this most holy time. Poor Dr. Orpen, the clergyman of our Church, had received so serious an attack that he had been quite incapacitated for the slightest duty, and had been compelled to leave the town for change of air. The Dutch minister had had some disagreement with his people, and was gone. Mr. Every, the Wesleyan teacher, had resigned his congregation and joined the Church, and there was no successor. Mr. De Koek, the London missionary, had intimated to me some weeks before his desire to join the Church, having the strongest doubts as to his orders, and therefore was by me received into lay communion.

"On Good Friday we held divine service twice in Mr. De Koek's chapel, as the church was not yet finished; and again on Easter-day, when we also administered the Holy Communion. As Mr. De Koek had the coloured congregation of the town, I found a few of them were anxious to be admitted into full communion of the Church of England. This I thankfully assented to; and for the first time these poor people knelt beside the white, and with the white received the blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Commonly, the black congregations and the white are quite distinct. The Church has to beat down boldly these walls of partition.

"From the very peculiar state of things, I resolved at once to license Mr. De Koek as catechist, that the coloured people, if they were minded to join the

Church, might not be utterly destitute of all religious service; and certainly it was a peculiar state of things, when this town of some 700 or 800 people suddenly was left in charge of a solitary catechist. In the evening of Easter-day, Mr. De Koek held service as catechist of the Church of England, in Dutch, and I found myself for the first time in the midst of a considerable congregation of coloured people. Though the service was utterly unintelligible to me, I felt it greatly, and I trust that in spirit I was united with these my brethren.

"Mr. De Koek proposed the day after my departure to call his congregation together, and to tell them plainly what he had been led to do, at the same time telling them that they were not bound to follow him. They followed him to a man, and thus the Church received her first coloured congregation in this portion of South Africa, about 200 souls in number. I have since purchased the chapel.

"On Monday we were compelled to start. Indeed, a hard week's travelling was before us, in order to enable us to reach Graaff Reinet on Saturday. Nothing can exceed the dreariness of this 'Karoo' country. Imagine large, hot, sandy flats speckled over with a low, dingy shrub, which the sheep and cattle browse upon—the country not unnaturally, but unwisely, called 'desert' by Sir W. Molesworth. These sandy, burning flats are surrounded by a low range of hills; and as you approach an opening you think to see some change of feature, some alteration

in the scene, some token of the approach of grass, or tree, or bush; but lo! another flat, most brotherly in its features, like the alleys of Dutch gardens, spreads itself before your eyes; again you plod on with the slow, patient oxen, and for days flat opens upon flat. At the end of the week a town appears. The unmentionable article of cow-dung forms the material of the traveller's and of the farmer's fire, for lack of wood.

"To-day, or rather to-night, Monday, we heard the horrid yells and howlings of the jackal round the waggon, and in the course of the day we saw the pleasant delusion of 'the mirage.' We must have passed about eighty gnus, and an untold number of spring-boks. The days continued to be hot, the nights to be intensely cold; and no wonder that we felt the keenness of the air, for we were on table-land some 8,000 feet above the sea. As we approach Graaff Reinet, on Saturday, we suddenly dropped down about 2,000 feet. The road was far too precipitous for me to feel comfortable in the waggon, as it slid downwards, rounding point after point; accordingly, I walked, in the midst of thunder and rain. The scenery was refreshingly grand, with crags and rocks, and our old friend the mimosa once again. The town of Graaff Reinet is an extremely striking one. It is placed in a kind of oasis in the midst of the Karoo, with fine mountains rising up around it; with a river rushing through it; with trees and shrubs, and garden-ground, green and

pleasant to the eye; with fine broad, straight Dutch streets crossing each other at right angles; with rows of orange-trees, cypresses, syringas, lining and shading the streets; with a Dutch church actually possessing a spire; with a nice English church well-placed, and the ground well planted and kept; within, quiet, easy-looking Dutch people sitting on their stoops, a kind of raised pavement in front of their houses, with a few English of brisker movements, with an air of comfort and prosperity diffused throughout the place. Such is Graaff Reinet; and the gable-ends of the houses, and their Dutch fashion, just give one of those ideas of antiquity which in a colony is so refreshing. No one knows what it is to live in a country where there is nothing old, till he has tried it.

"We were hospitably received by the Rev. Mr. Steabler and his wife; and it was no slight pleasure at the end of a hard week in the waggon to find oneself in a comfortable English home. Mr. Steabler has the sole charge of the English in the town, who number at present about 400. The Dutch number two or three thousand. The English are likely to increase. The next day, Sunday, we had large congregations in the church. I preached twice. On Monday morning I baptized a half-caste girl, an adult, who afterwards partook of the ordinance of confirmation; so that I literally followed the apostles, in baptizing first and confirming immediately afterwards. We had an immense congregation pre-

sent at the confirmation, among whom were many Dutch. The candidates behaved devoutly. They were twenty in number. The Holy Communion was afterwards administered, of which a large portion of the confirmed partook.

"On Wednesday I left Graaff Reinet, accompanied by Mr. Steabler, Mr. Southey, and one or two more laymen. We reached a group of farms in the evening. Mr. Powell kindly housed us; Captain Rubridge gave us breakfast in the morning; and again we were off, Mr. Steabler returning home. Our poor oxen now began sadly to fail; they had got weak and thin; having been grass-fed, they would not take to the shrub on which sheep and oxen that are used to it thrive so well. The only wonder was, that in this fatal season, when we passed so frequently through sick cattle, when hundreds of carcasses were lying along the road, they were alive at all; and I evidently saw that, even in the most favourable year, it was almost impossible to perform such a journey with one span of oxen. I ought to have had one span of oxen for the grass country, and another for the "Karoo." The expense, however, is staggering; even as it is, my journey has been most costly; and though I wish to make annual visitations, I do not see how it can be accomplished where travelling is so enormously dear. With a diocese nearly as large as England, and a day's journey not averaging more than twenty miles, it is easily seen what a visitation must be.

"As the week advanced we saw, alas! that for the first time we should be behind our time. At one time I had hardly a hope of getting to Cradock at all before Sunday. On Saturday our hopes were very low; I sent, therefore, Mr. Lange forwards on my horse, that he, at any rate, by pressing on, might give a morning service. He succeeded in reaching the town that night; but I, with the waggon, was some sixteen miles off. However, Mr. Gilfillan sent off his light cart in the morning to bring me in. By this means, though I missed the morning service, I was enabled to take part in the afternoon service. The town was without a clergyman; Mr. Gray having left, after a three months' notice,—a notice far too short, now that steam communication is at an end. It is impossible, ordinarily, to fill up a vacancy under nine months. As I approached the town, I could not but be saddened by the thought of our religious divisions. No less than three places of worship were visible, besides the Church of England. This, in the midst of a population of some 700 people, was indeed a melancholy spectacle. What a waste of men, of zeal, of means for their support, when this 700 is split up into four divisions, each division requiring its own teacher. One earnest, faithful pastor might easily supply all the wants of the place.

"I have forgotten to mention two new sights that met me as I neared the town. One was a huge cobra, which crossed the road, with its hood spread

open. The other was that of a huge, stout, massive Dutchwoman, riding her horse like a man, (a common custom, as I afterwards found,) her petticoats spreading like vast sails on either side. In the distance I could not, at first, make out the nature of the apparition.

"Mr. Gilfillan very kindly received us during our stay. He was then somewhat unwell. Later in the year his illness assumed more alarming features; and it pleased God to take him, leaving a widow with a large family in her charge.

"On Monday we started on a cross-country route, towards Post Retief. The country began to lose its Karoo character, and to be both undulating and bushy again, to our great relief. We were travelling into the pleasanter regions of the south. Our oxen, alas! betrayed still greater signs of weakness, and by the time we reached Mr. Maskell's, some thirty miles from Cradock, we found that it was impossible to proceed. Mr. Maskell, ever ready to oblige us, had neither horse nor ox to lend or let; the farmers in the neighbourhood, he told us, were all walking, having lost both horses and cattle; and thus we stood, with our heavy, motionless waggon, in the middle of the road, in blank despair. Begging, buying, borrowing were all out of the question. However, after a depressing pause, we saw a waggon approaching, and curiously enough—what we had not seen before our whole journey through—a spare span sauntered behind. Mr. Lange hastened to see what

could be done, but returned in a hopeless state. I urged him to make one more effort. To my inexpressible relief, the application of the golden argument this time succeeded, and we soon set off. The same day we actually came to grass again, and outspanned at mid-day beside a beautiful babbling brook, with trees hanging over it. The very sight of the grass rejoiced me, and I could almost enter into the oxen's feelings at the sight.

"We passed through the new town of Bedford, which is beautifully situated; and the next day we passed through splendid scenery that quite exhilarated me. We were again amid high green hills, wooded up to the crown, with brooks, and trees, and flowers, and shrubs in the valleys. By way of counterbalancing our enjoyment, we had to climb the most tremendous hill I had yet seen. I thought the waggon must have gone to pieces, as it was jolted upwards from rock to rock by the wondrously patient oxen. I had crossed the road where the Bishop of Capetown's cart had broken down; but this was infinitely worse. The stone staircase of a London house, prolonged for the distance of a mile and a half, is the sort of thing it was; though, of course, the steps were not so even, and often steeper far. The neighbourhood of Post Retief is grand in the extreme, with a more bracing air than is commonly found, and with the Winterberg grandly rising up, a mountain about 7,000 feet above the sea. The Rev. J. Willson and his wife kindly received us into

their comfortable house. The next day, Sunday, we had good congregations. Major Savage, and another officer, and a sergeant, came over from Fort Fordyce, some sixteen miles: the soldiers of the fort and the farmers of the neighbourhood made a goodly and an attentive group of worshippers. I confirmed eight candidates, and administered the Holy Communion to eighteen persons. On Monday I had a satisfactory interview with the parishioners regarding the erection of a church.

"On Wednesday we were off again, satisfied that Mr. Willson was doing good amid his scattered flock. On Friday we reached the pretty, English-looking town of Somerset, where Mr. Pain has been labouring with good success. There is a nice company of lay people in the town, who seem to live on very friendly terms with each other, and I received from them many tokens of hospitality. On Sunday there were good congregations. I preached twice, and administered the Holy Communion to thirty persons. On Tuesday I held a confirmation, and on Thursday I consecrated the new church and burial-ground. The church is very church-like,—plain, simple, and well suited to the place. It is a thoroughly satisfactory work, and has cost Mr. Pain much well-spent toil. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Pain entertained the parishioners, and we all sat under a vine-trellis, enjoying the parochial feast. On Friday we started homewards, well pleased with the pastor and his wife, and his kindly flock; and seeing in

this, as in other places, the wonderful reviving power of the Church. Some six years ago the Church hardly existed here.

"I have little to relate as concerns my journey home; and I need not say, after a three months' absence, with what joy I saw my children coming out to meet me, and to get a ride in the waggon, and with what joy I once more leaped from the waggon, and found myself at home. The great fact that seemed to cling to me on my return was this very reviving power of the Church: while other religious bodies seemed, for a long time, alone possessed of life, and alone were caring for souls, God, at last, seemed to quicken the Church, and lo! the brook became a river, and the river a sea; the few, very few scattered pastors who had toiled far apart from each other, soon found, after the Bishop of Capetown's arrival, a large company of brethren following one another quickly, and quickly gathering again the people into the fold. Everywhere churches have risen, or are rising; everywhere congregations have been formed, communicants have increased, and are increasing; and as the means of grace have been multiplied, so have the people availed themselves of them."

The privations and fatigues of this long journey had been at times very great. The uncertainty and scarcity of food was trying to one who even in England had suffered from any

irregularity in the hours of his meals. In his letters home he mentions on one occasion "getting an apple or two instead of his dinner;" on another, that "Owing to some defect in the lock of the provision-box of the waggon, where he had a small stock of preserved meat for emergencies, he got a cup of tea at a friendly farmer's, and ended the day with only the same fare."

In another letter he writes:—

"I get used to dirt, and eat and drink without looking: it is certainly a trial."

The heat, too, often severely tried him, as well as the difficulty in getting rest after the day's fatigue. Once he writes:—

"After passing about ten days in the waggon, and not having had one wink of sleep for three nights till daylight, owing to bites, I was quite refreshed by a bed, though very tired and fagged."

Sometimes there occur in writing to Mrs. Armstrong touching expressions contrasting their past with their present life; such as the following:—

"I am sorry beyond measure to find how very poorly you have been. I wish indeed I were with you, to comfort you. I feel that our life here must have many bitter trials and anxieties; but we must

try and bear up, and keep good hearts, remembering how many years of sunshine we have had."

In speaking, however, of these minor difficulties and trials, his usual cheerful tone of mind is still preserved. The only words which betrayed real depression of spirits occur in a letter written from Colesberg, the furthest point in his diocese :—

"We had two services yesterday, (Good-Friday,) and propose to give two to-morrow, with Holy Communion. This, however, entails four sermons on me, which is too much, and the weather is dreadfully against me. However, I must trust in God. It is a sad, sad Easter. Then the post does not come in till Monday evening, and we must start in the morning."

The Bishop, before he left England, paid a visit to Price's Candle Factory at Vauxhall, and inspected the schools. He examined the boys and girls in Scripture history, and addressed them in his own cordial way, and was so much pleased with what he saw, that he promised to send the young scholars a letter when he reached Africa. He fulfilled this promise after his return from his journey into Kafirland, and gave no little pleasure by the following account of some of its details :—

"*Grahamstown,*
"*July* 28, 1855.

"My dear Friends,

"I have not forgotten the happy afternoon I spent among you in your schoolroom last year, when I told you of all the plans which I desired by God's blessing to carry out for the conversion of the poor heathen in South Africa. Since I spoke to you on that day, a great deal has happened to us. I trust you have been offering up your prayers according to your promise, as God seems opening the door for us among the Kafirs. I have now wandered over the whole of this vast diocese, among the Dutch, the English, and the Kafirs,—over rough places and smooth, through rivers and across mountains; holding divine service sometimes under the shade of a mimosa thorn, sometimes in a rude thatched hut, sometimes in a court-house, sometimes in a comely church.

"Before I set out on my travels, I bought a good strong waggon and twelve oxen; I then hired a couple of Hottentot drivers, who managed a huge bamboo whip, the handle about ten feet long, and then a long lash besides, with which they very cleverly flanked the oxen. We should have looked very strange, had we been able to take a drive down Vauxhall, and to stop at the Factory gates. Then behind the front seat I had my mattress spread, which served for my bed at night, as I seldom slept in a house for more than two or three nights a-

week. I carried also a small tent, which we used to pitch at night; and when it got dark we unyoked the oxen and turned them loose to graze (for there are no such things as hedges or fields), cut down some of the mimosa bush, made a blazing fire, had our kettle out, and made our tea. The water we got was often about the colour of chocolate, and somewhat thick besides; luckily, it was rather a rainy season, so that we were never quite run short, though I confess nothing but extreme thirst would have made one relish it sometimes. When we travelled through Kafirland, the moment our fire burnt up, and the Kafirs caught sight of our waggon, a group of them, men, women, and children, used to come and sit down by the fire, and chatter away merrily till quite a late hour. They would bring thick, sour milk in baskets, and sometimes sweet milk and Indian corn: sixpence and a few pieces of tobacco sufficed as payment. They were always good-tempered and friendly, though there were threatenings of war, and they shewed great quickness and intelligence in their remarks. They are very fond of talking, and their language is beautiful in sound; their figures are fine and handsome; and they fold their blankets, which they stain a kind of reddish-brown, gracefully around them.

"Their villages are very different from our nice, pretty English villages. If you had a group of beehives on the floor, and looked at them through a microscope, you would then know exactly what a

Kafir village is like, only, instead of bees, you would see black Kafirs crawling out of the little holes which are their doors. The country in which they live is in many parts very beautiful, and the most exquisite flowers brighten it on every side: geraniums and jessamine, and many such flowers grow quite wild; and I wish I could send you a few waggons-full to deck your rooms at home.

"I suppose you know that these Kafirs are divided into tribes under different chiefs, just as the Scotch used to be not very long since. The chiefs I went to see were—Umhalla, an old man, but an extremely clever one, and possessed of great influence; then Sandili; and then Kreli. There are about 12,000, perhaps more, in Umhalla's tribe, about 25,000 in Sandili's, and 60,000 in Kreli's, who lives, by-the-bye, beyond British territory altogether, and is completely his own master. As none of these three chiefs had any religious teachers, or any missions of any kind, at the time of my arrival, I thought I would go to them first. At Umhalla's, a few weeks after my arrival, the white flag, the sign of Sunday and of Sunday services, was hoisted for the first time by the Church of England; in a few weeks after I proceeded to visit this our first mission, where we have some earnest missionaries at work. The chief, with his seven or eight wives, received us very kindly. I was particularly struck with the boys and girls,—they were so quick, and so kind towards each other; they made quite a holiday of it

and I did not hear, in the midst of all their play, one rough word. The missionaries are now beginning to get a few of them to school, so I assure you the Factory School must look sharp. I then visited Sandili, a tall young man, who also received me very kindly. Mr. Allen, a good and zealous clergyman, is just starting to take up his residence among them, and he will soon have, I trust, his school of little black scholars around him. I next went to Kreli, a very princely and powerful chief, who gave me a kind welcome; so that God is at least giving us the opportunity of preaching His Gospel, and planting His Church among them, if we are faithful ourselves, and use our opportunities.

"Mr. Waters, an excellent clergyman, was with me yesterday on his way to Kreli, going quite away from the English, and trusting his wife and children and himself among these savages. Curiously enough, he told me that he had to get some goods in the town to take up into this wild country, and among other things he said that he was about to get some *Belmont Candles*. Thus, you see, what you make at Vauxhall will light the missionary who settles amid these distant tribes of South Africa. In addition to the Missionaries we have, we hope also to have some others from England soon; and if God mercifully blesses their Christian toils, and accepts our prayers, we hope to see this land, so often ravaged by savage wars, converted into a land of peace, and those who now live in the darkness of unbelief brought into the

fold of Christ, lightened with His marvellous light, and taught to know that Saviour's love which passeth knowledge.

"Hoping that you, my friends, will continue to pray for us, and to use your own gifts as Christian privileges,

"I remain,
"Most faithfully yours in Christ,
"JOHN GRAHAMSTOWN."

On his return from this journey the Bishop to his great joy received a reply from Mr. Hawkins, with the promise of increased aid from the Society, and he thus expresses his feelings in reply:—

"*Grahamstown,*
"*July* 18, 1855.

"My dear Mr. Hawkins,

"I cannot tell you with what great joy and deep thankfulness I received your letter. It must be a day marked *alba nota*, or rather *albissima nota*, in my calendar. An immense burden of anxiety was taken in an instant off my mind; and I am filled with hope as to the future of the Church of England among the Kafir tribes. I have still to report that the chiefs are in a most favourable mood towards us. Mr. Allen went to Sandili last week, and had a cheering welcome; he has returned to take up his wife. I also had a friendly message from the chief Kreli,

and Mr. Waters goes up next week to choose the site of the mission there.

"Pray assure the Committee that I deeply appreciate the very generous and prompt respond they have made to my appeal; and I trust, by God's mercy and blessing, the sort of venture they have made will really prove to be one of the ventures of faith, and that fresh friends, with fresh offerings, will be raised up to enable them not only to sustain the present grant, but to do what they evidently wish,—increase it in future years."

* * * * *

The first year of his mission was now closing. Its last incidents were thus recorded by the Bishop, together with touching expressions of his sense of what he owed to the Society which was sustaining him in all his efforts:—

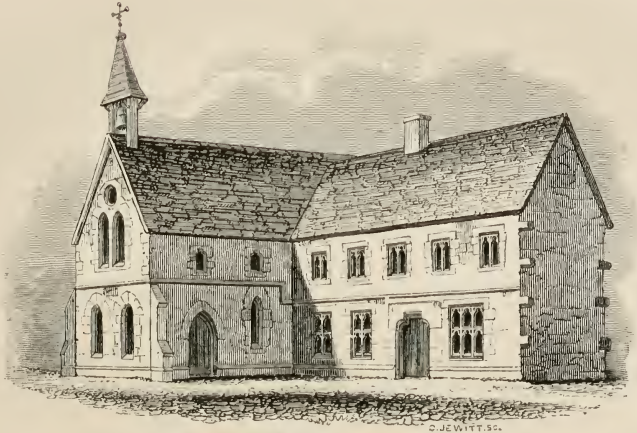
"Soon after my return, I held my second confirmation, when twenty-five additional candidates were confirmed, making seventy-five altogether this year in Grahamstown. Considering that we have raised the standard of preparation, and that it is now well known that the confirmations will be annual, this number is considerable. I have been extremely rejoiced to find that the number of communicants continues steadily to increase.

"The great event that succeeded the confirmation was the receipt of a most cheering letter from the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel;' a letter

I had waited for with intense anxiety, and which I received with liveliest joy and warmest thankfulness. Somehow or other, this diocese had received extremely slight help from home. Though, as the district in which all the fierce Kafir wars had taken place,—the heart and centre of these desperate and often repeated struggles,—it had attracted a large share of public attention, yet the Church had passed the district over. I myself stole out of England almost empty-handed; and because an attack of illness prevented me wandering about to plead for Kafir missions, Kafir missions created but little interest. It is among the evils of the day that, unless missionary bishops, or other missionary clergy, speechify from one end of England to another, and live on platforms, little is effected.

"It was therefore a day of no common joy, when Mr. Ernest Hawkins told me of the immediate help which the Society had generously made, and of their desire to increase this help in future years. I can only hope most earnestly that large offerings will flow into the treasury of the Society.

"Cheered by this news from home, I now took occasion of one of the Saints' days to send forth from the cathedral church, with prayer and after reception of the Holy Communion, two of our missionaries—Mr. Allen, recently arrived from England, and Mr. Waters. A considerable congregation was present, and a large number of lay persons communicated. Just before this I held my second ordination, when Mr. Steabler and Mr. Waters were ad-



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN.—[p 361.]

mitted into the order of the priesthood, Mr. Meaden, and Mr. Every, lately a Wesleyan teacher, into the diaconate.

"Since then, I held a third ordination, when Mr. De Koek, the London missionary of whom I have spoken, was admitted into the order of Deacon By a curious and happy coincidence, the Bishop of Capetown was ordaining another Dutchman the same day, who also was to minister amid a coloured flock now gathered into the English Church.

"The last event I have to record was the laying of the foundation-stone of our infant college, which I dedicated to St. Andrew, as on St. Andrew's Day I received consecration. It was altogether a bright day in our annals. The clergy in their surplices, with Archdeacon Merriman at their head, moved in procession, with a large body of lay people, to the site of the chapel, where the Lieutenant-Governor and his staff were waiting. There, joining the clergy, I accompanied them to the place prepared. The service was a very solemn one; a large concourse of people appeared to take a lively interest in the undertaking; and when the stone was laid, we all proceeded in due order to the cathedral for evening prayer, which a large congregation attended. The college is now rapidly rising, and, if all is well, will be open in a few months.

"Thus has passed the first year in South Africa. Another is opening with fresh work on every side; much to call forth earnest endeavour; much to enter

upon with hope; and in all things God's blessing to be sought. The last words I uttered in England may well be sent forth from hence to the brethren at home,—'Finally, brethren, pray for us.'"

Towards the close of the year the Bishop shewed signs of increasing weakness. In the course of September and October he had been a second time at Port Elizabeth, and it was a fatiguing journey; the weather very hot and thundery. He was much depressed, though able to go through a good deal of work. At Uitenhage he had a severe attack of influenza. On his journey homewards he was very unwell, though rejoicing in the thought that in the first year of his episcopate he had visited every town in his diocese, and had been twice at King-williamstown and Port Elizabeth, the two most important places next to Grahamstown.

On the Sunday after his return the Bishop was too unwell to preach, and from that time Mrs. Armstrong had secret misgivings as to the possibility of his health being restored. She was startled by the peculiar look of languor and exhaustion in his sleep, and the transparency of his pale face. He was able, however, after Christmas, to make a short journey to Bathurst, Southwell, the Kowie mouth, &c., though suffering from the excessive heat.

While thus labouring in the special work of the ministry, the Bishop had also exerted himself for the social improvement of the inhabitants of Grahamstown. Among other plans which he had at heart was the foundation of a Literary Institute and Reading-room, which, though embracing all classes, were specially intended for the benefit of the mechanics and artisans of the town, whose only resource in their leisure hours hitherto had been found in the canteens. The undertaking met with strong opposition, but the Bishop persevered, and before his death he saw it successfully established. While he lay on his death-bed, the working men, unconscious of his danger, were preparing an address of thanksgiving for his laborious efforts on their behalf.

After dwelling so much at length on the Bishop's large designs and unwearying efforts for the advancement of religion throughout this vast diocese, it will help to complete the picture of the man, if we add, as an instance of the care which he exhibited for all the wants of his people,—the less, as well as the more, direct needs of the soul,—a lecture, subsequently published, which he gave at the close of this year, on the advisableness of forming an Institute. It recals to mind one remarkable feature

of his ministerial life in England,—the combination of devotedness to the deepest spiritual wants with an enlarged Christian philanthropy, embracing whatever touched upon the moral well or ill being of mankind. It shews how true a continuity existed between the spirit and scope of his work in England and what now, in a larger and more advanced sphere, he was seeking to extend into Southern Africa. The lecture, moreover, proves how, with the full burden of the episcopate pressing on his weakened frame, he still retained, in its former freshness, his peculiar power of adapting himself to the wants and apprehension of various classes of minds, and his open-hearted liberality, in the best sense of the term, which in him was ever combined with a most loyal and unswerving adherence to Church principles. It will recal, too, something of the spirited, buoyant flow of lighter eloquence which so singularly characterized his miscellaneous writings in his less burdened life at home:—

"It was my pleasant portion to act as a kind of herald, and to introduce a series of lectures which were crowned with good success throughout. Rejoicing as I did in any such experiment in a city which has been singularly barren of good or sensible relaxations, I rejoiced still more in the dis-

covery that when sensible relaxations are supplied, the demand is fully equal to the supply. There was no dearth of attentive audiences; there was no backwardness in partaking of the repast prepared; there was no disheartening utterance of well-digested information to a few stragglers scattered thinly about the room. On the contrary, the lecturers reaped a most abundant harvest of encouragement. Whatever toil or time was spent upon their essays, they were repaid to the uttermost. A large concourse of kindly listeners, who seemed determined to be pleased, flowed together, or rather overflowed, in this and in the other place of meeting. Altogether, there was a general impression that the whole matter had gone off, in Shakespeare's language, 'excellent well;' and if the object of the undertaking was to create a profitable, or at least a harmless, expenditure of winter nights, to feel the pulse of the community as regards their appreciation of such winter pastime, to test the extent of the want or demand for such recreations, that object was most satisfactorily fulfilled. We found out that lecturers must brush up material to meet the increasing appetite of the increasing audiences. We found out (and it would be a perilous thing to forget the discovery) that, whatever foolish or vicious amusements may be going on, there are hundreds who prefer what is good when it is offered, —that however youthful lips may taste forbidden fruit, there are hundreds ready to partake of what is innocent and allowed. And as one who thank-

fully forwarded this experiment, who carefully marked its progress and results, and who feels the deep importance of seizing this and every other means of doing battle with folly, frivolity, and vice, I confess myself emboldened to seek the expansion of the design just accomplished, to enlarge our sphere of operation, to vary and multiply our instruments of attraction, and to open out many channels, instead of one, for the moral elevation and intellectual enrichment of the colonial character.

"Indeed, you may recollect, that at the close of my introductory lecture, I expressed the hope that the time was fast approaching when 'a general institution should rise up in some central position, embracing museum, library, lecture-room,' &c. No remark was received with stronger or warmer tokens of assent, and I seemed simply to be giving expression to a general, nay, a universal wish. And later still, at a meeting relative to a museum, I ventured to introduce a resolution affirming that 'it was desirable to form a General Institute,' and the resolution was unanimously assented to. Convinced, then, by these facts, that there is a desire to embark in such an enterprise, and being also a determined enemy to procrastination and delay, I resolved to make an effort to bring the matter to a practical issue, and hurrying past intentions, wishes, hopes, and unsubstantial projects, to see what can be *done*, as regards decided and united action.

"Let us then consider, as a kind of preface or

preliminary to action, the several wants of a city like ours, in its present state, and the advantage of containing and concentrating various objects under one expansive roof. First, then, let me speak of a museum,—a matter that can be ill staved off where valuable material is apt to get wasted, injured, or dispersed. You are aware that since the commencement of the lectures, a museum has actually started into life; shelves have been filled, gifts have been made, more gifts are doubtless on the road,—the fossils once despised as old bones and stones are now enthusiastically received, unconscious illustrations of the uncertainty and fickleness of human opinion; while ancient reliques of native manners have not been stored up in private repositories in vain. But is this museum to stand alone, to bloom in single blessedness, to lead a solitary life, with its own curator, its own roof and door, its own distinct existence, its own set of friends, its own expenditure, its own resources? Or, as a library exists already in another part of the city, is it intended, upon medical and sanitary grounds, by the separation and severance of these two establishments, to promote the circulation of the blood, to increase the appetite of the citizens, to keep in exercise their locomotive powers, to prevent physical stagnation and inactivity, and to lure the studious from the distant library to the distant museum, and back again from the museum to the library, when they have wished to see some specimen that illustrates the book they have in hand?

"Is the library to be motionless, stiff, unyielding, to make no advances to the museum, no proposal for a partnership for life, to spurn amalgamation, to allow no American idea of annexation? Is it to have its own librarian, its own separate walls, its own knot of supporters, its own isolated life, its own boast that 'it has no connection with any other house?'

"And then comes the lecture-room. Are we for ever to be bandied about from one schoolroom to another, first to one at the far, far end of the town, and then to the other at the bottom of the hill, well suited for boys in day-time, but not built, or rightly placed, for pedestrians in the dark? Are we, as the lecturers and lectured, to be a kind of vagrants, to have no certain home, no fixed abode, no resting-place of our own, but are we to be ever borrowing house-room of those who most willingly lend it to us at present, but who may bye-and-bye need it for themselves?

"As to a town-hall, a generous municipality, happily not inclined to hoard up their revenues, like Dutch farmers, in their waggon-chests, must be prepared to bestow some generous contribution by which they might secure what this rising city does not as yet possess. A lonely town-hall, with the present means of the municipality, would not, if I may dare to whisper it, be a very imposing structure; and though in the very unfitting apartment which they occupy I have been awed by the vast dimensions of a grand Grecian pile pictured on the wall, I fear it is among

'the castles in the air,' and has not much chance of coming down and settling substantially in its place, till about the year 2000. In the meantime—say for a century or two—we might condescend to have a good large room, to play the part of a town-hall, in connection with the library and museum.

"Again, supposing it becomes a rule to have a course of lectures during the winter months of every year, these, after all, are not, I trust, to be our only implements of war in battling with the fatal influence of canteens, especially if we regard the improvement of the working men, who are not possessed of abundant means, and who cannot afford to subscribe to everything, or to pay any high subscription. Lectures are but occasional relaxations, and therefore, in order to be up to the canteens, we should provide well-lighted, cheerful reading-rooms, with good periodicals and newspapers, and these rooms opened at the lowest possible cost, so that when the young working mason or carpenter has laid down his trowel or his saw, he may leave his lonely lodging, and find both a little social life and some reading to his taste, to carry off the evening without harm.

"I must not forget to mention the Medical Society, a young but vigorous and active body, which doubtless might be glad of a good and permanent place of meeting.

"Having, then, seen that we require a library, museum, town-hall, lecture and reading-rooms, the

question is, are we to indulge in the useless luxury of half-a-dozen separate structures, which we cannot afford either to rear or to rent, which will pinch us in their accumulated and separate expenses, and which will make each set of supporters justly dread the depressing period of Christmas bills? Take the mere expense of area or of roof which will be required; descend to the sublunary consideration of rent, see the waste involved in 'the separate system,' consider the difficulty of getting adequate support; a separate subscription to each separate object, when it leads a separate life, and has not a common staff or common roofage, would soon cause the wheels of this dislocated machinery to stop for want of oil. I see no hope of any single undertaking attaining permanent prosperity, if each tries to live in costly and extravagant isolation. The disease called atrophy will soon do its work. It is clear at once that it would be a great economy of funds to combine these various parts of a system into one systematic whole, to have one area for the erection of one fabric, to spread one roof over all, to blend together things designed to work one way.

"What great convenience, too, to have these various projects housed in one central spot; and I can only hope that some generous citizen, fired with a generous impulse, may at once be led to offer a fitting site, on condition that these various limbs and members of a general plan may be brought together, and compacted into one vigorous and harmonious frame.

We are not strong enough, we are not populous enough, as yet, to sustain with energy a divided multitude of institutions; our strength lies in unity, our success in combination, even upon grounds of economy, while our community is of its present size: the bundle of rods must not be untied, else they will be broken to pieces, one by one, and soon scattered to the winds.

"Whether the formation of a General Institute would answer as an investment, as a mercantile affair, as an undertaking likely to yield fair interest, and so to obtain a sufficient number of proprietors or shareholders, I do not pretend to know. I am not skilled in per-centages. But whether the undertaking should be raised by donations or by shares, I trust there is sufficient public spirit to secure its erection in one way or the other. A building might be reared that would at once grace and beautify the city, and greatly further, as a social instrument, the rational refreshment, the intellectual and moral progress of the citizen. With good hope might we enter on such an enterprise, for whatever is devised for the purification of our social state, though it may be among the indirect influences and agencies, will not be without its blossom and its fruit. Good recreations, good amusements, good stop-gaps for the leisure hour, have their use and office in moulding and toning the character of an age.

"Now, so far I have been speaking of the value of union as an element of success on economic grounds,

and I have been speaking entirely, as you will have observed, of material union, of the combination of a certain amount of brick and mortar, and slate and deal, on one given spot, that one structure might economically supply our varied wants.

"But in this first view of the question I feel that I have been pointing to the lesser class of advantages likely to result from one good scheme, one good central institution. I have been dwelling on the lesser evils of the dismemberment of the various objects we have in view, and have been taking rather the pounds, shillings, and pence aspect of things, and the convenience of the frequenters of lectures, libraries, and museums, though neither of these topics, the monetary or the convenient, can quite be waived aside.

"But the great ground, the great argument, the great cause which has urged me, as by a constraining necessity, to take the part which I have now entered on, to invite you here, and to appeal to you with all earnestness, is this,—the desirableness of unity, not of brick and mortar, not of stones and planks, not of rooms and roofs, but unity among ourselves on points and subjects where we can unite, co-operation where we can co-operate, harmony and concord where we can agree and be harmonious. Just revert to the spectacle of unity, of co-operation and of harmony without any compromise, any sacrifice, any surrender of one jot or tittle of real principle which we enjoyed during the recent

lectures. May we not frequent museums, read periodicals and newspapers, sit in libraries, and hear lectures, without any serious clashing of opinion? Is there not certain common ground, such as art, and science, and literature afford, which we can amicably occupy together, and which we should jealously preserve as 'commonage,' if I may so call it, where all have equal right and privilege of outspanning, without any trespass upon other men's principles, and without any abandonment of our own? We saw during this series of lectures, Churchmen, Wesleyans, Independents, Roman Catholics, and other religionists, sitting side by side, and I have yet to learn whether any of us were the worse for the contact.

"But unless we have a general institute, I see plainly that institutes will be thrown out by the different religious bodies; and such a prospect is, in my judgment, to be deeply dreaded, because, instead of concord and kindly intercourse, where these can safely and honourably exist, without the least risk or sacrifice of deep religious convictions, we shall have discords, antagonisms, proselytisings, party efforts, and party spirit. A religious hue will be given to each separate music-class; a struggle about doctrines and views will be carried into reading-rooms; periodicals will be voted in or voted out, according to their religious bearing; the students of drawing will not be suffered to sketch trees or rocks without the consciousness that it is part of

a religious movement, and the peace of the city will be gone.

"I am not one of those who make light of religious differences, who would overlook or smear over real points of diversity, who would aim at laxity or indifferentism as to creeds and doctrines, or who would try to create an unsatisfactory and hollow form of religious unity by suppressing, or treating as unimportant, or holding in reserve, topics of disagreement. But it is because I reverence, and would not treat as unimportant, a man's grave convictions, because I do not wish for a shallow, apparent religious unity where we do not agree, because I feel that on many most momentous points we are conscientiously separated from one another, because we have subjects which we cannot make common, and which we cannot merge,—it is because of this that I would all the more strenuously advocate the preservation of what common ground we have, all the more jealously guard against the needless encroachment of religious opinions, all the more anxiously assert the need of unity where we can conscientiously unite. As there are matters of general interest, information of a general nature which we can communicate or receive, occasions and places in which we can all meet together,—then, for religion's sake, let us keep these clear and distinct, just as it is important to keep the religious ground clear and distinct. Our religious disunion may, we hope, at any rate, be less embittered, and may be more mercifully

considered by Him who is above, if we try to combine where it is possible, if we do not lessen or narrow the boundaries of what I would call our secular unity; while I believe that religion must most grievously suffer, if we are struggling about it in reading-rooms and drawing classes, in museums and libraries.

"You must see, of course, that no one class of religionists would be suffered to have a monopoly of the idea of an institute. As this idea is no particular person's invention here, and cannot be appropriated or claimed as personal property, and has been for some time generally entertained, so no one religious body can take out a patent for it, and use it as an article exclusively its own. And if any religious body, in the midst of the general discussion of this idea, rises up, and says, 'Here is an institute, we have started the thing already, and we intend to give it our own religious hue, and our own religious periodicals will lie upon the table, and our own religious teachers will be the managers, in a perpetual succession,' — what is likely to result from this? Why, of course, every other religious body will start up and say, 'If instead of a General Institute these undertakings are to be directly religious enterprises, seeking the advancement of particular religious opinions, taking a religious side; we, out of self-defence, must each of us have *our* institute, and *our* religious periodicals, and *our* religious teachers at the head; and then the thing will run,

of course, through the town, and there will be a struggle in every religious body for its institute, a rousing of its zeal for its institute, a busy, ardent canvassing for its institute,—and then we shall all be plunged into the war of institutes.

"Do not think that in such a state of things, a museum without a creed, a library without a creed, a reading-room without a creed, would have the least chance of flourishing. We should be in the midst of the Crusades,—the bones and stones, fossils and Kafir ornaments, pickled snakes and botanical specimens would be either divided into minute particles between the several contending institutes, or more probably would be abandoned as useless implements in a religious movement. I care not who begins, the result will be the same. I am arguing out a general principle. When once one religious body has thrown out its institute, the rest must follow, each forced into action to guard and to preserve their several domains. Then would come the melancholy spectacle and the melancholy reality of an utterly distracted town,—distracted, too, not where it was a necessity, not where it was a high and solemn duty, but where with the most scrupulous conscientious adherence to any particular faith, there might have been agreement, concord, peace.

"Nor will it at all remedy the case, if any particular religious body starting an institute (in order to state the case with the utmost possible fairness, let me imagine that body to be the Church of England,)

were to say, 'We have, it is true, our bishop and our clergy as our governing body, but we do not intend to be in the least degree exclusive; we will receive, in the language of the day, 'the members of any denomination;' our doors are open to all; we are not bigoted, and do not wish to keep the thing to ourselves; we are liberal and large-hearted, and care not who comes in;' because I can imagine the Wesleyan or the Independent immediately saying to us, 'Why do you then have an *exclusive management*, if there is no idea of *proselytising*, of influencing, of getting a religious hold over young men? *Why not have the ministers of any denomination united* with you in the governance of the body? Then we should have some confidence; then the character of non-exclusiveness would be fulfilled; but now we are afraid of you on this very ground, not that you are going to look after your own people, but that you are wanting to draw our people into the net, under your religious governance.' And as I am putting the case quite fairly, so may the Church turn round to the Wesleyan and Independent, and say, 'If you have an exclusive board of management, and yet open your doors to the members of any denomination, and to our young Churchmen among the rest, we are afraid of you, and we must look after our own young people ourselves, and we are not the least uncharitable or unwise in regarding an institute, so governed, as a *proselytising machine*.'

"Seeing, then, all these evils and difficulties likely to rise, if religious bodies, as such, separately start their institutes,—seeing the preservation of a good deal of unity if we enter as *allies* into a campaign with idleness, and its fatal train of vice and profligacy, without classifying institutes as direct religious undertakings, I feel impelled to plead for the formation of a General Institute. By such a plan we shall prevent religious heat, and advance the morals of the place; we shall have in the region of literature and science certain common ground where we can come together without any damage to our own religious views. It is my sincere and my intense desire for such harmony and concord as we are capable of attaining, that has impelled me to take this step, and to force myself upon your attention. I make an earnest and heartfelt appeal to good feeling and common sense. The issue is with yourselves. I could not rest without speaking out my mind. Having freely delivered it on a subject on which I warmly feel, it only remains for me to say that this very expression of feeling brings its own relief; and I trust that I have so spoken as not to wound one single person, however sensitive, as my sole desire has been fairly to state the case, with good-will towards all. Perhaps, to bring the matter to a practical issue, it would be best for me to propose that such gentlemen as are in favour of a General Institute should meet in the Court-house, on Tuesday, at four o'clock, to consider the best

means of furthering the design. Let me now thank you for the hearing you have given me. Whether this attempt fails or prospers, I can only assure you that I have been warmed with a desire to advance the general good, to increase the intellectual resources of the city, to encourage sensible and improving tastes, to promote kindly feeling and kindly fellowship with each other, and the largest measure of unity within our reach, without trespassing on those grave and solemn subjects which are reserved for their own fitting place and time."

THE LAST ILLNESS.

A.D. 1856.

A LETTER to a friend written at the beginning of this year, betrays the conscious burden of physical infirmity under the pressure of unceasing toil :—

"*Jan.* 15, 1856.

"MY DEAR ———,

"I feel that I have treated you infamously, or, at any rate, have appeared to have done so. But the truth is, that an attack of influenza, a pressure of business, many worries, absence at Port Elizabeth, absence again on a visitation along the sea-coast, extreme heat, have combined to make me appear most forgetful and most unfriendly. Since the influenza, all my work has been a strain upon me, and I have had a great amount of varied cares and business. However, thank God, I am now somewhat rallying after this weakening and depressing malady, and a projected tour into Kafirland, among my friends the Kafirs, will, I trust, set me up. . . . . .

"The college is rising rapidly near our own house. It looks well so far, and as I am surveyor of the works and architect, it affords me constant interest. The progress of the Church in this place has unhappily raised the opposition of the Wesleyans. . . . . However, there is no progress without antagonism, and as they were once dominant in Grahamstown, some allowance must be made for their feelings under changed and changing circumstances.

"Our missions are all, as far as I can judge, prospering, and the natives shew great friendliness to the missionaries. At this season there is usually a dread of war, but not a rumour is heard at present, which looks well. . . . . I am full of hope about our Church missions, if we are but well backed up from home. It is remarkable, too, that though last in the field, we are almost exclusively dealing with the Kafir race, the noblest of all. The Wesleyans have narrowed themselves chiefly to the Fingos, so that a field is open to us that we hardly could have expected. . . . . To keep the English towns all supplied with clergy is difficult, and just when I am wanting more clergy for missionaries, I have about four vacancies among the English. In some places a good layman is found to volunteer as a kind of catechist during vacancies, but this is not always the case. Then money-matters are trying. . . . . I think our accounts, so multifarious and so large, would drive you wild in a week. All pay-

ments of all sorts come through my hands, and with missionaries, and buildings, and clergy for the English, and transport of clergy, and help for church-building, &c., the work is great and harassing. . . . .

"With every good wish for your welfare in all things,

"Believe me, dear ———,

"Most sincerely yours,

"JOHN GRAHAMSTOWN."

In another letter written about the same time he speaks more fully and very touchingly of the declining state of his health. It is a very valuable letter, because of the wise counsel which it contains, and as shewing how, under the heavy burden of his episcopate, he was able to preserve his individual care for his friends whom he had left in England :—

"*Grahamstown*,

"*Jan.* 19, 1856.

"MY DEAR ———,

"I really have not been able till now to sit down quietly and calmly to answer your letter. It came just before my journey to Bathurst, when I was both very poorly and very busy, and since my return I have not been able to get a quiet time for writing as I would wish.

"And first, you must let me prose a little about myself, as you so kindly ask me to tell you how I

feel, and what I think about my present health. A few weeks ago I should have written gloomily, as I then felt myself gradually slipping back, but I am now again more hopeful. At the same time, I have come to the conclusion that I am likely to be a 'creaking wheel' for the rest of my days. I may go on creaking for a considerable time, but I do not expect health again. The cough has become chronic; the doctor here evidently doubts its ever leaving me, though he does not think my lungs affected. If God should give me health, I shall take it as a great but unexpected gift. However, I am able to get through my work, and though I cannot do half I wish, yet work is certainly good, as a diversion of the mind from self,—a hard matter in poor health to effect, as one is so apt to be analysing and criticising all one's sensations. So much for myself; a longish tale, not written, I assure you, despondingly, but simply a sincere narrative of what I think my real condition is.

"And now for yourself. . . . . I think the particular trials of your condition, and your particular feelings, as described in your letter, I am able more feelingly to enter into from my own two years' ill-health. I mean, that I am able now better to understand the effect of a *lengthened* state of things than before. Short, sharp sicknesses have been apt greatly to impress me, and to bring heavenly things vividly, strongly, warmly, before me; but I see the danger of lengthened invalidishness.

I expected more from it. I thought I should keep those same sort of impressions about religion that seemed to absorb me when under shorter and sharper trials: whereas I find an immense temptation to lassitude, dulness, deadness, a sort of *leaden* state of mind, little pleasure from outward things, and yet little warmth and fervour about inward things; 'the better country,' the reality of it, not so vividly presented to, or abiding in, the mind as I expected. Thus I have learnt to find out by actual experience that there are particular dangers and temptations about any prolonged form of trial. And thus I have been speaking of my own feelings only that I might transfer what I have said in some degree to yourself. Your trial seems especially to be a prolonged one, and without entering into its particulars, which I purposely avoid doing, I see plainly the temptation you speak of as a natural accompaniment of such a form of trial. That is, it is natural that you should get simply uninterested in things without and within; that you should just get through the day, and get one day off after another; that you should fall into a calm indifferentism or toleration of trial, unwarmed by deep religious feeling; that you should say to yourself, I am going through with it; I am not conscious of not doing my duty; I think I am doing it; I do not resist; I acquiesce and bear in a certain kind of way; and with little enjoyment in life, with a dull sky, is not this as much as can be expected? This is the *natural*

state of the case, and it is well that you should place all this plainly and decidedly before you, as you seem to have been doing; because, though *natural*, it is the very state of feeling to be struggled against with all your heart, that you may rise from a dull, dreary acquiescence in God's will, first to a *more loving* submission, and then, I trust, to those inward comforts which in *due time* the love of God brings, i. e. after, in the beautiful language of Scripture, we have been 'exercised' in trial. I speak the more freely because I know you wish it, and because you see that I am personally neither unconscious of, nor exempt from, the same state of mind, though mine arises from physical, yours from mental causes.

"And while I take you at your word, and believe that you do not feel enough of the love of God, and while I see the natural effect of continued trial in your present state of feeling, I have always felt most strongly that God had great purposes of love towards yourself in all his dealings with you. . . . . Whenever I have been disposed to feel sad about you, I have always checked myself by calling it a kind of rebellion not to discern God's manifest hand of love in measuring out your earthly portion. 'The better country' always rose to my mind, as if *on that* you were to bend and fix all your thoughts, and all your views of happiness. Of course, the practical question is, how to get out of dulness of heart, and to rise in warmth of love

towards God. Probably different ways will succeed at different times and moods. Sometimes I think the study of a particular character affects one profitably, especially that of St. Paul. (Of course, that of our Lord Himself is *always* to be our study, and in such a case as yours especially, His life from His youth till He went forth, a realization of His life among His kindred who knew Him not, from week to week, and year to year). St. Paul seems so especially to shew a loving and thankful spirit. Then, again, warm writings like Thomas a Kempis. I need not speak of prayer ordinarily, but I would speak of occasional prayer at odd times—a remedy I would urge you to use much more; I mean, when anybody went out of the room and you were alone, the instant raising up of the heart in silent prayer, or the hurrying up-stairs and kneeling down. Then I think a particular selection of texts of Scripture, written out and chosen by *oneself*, are good to refer to; a single text often does more good than a whole chapter. Then, again, the recollection that as a spiritual fact God does not seem to give to some so much present comfort from religion, and it will not matter soon what the degree of comfort was, as long as we were religious. I can only hope that these few hints may help you a little. I feel very thankful that you have written, and if I thought that the slightest possible grain or atom of harm existed in such expression of your state of mind, I should be the very first plainly to urge you to say

nothing, and to bear your burden alone. But I believe that God does wish us to help one another along the narrow way; and as we do need help, we may seek it of each other without infringement of any duty. You know that I am not one who has ever encouraged morbid longings after godly counsel or sympathy, but there are real cases and real states of trial, in which plain, sincere counsel may be sought and may be given."

A few days later he gives a full and very hopeful account of the prospects of the missions, in a letter to the Secretary of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel:"—

"*Grahamstown,*
"*January* 21, 1856.

"My dear Mr. Fleming,

* * * * *

"Now as to missions, I hope to be able to tell you more of these bye-and-bye, as we start on February 11th, please God, for Kafirland, in hope to visit all our new missions. Last year, you will recollect that only one, that at Umhalla's, was at work, and even that only in its infancy. Now we have three others in operation, and all the centres, I trust, of an expanding work. I need not tell you—indeed, you know to a certain extent, how deeply important it is that these expansions should rapidly take place. The centres are well-placed, the people favourable, our missionaries so far well received, the fields white for

the harvest, the heathen population streaking thickly every valley, and outposts easily thrown out, till the land is studded with missions communicating, sympathizing with, and sustaining each other. All this is to be done—is within our reach, and needs only a bold, determined effort made in faith. I do not say that after such an occupation, the conversion will be rapid; on the contrary, I expect no hasty movement from a deliberative race; but they must see something like a great work done among them, and feel the influence, not of a straggling, isolated missionary, but of a body, a sympathetic fellowship, shewing forth the beauty of holiness and the power of the Gospel over their own lives. All this you know, but still I must say it, that you may say it as from me to the Church at home, and to my brethren who incline to succour us in our work. As to any details, these must come after my journey; but still I must tell you at once that I have just heard from the missionary at Keiskamma Hoek, who sends me the joyful tidings that the Fingos there are now asking us to receive some of their children to board and live with him. This is an important movement; as this separation from heathen parents will give us a valuable hold over them. Sir George Grey has kindly offered to aid us in the erection of dormitories, and the plans and estimates are being already prepared; as we have no idea of letting the grass grow under our feet. I had also a very hopeful letter from Mr. Waters, at Kreli's, who still continues to receive

kindness from this powerful chief, and who lately had an interesting interview with him. He is getting on with schools; has one native teacher at work; and requires, if we could have them, a couple of deacons to aid him, that he may extend his labours. He had a good deal of hardship at starting. To shew what occasionally has to be borne:—The wife of one of the mission-party was confined in her waggon, and then had to jolt on; the weather wet, the roads all slush and mud; and a shed to be knocked-up on their arrival to shelter the party. However, now they are more comfortable; and there is evidently plenty of work opening upon them, and, thank God, a willing labourer at the head. At Sandili's mission, Mr. Allen is hard at work, superintending brick-making and house-building, necessary preliminaries for his more important labours. At Umhalla's the year's labour has evidently told: progress has been made,—as much, indeed, as we could expect where men work with the ordinary assistance of the Spirit. Attachments are springing up between the missionaries and the natives; and I am thoroughly content with the measure of blessing that has been given. I think you may judge from all this, how very, very anxious I am, not only to have as much monetary help as last year, but double the amount. So much depends now upon our enlarging our labours, quickly and decisively. Present vitality, present exertion, present spiritual energy, is what we want, and what I pray for earnestly.

* * * * *

On the 24th of January the Bishop took possession of Bishopsbourne, the house which he built for the See, planned and superintended during its building by himself[a]. It is situated on high ground, at a short distance from the town. The walls of St. Andrew's College, also built after the Bishop's own plans, were at the time rising from the ground, on a site nearly adjoining Bishopsbourne.

On the 12th of February the Bishop started on his last journey to the mission-stations. The rains were heavy, and greatly impeded his progress. The heat was overpowering; even the older colonists regarding it as unusually oppressive. The Bishop travelled in a light-horse cart, the jolting of which proved to be even more distressing than that of the waggon in which his former journeys had been made. The roads, too, had become worse than usual from the violence of the rains. He suffered

[a] The Bishop was enabled to build Bishopsbourne by investing in it £1,500 of the endowment of the see, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel furthering this arrangement. The Bishop's friends in his late diocese had raised a fund of £400, which was also devoted to this object. An additional sum raised among the friends who had worked with him in the Penitentiary cause, was expended on the college chapel.

greatly from sickness which continued daily, like the sickness at sea. More than usually harassing work awaited the Bishop at King-Williamstown, one of the chief places on his route; difficulties having arisen from questions affecting the appropriation of seats in the church, and the unexpected resignation of the catechist. He was consequently detained beyond the intended time, and his visits to other places were rendered more hurried and fatiguing.

The Bishop hastened home to spend Holy-week in Grahamstown.

A letter to Mr. Hawkins records his impressions of the state of the missions, his vast plans, his glowing hopes. It is a very touching circumstance, that at the time when the powers of his own life were sensibly ebbing away, the life of the missions which he had planted was just freshly springing, and opening before his eyes into boundless prospects of blessing, to follow him whither he was even then, as it seemed, "fleeing away to be at rest:"—

"*Grahamstown,*
"*March* 26, 1856.

"My dear Mr. Hawkins,

* * * * *

"It is now little more than a year since, with much

anxiety, and yet, I must say, with something of ardour also, I laid a plan before Sir George Grey, our Governor, by which I committed the Church of England to the prompt occupation of a large missionary field. I undertook to plant missions, pending the good-will of the chiefs, in Sandili's country, and in Kreli's, and among the Fingos at Keiskamma Hoek, and among the Kafirs labouring in this city; in addition to a promise of enlarging our then infant operations in the territory of the chief Umhalla. Such promises were momentous, and in making them while there were neither missionaries nor money within reach, I confess that I could not but somewhat tremble, even though I believed that God was Himself calling us to toil for the conversion of the heathen here, and even though I had a strong conviction that the heart of the Church of England would at last, by God's grace, yearn in true Christian love towards the people of a land so long neglected by her.

"Having made these promises, my next step was personally to visit the chiefs, and this visit, marked by such kind greetings, and such kind offers of protection to our missionaries, filled me, I confess, with hope and joy.

"And now let me describe our condition, and the actual progress that has been made. First of all, the good news came that the Society itself, shewing a generous ardour in the cause, made a grant of £1,500. Next, missionaries sprang up, or rather were quickly given to us, and went forth gladly into the wilder-

ness. I have just returned from visiting three out of the four stations. First, I went to St. Luke's, in Umhalla's country. Here I found the mission-party to consist of the Rev. J. Hardie, M.A., the Rev. W. Greenstock, Mr. Pascoe, a catechist, Mr. Birt, our agriculturist, and Mrs. Sedgeley, our matron. I attended the services on Sunday, and found Mr. Greenstock able already to preach with ease and animation in Kafir: the congregation was considerable, and most attentive. The chief himself, when not prevented by illness, was always present, and he encouraged the people to go. The natives, who had known no Sundays, now for some little distance round generally respected the day, and abstained from work. As I stayed some few days, I saw much of the people, and my impression was that, spiritually, a good year's progress had been made. The natural inquisitiveness of the Kafir seemed, in some cases, to be rising into an enquiring spirit. I am not in expectation of speedy conversions; but looking soberly at the case, I left the station with feelings of thankfulness to God, and with a good hope of a coming harvest, even though the 'due time' might yet be far off. The same mission-body had established an outpost in a thickly-peopled district some ten miles off; and though the work had been but recently commenced, our zealous catechist, Mr. Pascoe, had gathered about thirty-five children under instruction. From St. Luke's I rode, accompanied by Mr. Hardie, through a fine country towards San-

dili's. Here I found the Rev. T. T. W. Allen fairly settled as missionary, living in a Kafir hut, while a very nice and suitable mission-house was approaching completion. Mr. Tainton, an excellent Kafir scholar, was also residing at the station as agriculturist. The spiritual work has commenced too recently to make it advisable to speak of it, but Mr. Allen was in good heart. The extremely high state of the river Kei forced me back again, and with very great regret I was compelled to abandon my intended visit to Kreli. However, I am able to say that all the accounts of that mission are most interesting. The mission-party, who do indeed live in the wilderness, consists of the Rev. H. T. Waters, and his wife,—Mr. Mullins, the son of an English clergyman, a useful and active catechist,—Miss Gray, an admirable schoolmistress,—and an agriculturist. They are opening schools in all directions, and holding services which seem well attended by the natives.

"Baffled of this expedition, I returned to St. Luke's, whence, accompanied by Mr. Hardie, and Mrs. Armstrong (whom stress of weather hindered from reaching Sandili's), we bent our steps to the Fingo station at Keiskamma Hoek. Here we found a range of most excellent mission-buildings finished, in a lovely situation, a considerable watercourse cut, many acres of land under cultivation, thanks to the zeal and ability of the military chaplain, the Rev. G. Dacre, who resides at the adjoining fort and thus Christianly spent his leisure hours. We found the Rev.

H. B. Smith residing at the station: Mr. Gray also was living there as agriculturist, and there was a native schoolmaster and interpreter. No less than ninety-one scholars were on the books of the school, and the average daily attendance was thirty-eight; while some of the parents have expressed a desire to have their children entirely given up to the missionary, and received as boarders. Thus you see the cause we have for the deepest thankfulness to God, who has blessed us so wonderfully during the past year. We may well go on our way rejoicing, when we find that, with the exception of the Kafir school here (which we trust is just about to commence), we have been enabled to fulfil our pledge; and a large body of persons, whether clergy or catechists, whom we knew not of when the pledge was made, are now actual dwellers among the heathen. The Church at home, which so nobly responded to us, may well rejoice with us over her timely and warm response.

"And now for the future. While I have been shewing you what has so far been done, I must plainly tell you that I am learning day by day the vastness of the work committed to us, and the need of immediate and still greater efforts. After all, we are only ploughing, as it were, a few acres, with almost a whole country before us; for, what is so remarkable, real, wide Kafirland, with its thousands and thousands of Kafirs, has scarcely a mission-station except our own. The other religious bodies are

mainly at work among the Fingos, or the Kafirs that are near the English towns. In my ride from St. Luke's to St. John's, I passed through numberless valleys, each with its Kafir kraal; and I saw one large kraal just about half-way which it is very important we should fix upon as the site for a mission, from which the missionary might radiate. It is a great matter to have these links in our work, so as to have one system in operation, extending with evident, visible unity, from point to point. The most important district, however, is that of the Chief Kreli. While it is the most remote, it is also by far the most populous, and at present this vast tribe, spread over a vast area, has no mission whatever, except our own, under Mr. Waters. The whole country is open to us; we are not near any other religious body; we could carry on a great work here in our own Church way without any interference with others, and without being interfered with, without any jars or clashings. I wish that, in God's name, a noble band of some twenty of our brethren would offer themselves, and come out together, and together take spiritual possession of this country, that they might with many voices preach the saving doctrines of the Cross. I long for a great work. 'The Lord gave the word; great was the company of the preachers.' It is no less than a company of faithful men, warmed with a holy love for souls, that I so ardently desire. A passage in Mr. Waters' last letter, written on the spot, makes a

stronger appeal for help than I can do:—'I have promised to go and see Ilizwi the Queen of the Tambookies, who wishes to have a missionary for her people. What shall I say? or what shall I do? The mission-field seems boundless; the skirts of every mountain, and the banks of every river, are crowded with living souls, without anyone to point the way.'

"In such a state of things, I boldly ask the Society to give me £2,500 this year, and a proportionate number of missionaries sent out, if God puts it into the hearts of any to offer themselves.

"Hoping you will commend me to the prayers of the Society,

"Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN GRAHAMSTOWN."

This was the Bishop's last letter to the Society. The next communication from Grahamstown conveyed the tidings of his death. The last journey had told severely upon his debilitated constitution. The heat greatly affected him. The sickness which had been produced by the jolting of the cart never entirely ceased. On Sunday, April 6, it happened that the unusual violence of the rain prevented the household going to church, walking being impracticable. The Bishop, however, resolved to go on horseback. He got very wet, and an attack of

influenza followed. At this time four candidates for ordination, and a young catechist, arrived from England, some of whom stayed in his house. The Bishop exerted himself more than usual, and was greatly fatigued. Mental anxieties, moreover, at this time pressed upon him, especially a very painful question relating to one of his clergy, whose licence, after trying in vain the effect of friendly remonstrance, he had been obliged to withdraw. A concurrence of unfortunate circumstances led to a great deal of opposition, and the Bishop's conduct was subjected to much misunderstanding, though not in his own diocese, where the true state of the case was fully understood. This distressing question was still unsettled at the time of the Bishop's death[b].

[b] Allusion is here made to the Rev. P. W. Copeman's suspension, to which the Bp. of Capetown thus refers in his late visitation of Grahamstown, &c.:—

"The only thing in the diocese at the present time to cause pain is the state of the parish of Uitenhage. One of the last acts of the late Bishop before his death was to inhibit the clergyman of that parish from performing spiritual functions in his diocese. The reason which led him to adopt so strong a measure was, that his ministry had been marked throughout by carelessness and indifference, and ended, at length, in open disobedience. The Bishop would, had he lived, have restored him, if he could have had any hope that the future would be marked by greater earnestness and devotion than

On the 25th of April, though still suffering from influenza, he exerted himself to deliver

the past. At his death, I entered into communication with the suspended minister, but found all efforts to bring him ot take a true view of himself and of his duties hopeless. I therefore licensed the clergyman whom the late Bishop had appointed to fill the post before he died. Around him the flock has gathered, the former minister still officiating, but without a congregation; i.e. with but a very few attendants at a single service. The whole of the clergy of the diocese have since addressed the following letter of remonstrance to him:—

"'Rev. Sir,—We, the undersigned clergy of the diocese of Grahamstown, feel deeply pained at the course you have thought proper to pursue with regard to the Church at Uitenhage. You are aware that you were formally forbidden by the late Bishop to officiate within his diocese, and that the Metropolitan has confirmed your suspension, and appointed a minister to replace you. When a clergyman thus suspended defies the authority of those who have been set over him in the Lord, persists in attempting to officiate, intrudes upon and impedes the services of the duly appointed minister, his conduct plainly tends to subvert all order and discipline among the clergy, to unsettle the minds of the laity, and to provoke dissension where unity and brotherly love should prevail.

"'We therefore cannot refrain from expressing our disapprobation of your conduct; and we entreat you, before it be too late, to desist from a course so injurious to the Church as well as to yourself.

"'(Signed by every clergyman in the diocese of Grahamstown.')

"'The Rev. P. W. Copeman.'"

The following account of the origin of the dispute has

an opening lecture at the Institute, which, after many difficulties and delays, had been at length established. The subject was "The Character and Poetry of Oliver Goldsmith." The lecture was written in the style of many of his early reviews, teaching valuable lessons in the most attractive way; entering with all his buoyancy into the good points of the poet's character; charming the scholars of the Grammar-school with the contrast between the active schoolmaster of the present day and Gold-

been kindly supplied by one of the clergy present on the occasion referred to:—

"When the Bishop visited Uitenhage in Oct. 1855, at a public meeting in the room licensed for service, the question of the offertory was brought forward. It should be observed that Mr. Copeman had long used the offertory, but to gratify the caprice of certain members of his congregation, (without, as he said, having any feeling in the matter himself,) used it *before*, instead of *after* the sermon, as the Church directs.

"The Bishop was appealed to by the churchwardens to say whether this was allowable, and of course had no alternative but to request it should be used in the proper place. This Mr. Copeman, in my hearing, at once *promised* to do, but *did not* do it.

"His conduct was reported to the Bishop, and drew forth an earnest remonstrance, and request that he would at once conform to the rules of the Church. This he now refused to do. Thus it appears the use or disuse of the offertory was not the cause of the Bishop's proceedings, but rather Mr. Copeman's refusal to fulfil his own pledge, and his utter contempt of the Bishop's lawful injunctions."

smith's more ponderous Dominie, and touching many hearts with the beautiful manner in which he recited the description of the Pastor, much of which may perhaps have been applied by many persons present to the speaker himself.

The Bishop was greatly fatigued after the lecture, and, though present at church on the following Sunday, was too unwell to preach. On Sunday, the 4th of May, it happened that the carriage in which a friend had of late kindly taken him to church could not be had, and he was unable to walk.

From this time the feeble remains of his declining strength rapidly gave way. The sickness from which he had so long suffered had been checked, but the remedies employed produced headache with a sensation of fulness and drowsiness. His mental anxieties, increased by disappointment at not receiving some expected letters, were at their height. Thursday morning, May 8, on awaking from sleep, his mouth was filled with blood. In the course of the day it was discovered that this proceeded not, as was expected, from the lungs, but from the gums. It was hoped that rest and entire withdrawal from business, which were immediately ordered, would, under God's

mercy, restore him. He then exhibited the same strong determination to do his duty in abstaining from work, and even from thoughts of work, as he had before shewn in applying himself to it. From that moment he never asked for a letter, nor spoke on the subject which had caused so much agitation and anxiety. The bleeding lessened, though it did not entirely cease. The cough nearly disappeared, and the same evening he seemed certainly better.

On the following morning a few small spots of purpura had appeared on the skin, and at night his illness assumed a more serious character, though he was not considered by his medical attendants to be in danger. On Sunday, the 11th, Whit-Sunday, notice for the ordination was to have been given, but it was thought necessary to defer it, and the Bishop desired that prayers should be offered for him in church. He had been in a state of great depression, partly caused by a dream of which his own death formed a main feature; but as his illness increased, this depression entirely passed away.

On Monday a consultation was held, and the physician who was called in was of opinion that there was extreme danger, though not so much

from actual disease as from general exhaustion. He continued apparently much in the same state till Thursday morning, when he suffered greatly from faintness and extreme debility. About one o'clock on Friday morning he appeared to be dying. Mr. Hardie, his dear friend and counsellor, who had arrived on the Wednesday, prayed by his side. Afterwards he said to him, "Thank you from my heart." Mr. Hardie then offered to administer to him the blessed Sacrament. While the necessary preparations were being made, the Bishop said to Mrs. Armstrong, that he supposed they considered his case hopeless, and turning to the medical man he held up his finger, and said very solemnly, "The truth." He was quite calm, and seemed engaged in deep thought and inward prayer. He made them understand that he heard and comprehended everything, though unable to articulate distinctly. During the celebration of the Holy Communion, once or twice he said "yes," and when It was over he kept murmuring "yes" to himself. Mr. Hardie proposed that the children should be called up to receive his blessing: they came, and his wife and children knelt by the side of the sofa on which he lay. Mr. Hardie was obliged to say the words of the blessing, while the Bishop laid

his hand on their heads. Suddenly, at that instant, his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed—"Better.—I have read in books—.—Try, try." He meant that he had read of sudden recoveries from the verge of the grave. Restoratives were given, and nourishment in very small quantities every quarter of an hour. The disease appeared to have taken a favourable turn, and the hæmorrhage almost ceased.

The improvement continued through the night and the following day. He dozed frequently, but when awake an expression of unusual and unearthly brightness was on his countenance. There was no care, no anxiety,—it was the look as of one who had committed himself, and all he had, with an entire trust into the hands of God. Mr. Hardie frequently prayed with him during the day, and said that his whole soul seemed to be rapt in prayer.

An important paper required his signature. He had expressed a wish to put it off till the evening, as he said he generally felt stronger at that time, and it was resolved not to speak to him again on the subject, but suddenly he shewed a great desire to sign it immediately. When dissuaded from it, he persisted in the desire. The paper was given to him, so placed

that, as far as possible, he might be spared any exertion. The first pen did not suit him, and Mr. Hardie was in the act of procuring another when he uttered a loud cry. He had been seized with a violent spasm, and was evidently dying. Mr. Hardie commended his departing spirit to God. He gave one sigh, and sank to rest.

Thus fell "asleep" a man endowed with great gifts, large and true of heart, pure and high in purpose, fervent and single-minded in devotedness to God; "in labours abundant;" one who in a short time had fulfilled a long course, unceasingly spending a life fed by the Spirit of God, for the good of others, and, as each fresh call came, rising with ever-renewed energy and love to its fulfilment.

The tidings of his death were communicated to Mr. Hawkins by Mr. Hardie in the following letter:—

"*Grahamstown,*
"*May* 24, 1856.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"It is my painful duty to announce, through you, to the venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the death of our beloved Bishop, which took place, after a short illness, on the 16th of this month.

His strength had been on the decline for some months, but his zeal would allow him no rest; and I have reason to believe that the fatigues and anxieties of a visit to the missions in Caffraria, from which he had just returned, had so reduced his vital powers that they were unable to cope with the disease (*purpura hæmorrhagica*) which after a short interval attacked him. He may be truly said to have died in the harness of a Christian soldier. It was my privilege to minister to him in his last days on earth; and in the midst of sorrow for his loss, it is a comfort to be able to bear witness to his friends at home that as his life had been, such was his end,—full of faith, and hope, and love. After he had made his peace with God, and sealed it by the reception of the Holy Communion, he blessed his wife and children with much emotion. From that moment nothing disturbed him more. A few hours, entirely free from pain and troubled thoughts, during which he frequently joined in prayer, were yet vouchsafed to him, and at last he fell asleep, almost without a pang. To us, who have watched the course, short, yet already fruitful, of his apostolic labours in South Africa, the loss seems irreparable; but our sight is too short to reach the issue of God's counsels. Faith teaches us that *His* work has not been begun by His servant in vain, but that other labourers will be raised up in succession to carry it on. May they be as gentle, and pure, and wise as he who has been thus early called to his reward, and may

they walk in *his* footsteps, who himself strove humbly to follow his blessed Lord's!

* * * * *

"I have, &c.,

"JOHN HARDIE."

The Bishop of Capetown's notice of the event arrived at the same time:—

"*Bishop's Court,*
"*May* 23, 1856.

"My dear Hawkins,

"It is with the deepest grief that I write to announce to you that last night's post brought the news of the death of my dear brother the Bishop of Grahamstown, after a short illness. He died on the evening of Friday the 16th, and was to be buried on Monday. I enclose his chaplain's short and hurried note to me on this sad occasion, and also Sir George Grey's kind note. With him, I think the Bishop's death not only one of the greatest calamities that could have befallen the Church here, but a heavy loss to all South Africa.

"During the short time that he has been amongst us, he had endeared himself to very many, and won the respect and confidence of his diocese. His many gifts, his deep and fervent piety, were producing a great impression around him. Over-work and over-anxiety have, I believe, been the chief causes of his death.

* * * * *

"Believe me, &c.,

"R. CAPETOWN."

A few notices may be added, to convey to the Bishop's friends in England some idea of the change which passed over him when removed out of their sight. It was felt in the Bishop's own family, that after his consecration, though never losing his natural cheerfulness, he yet became a graver man. This arose, no doubt, in part from the constant sense of the precariousness of his health, and partly from the separation from his old friends and the loss of various employments which in England used to refresh him in the intervals of toil; but his increased gravity was evidently occasioned in great measure by an absorbing sense of the weight and responsibility of his sacred office. In England, he had availed himself during his lighter hours of the resources which his many innocent tastes furnished, and thus often relieved anxieties which pressed on him in his pastoral or penitentiary work. In Africa, the whole powers of his being seemed to be concentrated on one great end of life, and when not engaged in this, he simply rested, as though only seeking to get more strength for carrying it on. His chief recreations in Africa were planning and overlooking the building of his house or the college. During the first year he frequently gave quiet evening parties to the inhabitants of Grahamstown; but it was in

order to find a pleasant means of intercourse with his people and with a view to higher ends, and they were probably times of increased exertion, rather than rest, to himself.

He always preached extempore in Africa,—a practice which he had occasionally adopted at the simple schoolroom services at Tidenham. The cathedral at Grahamstown is surrounded by a large gallery, in which the soldiers of the garrison sit. Their rapt attention to his sermons was very striking; and when a fresh regiment came in, though at first the soldiers were careless, after a few Sundays they sat with their eyes fixed upon him. His voice was earnest and energetic, but his manner quite calm; "his white hair," as was once observed, "hung like a silver halo around his head." His confirmation charges were short, but peculiarly impressive. The confirmations altogether had a very striking effect. It was the prevailing custom in the diocese for the women to dress in white, with simple veils over their heads. The Bishop introduced the practice of the candidates standing together in the chancel during the charge. A friend writing from Grahamstown to Mrs. Armstrong, since her return to England, says that "the Bishop's grave is constantly strewed with fresh flowers by persons who had

been confirmed by him, and once a lad from a country district was seen kneeling there by moonlight."

It was one of the Bishop's trials in Africa, after his long intercourse with the English poor, whose feelings are more transparent than those of the classes above them, that he never knew the love felt for him by his flock. His loving heart naturally longed for a response, and he had been accustomed to find it. But the leaving his own land became perhaps a truer sacrifice, since he enjoyed not the consciousness of having won the praise and love of men. Otherwise one might have wished that he had known the warm affections and sincere reverence felt towards him, and which were so strongly manifested on his death.

Another trial, common to all the bishops of our colonial sees, was the secular, and, as he feared, secularizing nature of much of his work. All the monetary business of the Church passed through his hands. Even the accounts kept at the different mission-stations, not merely for the spiritual, but also for the industrial, parts of their work, towards which grants were made by the Governor, were required to be audited and sent through him. The building of new churches and schools, the stipends of most

of the clergy, their journeys or removals, — all were arranged by him. Not merely was this responsibility peculiarly irksome to him, but he had also the constant apprehension lest it should hinder the entire concentration of his thoughts on the things of God[c]. Mrs. Armstrong believes that this fear made him more watchful over himself. It is her strong impression that his spiritual life was rapidly matured during his brief course of service in Africa. His private prayers appeared to increase in length and intensity, and he was oftener found with his Bible open before him than at any former part of his life.

[c] The care of money had always been to him a very irksome business; and his private accounts, though not wanting in correctness, were kept in a very unmethodical manner. This want of care never appeared in his charity accounts; and the writer of this memoir was greatly struck, on looking over the Bishop's letters to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at the accuracy of his returns of all receipts and payments. It was evident in these matters, how a sense of duty had acted in overcoming a natural want of method. He had also preserved to the last the principle already mentioned as characteristic, of carefully regulating his expenditure by the means on which he could depend. Though very fond of architecture, and desirous, wherever it could be had, of decoration in building, he had abstained in Africa from any unnecessary expense in this direction, as the resources at his disposal were not more than were needed for essential work.

The cemetery at Grahamstown was prepared, as it were, by the Bishop's own hand to be his meet resting-place. When he followed his infant to the grave, he was painfully struck with the contrast between the cemetery—then bare and treeless, and overrun with weeds, so as to be difficult to discern the pathway to the grave—and the beautiful churchyard at Tidenham, where his other child was buried. He at the time resolved to change its aspect. He preached and had a special offertory for it, and the ground was soon planted and put into decent order. In a letter written during one of his visitations there occurs a very touching expression of his desire to have his child's grave dressed with flowers. Alluding to a custom prevailing in Gloucestershire along the Welsh border, he writes,—

"Remember to put some flowers on the eve of Palm-Sunday in the churchyard, that our two dear little graves in England and Africa may be flowered alike."

He also formed the intention of building a chapel in the cemetery, both to save the mourners the long journey from the church in the town, and to give greater solemnity to the spot. He did not live to carry out this intention, but after his death, when there was a desire among his people to raise some mark of love and re-

spect to his memory, it was resolved to build a chapel over his grave, thus accomplishing in his death what in his life he had designed.

The feelings of his people at his being thus early taken from them may be gathered in some measure from the notices which appeared in the chief journals of the colony. In one of them the funeral was thus recorded, in an article which also contained a brief memoir of his life:—

"The mortal remains of this venerated prelate were carried to their last resting-place on Tuesday. As the funeral passed along the High-street, many of the inhabitants closed their stores and shops, to express their deep concern for the loss of the illustrious deceased. Indeed, one feeling seems to have pervaded the community of Grahamstown,—that of real, silent grief at the departure of one whose whole existence since his arrival in this city had been bound up in their happiness. Christians of every denomination thronged the procession to the cemetery. His death was sudden, notwithstanding that he had been suffering from a pulmonary disease for some time previous. He was in the act of signing his name to a document, when he fell back a corpse. Thus ceased to beat a heart truly excellent and estimable,—thus died, leaving a void in the affections of all classes, one of the most amiable and respected men we ever knew. Dr. Armstrong will

be long and gratefully remembered in this town. His works survive him; they form a chaplet on his grave, the memorials of his efforts to do good to all without distinction." . . . . .

Two of the clergy of his diocese have expressed the feelings entertained by their brethren. One, the Rev. John Hardie, who was the most closely drawn to him, and had the best opportunities of observing his mind and course of action; the other, the Rev. Edwin Giles, late incumbent of St. Paul's, Port Elizabeth, who, to the Bishop's sincere regret, had to give up his valuable labours in South Africa and return to England, on account of ill-health, about the time of the Bishop's last illness. As one was chiefly engaged in the missions, the other in the home-work of the diocese, they may together be taken as a true index of the feelings of the clergy in general. The notices which have been collected together of his life and character, cannot be better closed than with their earnest expressions of reverence and love:—

"*King Williamstown,*
"*Nov.* 28, 1856.

"My dear ——,

"I will gladly attempt to fulfil your request that I would give my impressions of our late dear Bishop's

public character and teaching in that later and more eminent period of his life and ministry which was passed in South Africa. On looking back to the commencement of my intercourse with the Bishop, the first thing which strikes me is his singular power of *attraction.* The venerable aspect, the kindly words, spoken in such earnest tones, and the courteous yet natural manner, instantly won me, and made me feel that it would be a delight to serve under him. I shall never lose the impression made by his summons, when, after I had placed myself in his hands as an invalid, who had little else than a willing heart to offer, he 'called me to the work of missions.' If an angel had spoken, it could hardly have thrilled me more. I believe that the clergy, with scarcely an exception, would bear similar testimony to the facility with which he thus, as it were, took their hearts at once in his hand, and secured their allegiance rather as dutiful sons to their spiritual Father, than as inferior ministers to their ruler. Nor was this a mere transitory feeling of regard, excited by a happy outward address, but one which was fed by an inner spring of grace, and which grew day by day insensibly, so that only when the source dried up suddenly, did we become aware how deep and full it had been.

"The laity of his diocese were hardly less attached to him than his clergy. So easy of access was he to all who needed help or counsel, that there were few who had not held *some* personal intercourse with

their Bishop. Still, with the majority of his lay brethren, the Bishop's influence of course depended mainly on his *public* ministrations. This leads me to say a few words on the style and character of his sermons. I shall ever regret that I had not the opportunity of hearing more of them. Many of those which I did hear were preached amidst the distractions and fatigues attendant on the visitation of a colonial diocese. They were all of them spoken extempore, and, I believe, without more than a few minutes' premeditation. Yet so plain was the enunciation of the subject, so clear the course of thought, so direct the appeal to the conscience, and so lively and copious the language, that I marvelled when I heard, from undoubted authority, that the Bishop had hardly ever delivered any unwritten sermons before he came to this colony. Certain it is that he had all the facility which most men only attain to by long exercise in public speaking. His discourses were, in the best sense of the word, *popular*. The '*people heard him* (as they heard his divine Master) *gladly*.' Not that he handled God's Word deceitfully, or prophesied smooth things only, or spared rebuke when needful, but that he preached to them the glad tidings of the kingdom of God with a simple earnestness which made them feel that their souls were at stake, and that *he* really loved their souls, and would not that any of them should perish. His diction, too, although chaste enough to satisfy the most fastidious critic, was cast in the solid *Saxon*

mould, so that the weight and force of each word told on the most unlettered of his hearers. The sermons were usually short,—who that listened did not think them *too* short?—and limited to the setting forth and enforcement of some *one* evangelical truth, so as to stamp it in clear characters upon the mind and heart of the hearer. These spontaneous outpourings without doubt reflected faithfully the ordinary tenor of the good Bishop's thoughts upon divine things; and, from this point of view, they argued a habit of elevated contemplation. Yet, on the whole, they seemed to me hardly equal to his published sermons. It was not to be expected, however, that the effusion of the hour, amidst the weariness and painfulness of his frequent apostolic journeys,—and such were most of the sermons I heard,—would attain to the height which a spirit like his could reach in the unbroken calm of meditation *at home*. I am very far from implying that the Bishop was ever feeble. No! his discourse was always effective, seasoned with salt, and full of grace, fitted to win, and, I believe, actually winning many souls, else lost to Christ and His Church.

"But, after all, the wonderful sway which he held over us was owing to the *heartiness* with which he threw himself into his work of all kinds. Whatever his hand found to do, was done with his might. The very obstacles which crossed his path served but to draw forth sparks from his zeal, not to quench it. And then how wide was the range of duty which he

assigned to his office! Nothing short of leavening the whole mass of society, in all its relations, could satisfy his aspirations. The edification and good government of the Church committed to him was of course his chief and direct object, but he left no subsidiary means untried which might possibly conduce to this end. Recognizing a power in secular knowledge, and perceiving that it must necessarily spread here as elsewhere, he strove to make it minister to the highest uses, by placing himself in the van of the movement, and guiding it into the right channels. If there was truth in it, he would hallow it as truth. It is easy to dream of a faultless past, and to bemoan the defects of the present time, without lifting a finger to repair them. What is this but the idle worship of a golden image set up by our own fancy? The past has its foul side as well as its fair; the age in which we live brings forth good grapes as well as wild grapes. No one could have a deeper reverence for primitive truth and purity than the Bishop, but he had little sympathy with mere antiquarian optimists. The world of to-day was not to him the waste, howling wilderness which they would represent it to be. He could detect buds of promise even in the desert; nor was he without hope that they might be brought to blossom, and fill the earth again. To drop metaphor: he saw good (not indeed good unmixed, for *that* had been a vision of heaven,—but still much good) in his time and among his people, and in the spirit of active Christian love,

he made the best of it, by cherishing and striving to sanctify it. Again, he regarded literature and the natural sciences as common ground, on which Churchmen, without resigning one jot of Catholic truth, might meet Dissenters as brethren, and hold kindly intercourse with them. Might not a spirit of candour be cultivated at these friendly meetings, and prejudices vanish, and a way be opened for the passage of higher truths? Might not affection be found a more potent instrument of persuasion than controversy?—Here, too, he practically took the lead by founding an Institute, and delivering lectures, in which solid truth was charmingly *set* in the liveliest humour.

"His very last public effort was in furtherance of this plan. It was an essay on the life of the poet Goldsmith, with *one* side of whose character the Bishop's own genial and tender nature was so thoroughly in accord. After this exertion, the tide of life ebbed fast away, and only those who had marked, with anxiety, the languor which stole over him during the last few months of his life, could tell how severe the struggle had been for his enfeebled frame to bear up thus far against the current of what, in moments of depression only, he would call 'this weary world.'

"I must not forget to make mention of a work of mercy which had for some time engaged his thoughts. Conceived by his ardent love of souls, it was rapidly growing and taking shape, and would doubtless have

soon come forth into action, had not its author been called to rest from his earthly labours. He earnestly desired to find some remedy for the besetting sin of the colony,—drunkenness,—with its attendant brood of hideous vices. To check this habit, everywhere fraught with evil, but *here* really frightful in its effects, he would have formed a brotherhood of penitents, who should meet together on stated days in church, and then and there renew their resolutions of amendment, and pray for the help of God's Holy Spirit. A special service would have been provided, and the clergy would have been charged to watch over the brethren, to exhort and encourage them to persevere. It is almost needless to add, that no vows or pledges would have been taken. A touching proof of the influence which he might have exerted on the class most exposed to the temptation of strong drink, is to be found in the fact that, at the very time of his falling sick of his last illness, the artisans of the city were spontaneously preparing an address expressive of their gratitude to him for the lively interest he had taken in their well-being.

"Had this simple homage from hard-working men ever reached him, his large heart had overflowed, and all the impediments which interest or petty jealousy had thrown in the way of his benevolence had been forgotten,—blotted from his memory in tears of joy.

"I should leave a great blank in this hasty review of the good Bishop's ministry in South Africa, if I

said nothing about his zeal for the conversion of the heathen within and beyond his diocese, and the share which he personally took in that arduous task. Twice, in his brief episcopate, did he visit our stations; and how bright was the light which, on each occasion, he shed upon our work! How did we long that his playful threat, 'that he would leave the colonists to themselves, return all letters unopened, and come and live in a hut in Kafirland, could have been executed! Even the hard, stoical nature of the Kafir instinctively drew towards him, and recognised not merely the *inkosi*, (chieftain,) but the *umfundis inkulu nomhlobo*, (great teacher and friend,) in that gentle and gracious presence. We felt how great would have been his personal weight and influence, could we have kept him among us, and we grieved at the necessity of his departure. Keener still had been our regret, could we have foreseen that his approving smile would cheer us no more! But his influence on the course of our mission-work was not merely personal. A consistent scheme of *policy* was formed, and steadily, yet not tenaciously, adhered to. Every reasonable allowance was made for the feelings, habits, prejudices even, of the agents and of those to be acted on. There were no capricious orders given; yet the hand of the ruler was felt to be there, and he must have been dull indeed who did not yield to that touch, at once so gentle and so firm.

"It was not my lot to know the good Bishop in

England. The gift of his friendship here was unmerited, and is now treasured among the precious things of memory, to be revived, I humbly hope, hereafter. A mutual friend—one who laboured side by side with him in earlier years, and who watched his after-life with deep interest—has summed up his course so truly in few words, that I cannot do better than quote them, in conclusion :—'The death of good Bishop Armstrong is an additional reason for writing to you. I fear you must feel this very much. *He appears thoroughly to have risen to all the parts that he has had to fill.* He will be a sad loss to the Church in Africa,—indeed, to the Church at large.'

"I remain ever, my dear ——,

"Sincerely yours,

"JOHN HARDIE."

"*Godalming,*

"*Nov.* 7, 1856.

"My dear ——,

"If I jot down my own impression of the good Bishop's character, during the time I was connected with him, it may not be unwelcome to you. His great charm—that which endeared him to me while living, and embalms his memory now he is at rest—was his intense love for his work, and his perfect sympathy with those over whom he was placed. In every trouble and difficulty, (and you know we had

our share at Port Elizabeth,) I always felt that my Bishop was not only the man of all others from whom I might expect the best counsel, but the man of all others to whom I would go for sympathy with the fullest assurance that I should find it. In other words, I felt that he was not only my Bishop, whom I could revere for his office, respect for his talents, and trust for his discretion, but my warm friend, to whom I could open my heart, and state my own views openly and unreservedly, with the certainty of being not only *understood*, but thanked for the expression of entire confidence which he knew so well both to win and to *retain*. We all know *good* men, to whom we feel we could not speak freely; we acknowledge their worth, but the door of our lips is barred against them—we cannot give them our confidence. Why is this? Doubtless because a natural instinct warns us we shall meet with no sympathy in those quarters, and we shrink from the gratuitous task of telling our tale to one who will not understand us. To my mind, no man I ever met had greater power of attraction than the good Bishop. Few who came within the circle of his influence could resist him; and the secret of his power was nothing less than this:—everyone felt that his kind, placid, holy face was the dial-plate of a large, charitable, holy mind, which embraced all mankind in its love.

"Another trait which was very marked in him, and which is, perhaps, a rare companion of such a

gentle, loving spirit as his, was his great firmness and consistency in the maintenance of a principle.

"None more tolerant than he where tolerance was allowable; none more determined in his resistance to errors which affected the purity and entirety of 'the faith.' His extreme sensitiveness made him *wince* under the opposition he sometimes encountered, but it never led him to yield one iota, where to yield would have been criminal. His clergy might always feel sure that, if they had right on their side, their Bishop would stand by them and support them, let opposition come from whatever quarter it might. I would not be thought partial in these remarks, for, though I state my own impressions of my late dear Bishop, I feel that I may safely say, I am but the mouth-piece of all who had the happiness of knowing him intimately.

"Yours, my dear ——,

"Most sincerely,

"EDWIN GILES."

NOTE.—The author of the Memoir would take this opportunity of expressing his obligations to the Secretaries of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for their ready kindness in supplying copies of the letters which have added so much interest to the history of the mission.

APPENDIX.

It was stated that Bishop Armstrong in his earlier life frequently wrote poetry. In after years he would still occasionally write short pieces, of which many have been found among his papers. A few have been selected as specimens of his style and tone of thought. One is printed in its unfinished state. They are chiefly early productions: one only, the last, has a peculiar interest, having been written in Africa:—

I.

CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

Forth, Israel, from your sacred gate!
Lest ye be late:
The King is here whom ye did wait!
Flowers, boughs, and garlands hither bring,
Speed on the cry, "The King, the King!"
Strew all His way with branches meet,
Lest the vile street
Should soil a Monarch's holy feet!

And forth they came,—a startled throng,
Each with his song,
[And noisy welcome, loud and long,]
And ev'ry hand green boughs threw down,
Or flowers weav'd quick into a crown;
While some with sudden rapture tore
The robes they wore,
And laid them on His way before.

On, on He came: all turn'd to trace
The Monarch's face,
The promis'd flower of David's race;
When lo! a humble Man doth pass,
Sitting in meekness on an ass;—
Yet still the crowd with lavish tongue
His welcome sung,
And the whole heavens with triumph rung.

'Tis past,—the triumph and the day;—
* * * *
Dead garlands strew the silent way;
The host has fled that gather'd there,
The shout has died upon the air;
Night's [gathering] shadows dimly fall,
And darken all
* * * *

Hours, days have pass'd: we look again
On the same plain,—
From the same gate as vast a train

Rush forth, with murmurings wild and deep,
Like torrents thund'ring down the steep;
But who is He they bear with curse and cry,
Grief in His eye,
And His brow wet with agony?

Say who is He whose robes they rend,
Whose mild eyes bend
Round the hoarse crowd, yet meet no friend?
Whom as He moves, slow, spent, faint, pale,
Vile shouts and viler strokes assail?
Though stones and scourges tear His cheek,
He doth not speak,
But bears all wrongs, calm, silent, meek.

Oh, who is this? for now the cry
Is "Crucify!"
A guilty cross is rais'd on high,
And lo! they lift Him o'er the crowd:—
Earth never heard a shout so loud;
For as all see the hated Form,
Their wrath doth warm.

* * * *

Can this be man? Man never bore
Such pangs before.

* * * *

It cannot last * * * [a]
Are deepening, thick'ning towards the close,

[a] The lines wanting in the unfinished MS. are marked with asterisks. In two cases, words have been introduced to complete the lines, but they are marked with brackets.

A mist is o'er His eyes;
Father, forgive, forgive, He sighs;
The spirit flies,
He droops, He dies.

The very earth, as though in pain
To see Him slain,
Doth heave a mighty sigh,—in twain
Is rent the temple's sacred veil;
The sun doth mourn, the sky grows pale.
What! Did earth, sky, sun, ever shew
Such signs of woe
For the best Saint that died below?

Who, then, is this? Draw near and see:—
About the tree
Some women hang. Ah! is it He,
Once worshipp'd? Yes, 'tis He, the Same,
Thus roughly dragg'd to death and shame,
Whom the same crowd so lately bless'd,
A kingly Guest,
Whose path their brightest garments dress'd.

It is not generally supposed that the Lord left Jerusalem on Good-Friday by the same gate by which He entered it on Palm-Sunday, as stated in this poem.—(Ed.)

II.

THE ASCENSION.

"And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight."—*Acts* i. 9.

The Apostles stood, the holy few,
Sons of the Cross, the first, the best,
The faithful followers, pure and true,
These stood around earth's Heavenly Guest.

No wond'ring crowd that idly stray,
Blind souls that knew and lov'd Him not,
That would not worship, praise, or pray,
Were there to desecrate the spot.

Those who had followed long and far,
Through scorn, and hate, and all His woes,
True to their King, as Bethlehem's star,
Such witnesses the Master chose.

These, as they prized each sacred word,
And caught the sound with watchful ear,
Knew not the loving voice they heard
Would speak no more to mortals here.

He touch'd the mountain, on His own
  Th' incarnate Saviour paused awhile;
Then from His footstool to His throne
  He rose, and left this world of guile.

E'en while His flock were circling round,
  Straight from the midst He soar'd on high,
With wondrous motion spurn'd the ground,
  And brighten'd as He reach'd the sky.

Still they, the few that lov'd their Lord,
  With awful wonder watch'd His flight,
Till a deep cloud around Him pour'd,
  In mercy spar'd their aching sight.

Else the full Godhead, hid within,
  In all its glory breaking through,
Had smitten senses weak through sin,
  And dimm'd those eyes that dar'd the view.

No angry thunder shook the air;
  As at His death, no signs of wrath;
No tremblings of the earth were there,
  No lightnings flash'd about His path.

But all was solemn, quiet, still,—
  Earth felt the calm, and Heav'n above;
Rejoicing in His Father's will,
  He went in peace That came in love.

III.

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—*St. Luke* xv. 10.

"GOD's angels,"—'tis the Saviour's voice,—
"E'en o'er one sinner's prayer rejoice."
What! do the Spirits midst heaven's bliss
Feel for a world as dark as this?

Do they, whose voices clear and sweet
God's praise in endless songs repeat,
Like some strong river, ever flowing,
Like wind in early freshness blowing,—

Do they, who are as suns in light,
With sapphire garments shining bright,
With wings like crystal, all on fire,
A dazzling, holy, glorious choir,—

Do these in heaven all pure and fair
For things on earth so keenly care,
That not one prodigal unseen
Kneels to confess himself unclean?

Does every tear from sinner's eye,
Does every contrite throb and sigh,
Each broken, trembling prayer for grace,
Or blush of shame that warms the face,

Pass from the earth on unseen wing,
And make rejoicing angels sing,
Chanting their raptures through the sky,
Till all the air is melody?

One sinner charms that glowing throng;
One sinner fills the heavens with song;
One sinner brightens angels' smile,
Who, sinning, feels and weeps his guile.

Yes, every secret, still retreat,
Where, fearful of its own deceit,
The bleeding heart to men unknown
Reveals its guilt to God alone,

Has hidden angels gliding in,
All list'ning to that tale of sin,
Hov'ring in airy shape above
The lowly form in joyful love.

The gladd'ning Spirits round his head
Mark the quick tears sincerely shed,
Each holy purpose seal'd with prayer,
Each pure intention whisper'd there.

Where is that friendless spot of ground
That hath not angels wand'ring round?
Where solitude, if these be near
With anxious, watchful, loving ear?

Strange, joyful thought! how high a place
Man holds that hath such gifts of grace!
Himself how low! how far from heaven!
Yet for his brethren Seraphs given!

How great, how deep His love, Who sends
Such ministers to be our friends!
At this our dazzled senses sink,—
"Lord, we believe,"—yet dare not think!

IV.

A REVERIE.

Save me, ye woods, from this hot, jaded world,
And while ye twine your green arms o'er my head,
Make the cool arches of your ancient trees
Lead me to contemplation calm and pure.
Ah! this is freedom, here refresh'd I pace
The chequer'd pavement of the turfy floor,
Alternate cross'd with light and shade, the sun's
Kind mixture, as aslant his golden eye
Looks thro' the chinks of the high leafy roof,
And stripes the path with lines of cheerful light.
Yet is not silence here;—O better far
Than silence is the concord of sweet sounds:
Silence hath only charms when Harmony,
Her fairer sister, is not by; or when
Between the intervals of such sweet speech,
She gives us time to ponder on those tones
In an entrancèd pause of mute delight,
Ere harmony begins again; or when
Hoarse Discord's raven throat has grated loud
In harsh vibrations on the tortur'd ear.
Here is no silence, but no wrangling, for
The feather'd world is singing all in peace,—
Light, shade, birds, breezes soft, the higher key
Of cheerful blackbird, mix'd with deeper tones
Of solemn rooks that sweep like funeral train,

Chanting their dirge aloft,—these fill the mind
With a compos'd and tranquil joy,—the pulse
Of sober pleasure beats with healthful strokes,
And all the frame with temperate gladness glows.

Now stop and hearken, for the humblest brake
Yields its divinity to thoughtful souls.
Are not these notes of birds all different? Yet,
Tho' all these diff'rent throats in diff'rent keys
Are pitch'd, lo! nothing jars; and though 'twould seem
Confusion, it is concord. Harmony
From many sweets thus sweetly is distill'd,
As rose and woodbine, musk and violet
Mar not each other's perfume, but combine
With various breaths to scent the fragrant lawn.
Unwise were they, who of the higher tones
Enamour'd, wish'd that all the rest were hush'd.
They each set off the other;—clouds and sun
Both make the glory of an April day.

And thus, methinks, these flutt'ring choristers
Shadow the saintly music of the Church.
For do not Saints for diff'ring graces shine,—
This for his faith, and that for love or truth?
Faith, love, truth, knowledge, in each other's arms,
Each like the issue of one stock, impress'd
With mark of common origin, yet each
With something quite apart from all the rest,

Make up a living, loving harmony.
O! tuneful spirits by One Spirit tun'd,
Ye are the music of the world, the harps
That holy inspiration sweeps, and lo!
Your thousand strings, so various, all speak
One language; strongly ye articulate
The truth, both strongly and yet sweetly true,—
Strong sweetness and sweet strength alike are yours;
Variety yet unity, as when
We hear in some cathedral's tuneful aisles
The blending tones of men and children meet.
Here in this green cathedral, thus o'erarch'd,
I see the image of the Church; 'twere ill
So to admire with such exclusive love
One grace as to neglect the rest,—to dote
On faith, and have no ear for charity.
Give me the love of all th' inspir'd tones
That Saints in their pure lives express; let me
Not one, but all, embrace in wond'ring awe,
Discerning in that multitude of notes
One breath that stirs them all—that breath Divine!

V.

THE RAINBOW.

Lo, o'er the world, half sun, half storm,
The promis'd arch doth shine,
And as th' harmonious colours form,
We trust in mercy's sign.

So o'er our hearts, 'mid all our pains,
Hope still divides the view,
And shapes, as sorrow darkly rains,
Its glory from the dew.

So o'er our chast'ning hours of woe
The Cross a brightness sheds,
And while our life seems rough below,
A light gleams o'er our heads.

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